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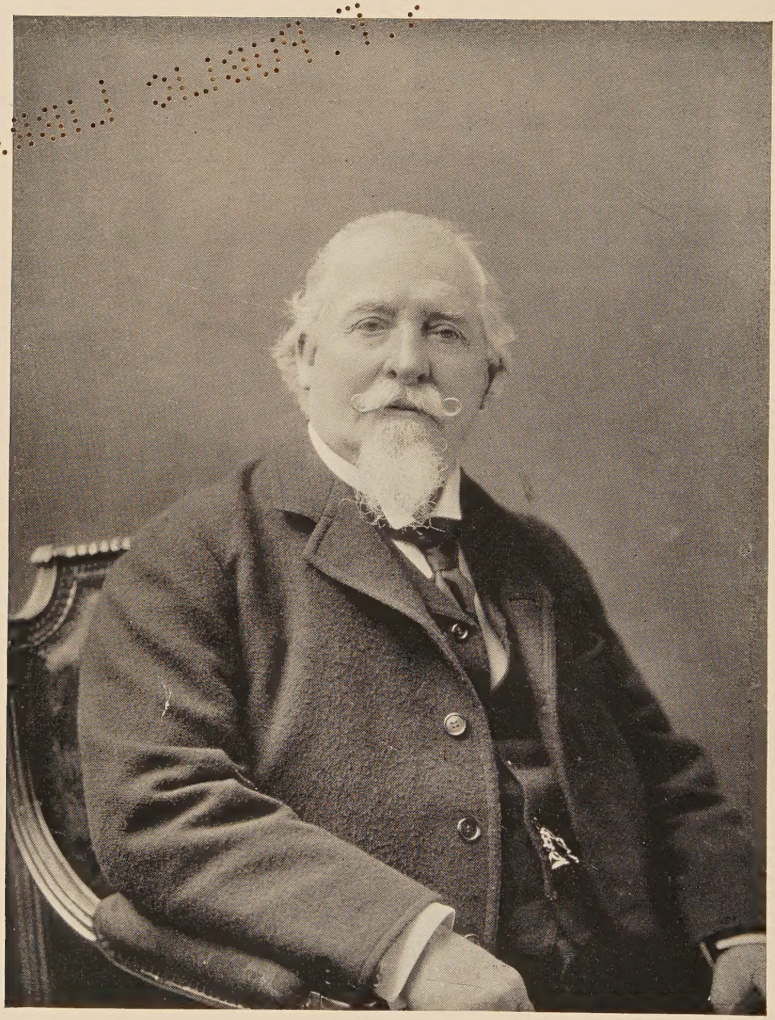

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Believe me,
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Fred^k Goodall

The Reminiscences of Frederick Goodall R.A.

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

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Preface.

In presenting to the reader these recollections, which go back to the earliest years of my life in England, and pass to my travels in France and residence in Egypt, I wish to crave the indulgence of my readers. I claim none of the skill of the *littérateur* in the production of these memoirs. I was asked to recall those incidents associated with Cairo, and with other passages in my life which I considered would prove most interesting, and this I have endeavoured to do faithfully, and to the best of my ability. As to whether I have succeeded in the object with which this volume was written, I must leave it to the public, to whose generous appreciation in another sphere of my life I owe so much, to be the judges.

I must, in conclusion, offer my sincere thanks to all those who have assisted me in every way in their power to carry out my task.

F. G.

Publishers' Note.—Soon after the completion of the MS. for this volume, Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., was taken ill, and therefore has been prevented from reading the proof-sheets. Should any inaccuracies occur in regard to circumstances to which it is impossible to refer for verification, they must be attributed to this fact.

Contents.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY MEMORIES.

PAGE

My father—Interviews Turner—Strange hallucinations—Charley and I—First downstairs—Early to bed—What Rogers owed to Turner—Accident to my father—Edward Irving—The camels at the Zoo—Soldiers' funerals—Anecdotes of Samuel Rogers—Dickens's school—Drawings of the L. & N.W.R.—My sisters as models—The Pugins—The Thames Tunnel—I win a silver medal—Sketching in Rouen—First pictures at the British Institution—At the Life School—Etty—Copying Wilkie—Earliest visits to Redleaf—A premium of £50—Lord Hardinge and his sons—Adventure at Mont St. Michel—A work of art and what came of it—My Brittany pictures—Mr. Vernon acquires the "Village Holiday" - - - - - 1

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND, VENICE, AND THE NEW WORLD.

To the Emerald Isle—Headquarters in Galway—Taken for a recruiting sergeant—A dreadful rumpus—Endangering the Faith—Priests to the rescue—A harangue in Irish—Conjuring in Connemara—Father Rooney—Studies in Anatomy—My Irish harvest—The "Soldier's Dream"—Studies for "Raising the May-pole"—Elected A.R.A.—Wellington's funeral—"Cranmer at the Traitors' Gate"—Visit to Venice—Felice Ballarin—Persistent beggars—Tintoretto's "Miracle"—Report of the Indian Mutiny—My brother's trip to British Guiana—"The right sort"—Hardships of the explorers—Edward's spoils—The use that Millais made of them - - - - - - - - - 27

CHAPTER III.

IMMORTAL TURNER.

PAGE

Magnificent generosity—"The Building of Carthage"—Trifling with Sir Robert Peel—A curious winding-sheet—Rogers's remonstrance—Killing Claude—Turner and the Quaker—Turner's Will—Copyright—"The Palace of Caligula"—Touched proofs—Personal appearance of Turner—Landseer's sketch of him—Turner's old hats—Firing a shot at Constable—Press criticism—A view of Oxford—An Academy dinner—Mrs. Graves's little joke—Turner's engravers—My opinion of Turner—Stothard's figure drawings for Rogers's poems—"Liber Studiorum" - 43

CHAPTER IV.

EGYPT.

Moslem pilgrims—On the fringe of the East—Becoming an oculist—A run through Cairo—The Copt quarter—A picture for Rembrandt—Enter Carl Haag—A trip to Suez—Sketching camels' skeletons—The Wells of Moses—A grave in the Desert—Bedouin bivouac—A cold ride by the Red Sea—Pigeons and pebbles—Haag's jackal—"By moonlight alone"—Downed by a donkey—Shooting a star—Christmas in Cairo—I make the pudding—A State function—Grand review near Cairo—Painting in the streets—A clever monkey—Carl Haag leaves for Jerusalem—Packing up—Last look round—How I got the Arab garments—Adieu to Egypt—Arrived at Trieste—Anxiety about my sketches—My first big Egyptian picture—A hundred guineas a foot—Meeting with Charles Dickens—List of chief pictures painted after first visit to Egypt—Mr. Gambart's purchase—A signal honour at the Academy - 63

CHAPTER V.

AMONGST THE WILD MEN OF THE DESERT.

Fascinated—In Cairo again—Mariette Bey—Strange encounter—Richard Owen amongst the bones—The site of ancient Memphis—Details of my picture, "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi"—Pastoral Bedouin—A lamb offering—I am regarded as a magician—A well-earned half-Napoleon—A crack shot—The ways of the Bedouin—Living pictures from the Bible—Sketching at Suez—Albanian ferocity—

Contents

PAGE

Poor attempt at fraud—*Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?*—Risks of travel amongst the Faithful—Serpent dangers—"The Snake-Charmer"—New Egypt bad artistically—Skies and sand-storms—"The Head of the House at Prayer"—"The Subsiding of the Nile"—"Rachel and her Flock"—"The Holy Mother"—An opportune model - 97

CHAPTER VI.

TWO FAMOUS PAINTERS OF ANIMALS.

Wells of Redleaf—The artists' friend—Landseer's popularity—"The Rat at Bay"—Sir Edwin's sketches in the Scribblers' Book—Landseer and dogs—"The Decoy Man's Dog"—Painted against time—Landseer's caricatures—Not at home—The Countess of Jersey—"H. B.'s" fruitless call—Landseer a Court favourite—His profits from engravings—Ruskin's antagonism to line-engraving—Landseer in the Highlands—His daring experiment on a picture by Turner—Some popular Landseers—The "two Macs"—Tour in Scotland — Luncheon on Inchkeith — Rosa Bonheur's sketching-box—Rosa Bonheur at Falkirk Fair—Highland pride—Personal appearance of Rosa Bonheur—Her love of nature—She discusses with Ruskin and takes the larger view of art—Ruskin's chagrin—*Bonheur* and *Bon tout*—How she managed animals—Her travelling companion—The only woman that received the Legion of Honour—Her Pyrenean pictures—Troyon—The French and Turner — Their appreciation of Constable — Bonington — The French Government's recognition of art - - - 117

CHAPTER VII.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE THEATRE.

Shorthand sketches—My first theatre—George Macfarren as a trombone-player—Sadler's Wells—Planché's burlesques—J. B. Buckstone—Ben Webster—Paul Bedford—Helen Faucit—Macready—Charles Mathews—William Farren—Madame Vestris—Samuel Phelps—*The Beggar's Opera*—*Sardanapalus*—Rachel and Bernhardt—Regnier—French finish—Charles Dickens in *The Lighthouse*—How I celebrated my election to the Royal Academy—Theatricals in the studio—The Emerys—Edmund Kean—Robertson's plays—Marie Wilton's laugh—Kate and Ellen Terry—Jenny Lind—Toole's practical jokes—Painting for Wyndham—A Criterion supper and what came of it—Daguerre—Stage mounting of the present day—A staunch first-nighter 139

Frederick Goodall, R.A.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PAGE

New Year's Eve—Academicians at play—Webster in the sentry-box—Abraham Cooper at Astley's—J. P. Knight warbles—Sir John Pender's dinner-parties—Frau Schumann's favourite picture—She plays her husband's *Nachtstück*—Oratory at the Academy banquets—Dickens's triumph—Outings of the Royal Academy Club—Turner's point of view—Into the Silent Land—The Graphic Society of Painters and Engravers—Cooke's quarrel with Turner—Fuseli and the students—Selection and hanging—The risks of the Council—Alma Tadema's wife—Briton Rivière's son—Young Stocks—Another Goodall—The Academy luncheon—Millais and Leighton—Millais' thoughtfulness—The Millais Exhibition—The Academy's pride in him—Frank Holl—St. John's Wood and comrades—*Eheu fugaces!* - - 155

CHAPTER IX.

MY PATRONS AND MY PICTURES.

My first commission—Mr. Horsman Solly—Mr. Wells of Redleaf—Mr. Sheepshanks—Something in a name—Mr. Thomas Baring—The Marquis of Lansdowne—"Canvas is no dear"—Sir James Wigram—A budding patron—Mons. Gambart—Horace Vernet—Mr. Arthur and Mr. Theophilus Burnand—"Jochebed"—In search of a baby—Scene in Seven Dials—Sir Thomas Lucas—Mr. Thomas Blackwell—A Goodall Gallery—Mr. Blackwell's sons—"Gordon's Last Messenger"—General Gordon—"David and Bathsheba"—Sir Joseph Montefiore's interest—"Christ by the Sea of Galilee"—Painting at Windsor Castle—Francis Clark—"Harrow on the Hill"—The home of the Blackwells—A grandmother's reminiscences—"The Spirit of the Dove"—Mr. Frederick Gordon—Mr. Knox d'Arcy—"Loch Lomond"—The studio on the hill—Luss—More Egyptian pictures—Beachy Head—"The Ploughman and the Shepherdess"—Portraits—"The Market Cart"—"The Snake-Charmer"—Commission incidents—Vicissitudes of my pictures—Losses by fire—"Palm Sunday"—"Misery and Mercy"—"The Flight into Egypt"—Mr. Cory-Wright—Mr. Charles Wightman—Dunrobin—The horrors of war—The Blyth parties—Mr. Bayard - - - - - - - - 172

Contents

CHAPTER X.

LORD LEIGHTON OF STRETTON.

PAGE

My first introduction to Fred Leighton—S. C. Hall's prophecy —Leighton's accomplishments—Remarkable oratory—His manifest destiny—His mansion in Holland Park Road— A page of the *Arabian Nights*—His last reception by the students—The election of President of the Royal Academy —His peerage—Last illness and death—The lying-in-state —Buried in St. Paul's—Unveiling of the memorial—Sir Edward Poynter's appreciation - - - - - 204

CHAPTER XI.

SOME FINE OLD STAGERS.

A.R.A.—Stanfield brings the news to my father—My election picture—Stanfield's kindness to me—Macrone the publisher —Anecdotes of Wilkie—Stanfield's funeral—Sir Francis Grant's strange narrow-mindedness—Hepworth Dixon— R.A.—My promotion picture—An amiable delusion—Mulready's death—David Roberts in Edinburgh—His fondness for the Scottish accent—Two great scene-painters—Roberts on pre-Raphaelitism—A trip to Tring—A paper-stainer— Roberts's paintings of architecture—Harrison Ainsworth— Daniel Maclise—No feeling for Turner—Claims to be of Scottish descent—"The Death of Nelson"—Fine draughtsman—Etty's *oie*—A painful tragedy - - - - 217

CHAPTER XII.

MY OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

The Water-Colour Society—Famous members—David Cox's prices—Sir Frederick Burton—Story of his knighthood— Etty's pictures—What foolish people said—C. R. Leslie— Daniel Maclise—Examples of his extraordinary gift for drawing—Mulready—His fondness for *The Vicar of Wakefield*—Sir David Wilkie—His pictures of manners and customs — Creswick's landscapes — Sir Edwin Landseer again — "Spanish" Phillip — J. C. Hook — P. F. Poole— Maclise's beautiful self-denial — Millais — Frith's three greatest paintings—Augustus Egg—Danby—Sir William Ross's miniatures—The blanks caused by the deaths of Leighton and Millais — Fred Walker — Duncan — Walks with William Müller—The haunted house in Highgate— Sketching at Hever—Queen Amelia—Sir John Gilbert— His marvellous facility — George Cruikshank's genius— "H. B."—Dicky Doyle—The wrapper of *Punch*—Sir Edwin Landseer as a caricaturist - - - - - 234

CHAPTER XIII.

PORTRAITURE.

PAGE

Mr. Gladstone and Sidney Cooper's pictures—Making notes of the statesman—Portrait of Mr. Gladstone—What Sir William Agnew thought of it—Herbert Gladstone's criticism—Sir Richard Temple's reminiscences of the great orator—A red rose for a field-night—Mr. Henry Blyth—Portrait-painting under difficulties—Murillo's "Saint Francis"—Dulwich Gallery—Sir Anderson Critchett—A beautiful lady in a Greek dress—Sir Oscar Clayton—Beatty Kingston—Mr. Deverell—A gifted carver of oak—Lady Dorothy Nevill—Mr. and Mrs. Barrow—Difficulties with some lady-sitters—The portrait of a Mahommedan and what came of it—Malcolm at the Khedive's review - - - - 253

CHAPTER XIV.

MODELS.

Importance of models—Anxiety for fellaheen in London—New clothes for old—The risk of infection—Hasman and his family—The original of Mr. J. R. Herbert's "Moses"—Pain of a long sitting—John Tropp—Don't drug the baby—Imprisonment worse than want of opium—"The Painter's Daughter"—The model who fainted—Hagar—The finest posing of my life—One of Sir David Wilkie's models—"The Rosebud"—"Up in the morning early"—The Black Brunswicker—Mendicant models—A splendid sitter—German broom-sellers—Sidney Cooper's "Poacher"—B. R. Haydon's sad fate—Sarcastic Chisholm and "Gentleman Roberts"—Shaw the Lifeguardsman - - - 266

CHAPTER XV.

TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Graeme's Dyke, my house at Harrow—Designed by Norman Shaw, R.A.—Roman remains—Well adapted for gardening—Finds in the fosse—My Egyptian sheep—Their native land—Fond of dates—Pictures of the Harrow time—Return to town—Charles II.'s statue—Mr. W. S. Gilbert in possession—62 Avenue Road—Why the fancy-dress ball had to be postponed—The gunpowder explosion—Sir John Tenniel's cartoon—Gounod and the first representation of *Faust* in London—Roused by croquet—Gambart's villa at Nice—

Contents

PAGE

Nadaud's songs—Gillott and Turner—Colonel Mapleson—A description of my house—The reception-room—Studio—Drawing-room—Billiard-room—My daughter's pictures—A plant from Dunrobin—The advantages of Regent's Park—Incidents at the Zoo—One of Sir Edwin Landseer's subjects—A gazelle on loan - - - - - 279

CHAPTER XVI.

"LOOSE ENDS."

The Princess Victoria—At St. James's Palace—The French Gallery—The Wilkie Exhibition—The Duke of Wellington and Sir David—Wilkie watched—Protected by railing—Mr. W. P. Frith's brilliant successes—The Third Napoleon at Windsor—Marshal Soult—Wellington's funeral—Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee — The old English line-engravers—Their treatment by the R.A.—Why the art has vanished—Samuel Cousins—His plates at eighty years—John Pye—Hogarth—Not accustomed to his carriage—Turner's "Liber Studiorum"—John Pye's discourses—Doo and Sir David Wilkie—John Burnet—Raimbach—The case of George Kissel—My recreations—The "artist gardener"—The Redleaf gardens — Landscape gardening — The tending of sheep and keeping of owls—Wood-carving—Pyrotechny - - - - - - - 304

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ROYAL RIVER.

Changes on the Thames—The colliers—Hoys and hulks—The pines in Greenwich Park—Turner's Thames pictures—The Embankment—Cleopatra's Needle—A fatal fall from a barge—"Murphy's Winter"—Temperature of the Tunnel—Billingsgate—The Lord Mayor's water procession—Westminster Bridge—Old and new London Bridge—Edward Cooke's drawings—The mud-dredger—Sketching on the upper Thames—Edwin Field—"Father Thames"—A sad end in his own element—Summer outings—Great conflagrations—The burning of the old Houses of Parliament—Adornment of Sir Charles Barry's palace—The Royal Exchange destroyed—Fire at the Tower—The Thames on fire—Fire at the Crystal Palace - - - - 321

Frederick Goodall, R.A.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEN AND NOW.

PAGE

The street-keepers—Bumble—Peelers—The prize-ring—Ducking an apple-tree robber—Domineering bobbies—The first 'buses—Four blind musicians—The trumpet-calls—A bent towards military subjects—No cricket for me—Jack-in-the-Green—May-day revels—The little sweeping-boys—The vanished street-craftsmen—The bun-boy—The travelling tinker—The match-seller—The cat-skinner—Peripatetic showmen—Artisans' societies—Guy Fawkes's day—J. R. Herbert's broken English—The waits—The last milkmaids—Murders—"Beware of traps and spring-guns!"—Copies of pictures—The silhouette artist—"Silly Billy"—Beating the bounds—Volunteers at Primrose Hill—Duels at Chalk Farm—Dick Steele's cottage—Regent's Park—The Colosseum—St. James's Park—The Guards in the Mall—Politics in St. Pancras—Dick Tater—Lamps and lucifers—The muffin bell—Good old-fashioned Christmas—Art in the City—Suburban theatres - - - - - - 338

CHAPTER XIX.

GREAT SOLDIERS I HAVE KNOWN.

Colonel Batty — Breastplates no protection — Scenes on the battle-field—The First Consul—Batty at Waterloo—Sir John McNeill—My brother in the Crimea—Taken for a spy — Looting a Museum — Sketching experiences under fire—Story of a stolen lens—Crimean crocuses—Russian thistles — Surgeon Flower — Edward Armitage and the charge of the Scots Greys—The white arrow—Miss Thompson's "Roll-Call"—The Indian Mutiny—My portrait of Sir Henry Havelock—Havelock's "Ironsides"—"The Bayard of India"—Havelock's first address to his troops—His first tussle with the sepoys—His fate - - - - - 359

CHAPTER XX.

LIST OF MY PICTURES AND DRAWINGS - - - - 379

The Reminiscences

of

Frederick Goodall, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY MEMORIES.

My father—Interviews Turner—Strange hallucinations—Charley and I—First downstairs—Early to bed—What Rogers owed to Turner—Accident to my father—Edward Irving—The camels at the Zoo—Soldiers' funerals—Anecdotes of Samuel Rogers—Dickens's school—Drawings of the L. & N.W.R.—My sisters as models—The Pugins—The Thames Tunnel—I win a silver medal—Sketching in Rouen—First pictures at the British Institution—At the Life School—Etty—Copying Wilkie—Earliest visits to Redleaf—A premium of £50—Lord Hardinge and his sons—Adventure at Mont St. Michel—A work of art and what came of it—My Brittany pictures—Mr. Vernon acquires the "Village Holiday."

My father was born in an out-of-the-way village in Yorkshire. He had no companions of any kind, excepting an uncle, who brought him up from childhood. He evinced a taste for drawing at an early age. With a piece of charcoal from the wood fire, he once made a sketch on the rude bricks of the floor which greatly impressed his relative, who, in broad Yorkshire dialect, said, "Dang it, Ned,

I'll mak' thee a limner," and eventually apprenticed him to an engraver.

After a few years he became a celebrated engraver, even before he had translated Turner; but he often told me that it was his chief ambition to work from that great man's paintings, and with that intention he called at Queen Anne Street, London, and asked to have an interview. When Turner heard my father's name he seemed to recall a picture at Somerset House—the then quarters of the Royal Academy—with the name of Goodall attached to it, for he asked, "Did you paint the picture of a 'Sunset at Hampstead Heath'?"

"Yes," said my father.

"Then," rejoined Turner, "you shall have as many works of mine to engrave as you like."

My father would have made a first-rate landscape-painter; but in those days engraving was a more lucrative profession, or at any rate a more certain way of making an income.

At seven years of age I was a very light sleeper, and at night, when more sleepless than usual, would conjure up in my imagination living pictures on the wall of my bedroom, next to the one which my father and mother occupied. Hearing me laugh violently in the "dead vast and middle of the night," my father came into the room, and when he questioned me, I told him of the pictures which I fancied I saw on the wall, adding that the latest

was a very funny-looking old man on a white horse. There he left the matter for the moment, but next day he recurred to the subject. He asked me if I could see these pictures in the daytime, but I confessed I could only see them when it was dark.

"Well," he said, "shut your eyes and go under the table." Being now towards evening-tide, I crept below the table, and very soon began to laugh, just as he had heard me in the night. He thought it very curious, and almost feared, as he told me many years afterwards, that I was not quite right in the head.

At that time there were watchmen—"Charleys," as they used to be styled—who called out the hour of the night, and whether it was starlight or moonlight, or the reverse, and what was the state of the weather. I often used to jump out of my little bed to have a look at the patrol of the streets with his lantern. I knew him perfectly well by sight, and had often spoken to him; but I longed to see the inside of his watch-box. He promised to show me this box whenever I pleased. I took him at his word shortly afterwards. Conveying me to the box, he put me in and placed me on the seat, with his lantern beside me, and then, to my horror, shut the door and locked me in, saying as he did so, "Good-night, Master Goodall; I'll come and let you out in the morning." Thereupon I raised such a piteous howl that it brought him back, but I never asked

him again to show me the inside of his watch-box—"once bitten, twice shy."

I was so light a sleeper at that period, and was awake so very early in the morning, that I frequently was the first downstairs, although only seven years of age, and it used to be my great delight to astonish the servants by lighting the kitchen fire. It was the day of flint, steel, and tinder-box, and I rather expect that it was the handling of these tools that was the attraction to me. The maids came down generally about an hour afterwards, to find the kitchen fire blazing brightly and ready for them.

At seven years of age also, I remember perfectly my mother always seeing me to bed before she went out with my father for their evening's walk in the summer-time. As soon as they had gone, I used to sit on the window-sill, in my night-gown, with my bare legs dangling out of the window, and watch the boys playing at cricket in the fields, and converse with my playmates, who were not sent to bed so early as myself.

Even when a child I was fascinated by Turner's drawings, and to this circumstance I owe it, I believe, that I became an artist. It was about this time of my life, when I was not more than ten years of age, that my father was wholly occupied with Rogers's poems. Rogers having expressed to Turner the opinion that nobody ever read his

poems, Turner demurred, but added with emphasis, "Then they *shall* read them, and no lady's boudoir shall be complete without a copy, for I will make the book attractive with illustrations."

An incident that occurred in 1832 made a deep impression upon my mind. It was at the time of the passing of the first Reform Bill. My father had bought a sabre and a pair of very fine pistols, for which he used to cast the bullets. I remember as if it were but yesterday that the mould became hot, and my father dipped it into water to cool it. Unfortunately, when the boiling lead was poured into the mould, there was an explosion, and a quantity of the lead was blown into my father's face, and even into his eyes. I was in the room at the time, and, to my horror, I heard him cry, "My God, I am blind!" He flew to the looking-glass (what a curious thing to do, I have often thought since), and, to his and our intense satisfaction and joy, found he could see. Some bits of lead had stuck to the whites of his eyes, but they were picked off, and strange to say, the sight was, mercifully, not injured in the slightest degree. But all his eyelashes and eyebrows were burned.

If his eyesight had been injured the world would never have been enriched with the lovely engravings he made of the vignettes after Turner for the *Pleasures of Memory*, some of the most beautiful things ever done.

Perhaps the connection of this incident with the Reform Bill may seem remote; but all I knew was that there was expected to be a great row, that my father would have to defend his house, that for the purpose of protection he had acquired the weapons of war, and that but for his casting the bullets for them there would have been no accident. The connection seems to be there, but it is rather on "The House that Jack Built" lines.

Edward Irving, a great if wayward genius, once occupied a chapel in Newman Street, Oxford Street, which had been, so I have understood, Sir Benjamin West's painting-room. I used to go with some Scottish friends to hear Irving preach, and although I was but a boy of eleven or twelve, I could not help being captivated with his powerful and energetic speaking. It was said that David Wilkie used to visit the chapel to study Irving's action and expression for his celebrated picture of "John Knox Preaching to Queen Mary."

When at school there was always an hour given for relaxation from study, which I spent in drawing. At the age of thirteen, however, I begged my father to take me away, and from that time I was his pupil—not as an engraver, but as a student under his tuition until I was twenty-one years of age. He impressed upon me the necessity of becoming acquainted with the human form, and purchased a skeleton for my advantage, and of course grounded

me in perspective. He had Augustus Pugin's works on Gothic architecture, and these I sometimes copied. My father having in early life painted oil pictures, instructed me in the mixing of the colours and in using the mediums. He also sent me to the Zoological Gardens to study animals in motion —a practice which I found of great value in after-life when I went to Egypt. No pictures of the land of the Pharaohs, I may explain in parenthesis, would be complete without camels, though it is odd that the camels in the Zoo offer little resemblance to those in Egypt, where the working camels are shaved all over, not a vestige of hair being left on them, a course of treatment which they undergo principally for the sake of cleanliness and coolness, a boon to the creatures in so hot a climate.

In Mornington Crescent, near Regent's Park, I lived within sound of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, which was played within the barracks at Albany Street, not so very far off, on the occasion of every Life Guardsman's funeral. Whenever I could I managed to get out and walk with the soldiers as far as Old St. Pancras Churchyard, now a beautiful playground and garden, off St. Pancras Road, where these burials usually took place. Whenever I went there I could not help remarking the enormous number of bones that lay about the newly-made grave, and I longed to pocket some and take them home to draw from. On the last of such

visits I specially coveted an infant's skull, which I ventured to appropriate; but the grave-digger knocked it out of my hand with his shovel, and crushed it beneath his heavy boot. When I went home and told my father, he realised that I was in earnest in my work, and bought me the human skeleton, already alluded to, which hung before my eyes in his engraving-room for several years afterwards. This was the last funeral that took place in St. Pancras Churchyard from Albany Street Barracks.

My memories go back a long way. One of the first interviews that I had with a celebrity was with Samuel Rogers when I was twelve years of age. I was writing my school exercise when he was shown into the room. As my father could not appear directly, the poet came and looked over my writing. By-and-by he said, "If there is anything worth doing at all it is worth doing well; give me the pen and I'll show you how to write." He took the pen from my hand and wrote, as he always did, in the neatest and most distinct of script. In my ignorance as to who was paying me the compliment of talking to me at all, I told him that he was "writing round hand." Then he returned the pen and said, "Now don't let us quarrel about it; let us rub noses, as the French do," and while in the performance of this act my father came into the room. The poet's good advice, I am sure, was not thrown away upon me;

I often think of it and quote it to young students in art.

Rogers always came to see my pictures, as long as he was well enough to do so; and I often got singularly helpful counsel from him. Once he said, "I observe that you are running into the prevailing error of fancying that a hand to be beautiful should have pointed tips to the fingers. Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you a bit of Greek sculpture; it is but a fragment, but I think you will see that a hand to be beautiful need not have tapering tips." It was perfectly true.

On another occasion when my father and I were breakfasting with him, he remarked, "I had one of the cleverest men in London with me just now."

My father said, "Is he an artist?"

"No," said Rogers, "he is the best bookbinder in town; for," he added, "to be the best of anything makes a man above his fellows." At another time one of his *obiter dicta* was so quaint that I have never forgotten it. "I advise all young men to marry as soon as they can afford it," he inculcated, "for if God sends children I know that the Devil sends nephews; for I have got a damned lot always prowling about to see whether I am breaking yet."

Rogers was the kindest man possible when he liked, but he could be, and often was, very caustic when he thought there was occasion for it. He was

showing me some beautiful drawings by a lady of title, and I foolishly said, "Do you know the drawings by Miss Blake?"

"Miss Blake," he answered. "Who is Miss Blake?"

"She is the daughter of a well-known lady, is very fond of art, and practises successfully. Her father is Mr. Blake, of Portland Place."

"Mr. Blake, of Portland Place! Then Portland Place makes Mr. Blake," was Rogers's rather bitter comment.

One anecdote that Rogers was very fond of relating was about Sir Francis Chantrey, a constant guest at his breakfast-table. The great sculptor was dining with him one day, when he asked Mr. Rogers whether he recollected a young man coming to fix a mantelpiece — the beautiful mantelpiece designed by Flaxman—which was in the room.

"Yes," said Rogers, "I recollect it perfectly; a very intelligent young man."

Sir Francis Chantrey said, "I was that young man."

Rogers often spoke of Byron, but usually finished up with a semi-soliloquising remark that he was "vain, very vain."

The North-Western Railway was commenced at the time of my earliest art-education, and I may say I saw all the work in progress from Euston Station to Kilburn. I made many sketches and found many

subjects among the workmen and horses. Stephenson I saw frequently, and the contractors were greatly interested in my own work. The school where Charles Dickens was partly educated was one of the first buildings pulled down for the railway between Euston and Mornington Place. The schoolmaster was very fond of using the cane—I think he must have served in some measure for a description of Squeers. Although he was an ignorant man himself, he was shrewd enough to employ pretty good teachers. I myself went to his school, but it was after Dickens had left.

It is strange that the commencement of my art-education began on the North-Western Railway and the works of the Thames Tunnel, apparently not very promising subjects for a painter. The one, however, led to an introduction to Stephenson, and the other to Sir Isambard Brunel and my first commission from the Chairman of the Thames Tunnel Company. My acquaintance with Brunel also led to my visit to Rouen, the result of which was many of my early pictures of Normandy subjects.

My sisters, who had French blood in their veins, were most willing models, and many artists wondered where I got the French character in the faces. My mother's grandfather crossed the Channel as a refugee, being one of the first printers in colours in England. I daresay he printed the engravings that are so popular and so valuable at the present

time. One of my sisters had a serious face, and the other a round and dimpled one. The latter could assume a laughing expression whenever I wanted it. But at the end of one day's sitting she complained that her cheeks were "so tired with laughing," and pressed them with a finger and thumb for a rest. I made it up afterwards by presenting the girls with a piano, which pleased them immensely. Other gifts reached them when I began to sell my pictures.

I was coached up in Gothic architecture by copying Augustus Pugin's work upon the buildings of Oxford. I knew them all from the engravings from his drawings.

My father was a great friend of Pugin's, and had some curious anecdotes about him. Once he ordered a carriage out to sit in, whilst he was making the drawings of certain buildings in Oxford. He had some difficulty in explaining that he did not want any horses, and when he had the carriage placed in the street and began to draw, he flattered himself on the clever idea he had conceived. But in the middle of the day the undergraduates came around, and were so amused at his sketching from the window, that they thought they would have a lark, and rocked his carriage about. This made Pugin very angry, and then the crowd collected more and more. He shook his fist at them, but they only laughed, and about twenty of them got into the shafts of the

carriage, dragged him several miles out of town, and left him on the road!

His son, Augustus Welby Pugin, made all the drawings of the House of Lords for Sir Charles Barry. Often he came to my father's studio, usually bringing a roll of drawings with him. He had nothing to do with designing the building, but he made most wonderful drawings of the details, for he was a perfect master of Gothic architecture. He even taught the masons and the carvers of the wood-work how to carve, giving the exact proportions to every part, superintending their work to see that they gave the proper curves, and proper proportions of one part with another. There is no doubt that Welby Pugin was a great help to Sir Charles Barry, but he could not have designed the whole building to save his life.

I can just remember seeing Pugin—the Frenchman, that is, the father of Augustus Welby Pugin—when I must have been about eight years of age. He spoke English with a true French accent.

For long one of my treasures was a lady's workbox that Augustus Pugin brought from Paris and presented to my mother. It was most beautifully equipped and arranged with ivory fittings, and is now in the possession of my daughter.

Pugin used to tell some funny anecdotes of his domestic life. He used to say, "Madame Pugin is a wonderful woman. She likes to sleep with the

window wide open in the depth of winter, while I, poor devil, am shivering with cold under the blankets; then she used to say, 'Ah! now I can breathe.'"

She suffered from asthma, and needed plenty of air. He thought her a wonderful woman.

"When we went to Paris together," said Pugin, "she ordered a magnificent suite of rooms; it was of no use my saying anything about the expense, but I dreaded the bill. A bright thought came into my head, and I told the landlord, 'What a fine advertisement it would be if you had a picture of your hotel engraved from a drawing by me!' The hotel-keeper jumped at the idea, and I paid his bill by making a drawing of his hotel and having it engraved."

I have known in my lifetime three generations of Pugins—the Frenchman, his son Augustus Welby, and *his* son.

Augustus Welby was an eccentric creature, and did all sorts of strange things. Amongst others, he was very fond of hauling up anchors from the bottom of the sea. He was often met in company with a rough seafaring-looking man, who my father declared might have been a smuggler. He met the two together at the Royal Academy Exhibition at Somerset House, and my mother said to him, "Who are those two strange-looking men?" My father bade her not be alarmed, and told her

they were harmless in spite of appearances to the contrary.

Augustus W. Pugin knew the upholsterer who was fitting up some curtains in David Roberts's house. As he admired David Roberts's work as an architectural painter, he thought he would go and do the job himself. When he was on the steps or ladder hanging up the curtains, Roberts came in.

Augustus said to him, "You know my father."

Roberts answered, "Wha the deil is your father?"

"I am the son of Augustus Pugin, and wanted to have the honour of hanging up David Roberts's curtains."

Roberts told me this anecdote himself.

At the age of fourteen I made the acquaintance of Thomas Page, the acting-engineer of that abortive enterprise, the Thames Tunnel. He took great interest in me, and asked me to stop with him at Rotherhithe, which I did often, and made many sketches. My work attracted the attention of Sir Isambard Brunel, and the Chairman of the Company, Sir Benjamin Horsley, gave me a commission to make six drawings of the then working state of the tunnel. I heard from Mr. Horsley, R.A., not long ago, that these were still in the family.

About this time an irruption of water took place,

and a special messenger was sent to me with instructions to come down immediately to Rotherhithe to witness the unusual spectacle. One poor fellow, overtaken by the flood, was still missing. When the leak in the bed of the river was stopped by throwing down bags of clay, and sufficient water was pumped out, a raft was lodged at the bottom of the shaft for a search-party to go down to find the miner. I begged permission to join, and we were not long before finding the body. The subject, in spite of its gruesomeness, suggested a picture which I sent to the Society of Arts. I was awarded a large silver medal for it, which I had the honour of receiving from the hands of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge—father of the present Duke.

Soon after this I went to Rouen with my father and Thomas Page. I was so delighted with the beautiful town, that I begged to be left behind for a while. My father had no objection. "You are going to receive ten guineas for your Thames Tunnel picture [commissioned by Mr. Page]. You can stop as long as the money lasts; but mind and save enough to bring you home."

Whilst sketching one day, a gendarme came up to me and asked for my passport. I was obliged to tell him I hadn't one, my name being in my father's. He took me off at once to the Consulate, where I was exposed to a searching cross-examination as to

why I had no passport. I explained in very bad French, which created some laughter, that my father had brought me there and left me alone. This may have suggested to their minds the notion that I had been deserted. At all events my statement seemed to astonish them. But "all's well that ends well;" they let me go with fresh papers in my pocket.

I stayed in the charming old city a fortnight, then went down the Seine to Havre, stopped there two or three days, and came home in the steerage, bringing five guineas out of the ten—surely a frugal holiday. When I was leaving the house in Rouen where I had lodged, and wishing the woman good-bye, she said, "Where are you going?"

"To England."

"You! alone! Pauvre garçon! Eh bien, bon voyage!"

When I returned from Normandy I resumed work on a picture that I had begun before I left town, called "A Frosty Morning in London," and sent it to the British Institution in Pall Mall. I was so excited about this that I used to lie awake at night thinking that it was either rejected or skied and could not be seen; and it was really preying upon my mind and health. A bed-fellow brother told my father, and he, without my knowledge, went off to Samuel Rogers—one of the Directors of the Institution—to ascertain the fate

of my picture. I was then sixteen years of age, and I shall never forget the evening of the day when a most delightful letter came from Samuel Rogers, saying that he had been to the Institution and had seen my picture hung, "not as well as he should like, but perhaps as well as your son expects." He also asked me to breakfast with him on the following morning, when he took me by both hands—in the gentlest way possible—and said most impressively, "You are at the beginning of the course, and I am at the end of the race." Then, turning to his butler, he added, "Whenever this young gentleman comes here, whether I am at home or not, let him have the run of the house," and he put into my hand the catalogue of his remarkably fine collection of pictures.

When I went to the British Institution on touching day, I found that both my pictures were sold, one to Sir Walter James—who bought it at the instigation of his friend, Sir Robert Peel,—the other to Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, an enlightened and judicious patron, who delighted in the society of artists. This success was enough to make a young fellow lose his head with conceit, but this contingency, I am thankful to say, did not come to pass. I had the good sense to continue studying under my father's eye, especially in the drawing of the human figure. It was then that I joined a Life School in St. Martin's Lane, which Etty used to

attend, instead of at the Academy, as he was too troubled with asthma to mount the long flight of stairs to reach the dome of the much-abused building that now shelters the National Gallery, where the Life School was held at that time. I tried always to sit behind him and watch the result of two hours' work—it was miraculous. He had the gentlest voice and manner of any one I ever knew, and was kindness itself in giving instruction to young artists, a considerateness of which I was only too glad to avail myself. He would come up a small flight of stairs panting for breath, especially on a foggy night; but no weather seemed to deter him from getting to his beloved Life School. It seemed the most difficult thing for him to breathe, but the easiest thing possible for him to paint.

About this period my father subscribed for a raffle of Denning's beautiful copy of Sir David Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners," and he was lucky enough to gain the prize. This circumstance was, I think, partly the cause of my painting in early life so many subjects of domestic English life, for I never wearied of looking at this remarkable copy. Was this the reason, I wonder, why I also took to copying Wilkie? However that may be, in point of fact I went to the National Gallery to copy the "Blind Fiddler" and the "Village Holiday." Mr. Wells, who was a Trustee of the National Gallery, used to come and see me often at my work; I

believe partly to find out whether I was an industrious boy and never idling.

One day when he was satisfied that I was worthy of an invitation to Redleaf, he said to me, "Would you like to come down to my country-house, where you will find many pictures that you will like to study? I have pictures by Landseer, and almost every celebrated English artist of the day, besides a large collection of Old Masters."

Such an invitation from such a man to such a place was a red-letter day in a young painter's calendar. When I arrived at Redleaf I met several Academicians, amongst them Frederick Lee, R.A., Wyon the die-sinker, and Richard Redgrave. Mr. Wells left his guests to take me round the rooms and the galleries, and showed me his beautiful gardens.

The next pictures I painted were "The Baptism" and "The Return from Christening." For the former I was awarded a prize of £50 by the British Institution; the other was a commission from Mr. Wells, and he asked me to bring this down to Redleaf to work upon it there. There was always a room for me to work in whenever I went to his place. To my great disappointment, I found that my colours and brushes had been inadvertently left behind. The next morning there was a shooting party, and Sir Henry Hardinge came to join in the sport. When Mr. Wells told him that I had omitted to bring down my colours and brushes,

Sir Henry said, "Why, it is like a soldier going into battle and forgetting his powder and shot." *He* had brought down the joyful news that a Prince of Wales had been born (1841).

A short time after this Sir Henry came over to Redleaf again—I cannot exactly recall the date —accompanied by Sir Robert Peel and Lady Peel, who were both, I remembered, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. I shall never forget the stately bow that Sir Robert Peel made me in the picture gallery. He kindly said I was fulfilling the promise he had foretold when he advised Sir Walter James to buy my picture of the "Draught Players." Mr. Wells asked me to escort Lady Peel through the gardens, and all the time I was thinking how little she had changed since Lawrence painted her in her youth. She was still beautiful. I knew the portrait by Lawrence from Samuel Cousins's engraving.

Sir Robert and Sir Henry in the afternoon took a long drive together; and I was told not many days afterwards that Sir Henry Hardinge was to go out to India as Governor-General. Charles and Alfred Hardinge accompanied their father to India, and wrote most graphic letters by every mail, which were sent to Redleaf and then forwarded to me. I was particularly interested in their account of their journey through Egypt, for I had always had a longing to visit that country, where the gorgeous

East may still be said to have a foothold, though it is losing its grip very fast.

In the course of conversation over Mr. Wells's luncheon-table, Charles Hardinge related how his father lost his left arm at Ligny. It seems that this loss inconvenienced him very slightly; among many other things that he had learned to do, he could peel an apple with perfect ease with one hand. Next day we were saddened with the tidings that Charles had met with a serious accident on a steamboat which plied between London Bridge and Hungerford Market, where Charing Cross railway terminus now stands. He had unfortunately stepped on a coil of rope, the end of which was thrown ashore as the boat was made fast at the landing, and snapped his ankle so badly that the surgeons of those days pronounced that his foot could not be saved. He was very fond of art, and practised it with considerable success. In after-life he commissioned Landseer to paint for him two of his most poetical and most successful pictures—"Night" and "Morning." The former represented the struggle of two grand stags, with their horns locked; and in the "Morning," their horns still locked, they had fallen over a cliff.

In 1841, I went to Mont St. Michel in Brittany, and stopped two weeks on the rock. I went out sketching the castle from the sands, when a soldier was sent to put a stop to my work. The prison

was for political offenders. The old colonel in command, wanting some very fine sable brushes, asked me to go to his rooms, and granted me permission to sketch wherever I liked provided I gave him the brushes. Not satisfied with getting the brushes for his condescension in allowing me to make sketches, he asked me to paint him a target. I pointed out that I hadn't a canvas big enough with me. "Oh," he said, "I'll soon find a canvas, for I want you to paint a life-size soldier in marching order."

He sent up a startling piece of canvas to my bedroom on a roughly-made stretcher, and watched the progress of the work.

"Be careful to make out the nose, eyes, and mouth; because," he explained, "I want to try a special rifle."

When the drawing was finished, it was carried in procession through the little town, out through the principal gate on to the sands, and there placed against the walls. The Colonel had been in the Peninsular War, and had not forgotten how splendidly the English shot. So he asked me to take his rifle and fire at the target. To this I objected, as I thought it more than likely I might send the bullet right over into the town. I believe the old officer, who was so proud of having been the patron of art, considered that I had been rewarded sufficiently by enabling him to test his

rifle, so he fired himself. The first shot hit my poor soldier in the throat, and after a dozen more wounds my target was hardly recognisable as a French soldier at all. It was, indeed, reduced to shreds and tatters, and this was the end of the "work of art" that had been carried in honour through the little town. But the Commandant had proved that the rifle was a good one, and that was enough for him.

From Mont St. Michel I went to the town of Fougères, where the people from all parts of Brittany, in their picturesque costumes, had assembled for the great fair. This forms the subject of a picture which, in an unfinished state, Mr. Wells asked me to take down to Redleaf. While I was working on it one day, a nobleman from the neighbourhood came and looked at me at work. Then he went to Mr. Wells and said, "I have just found, accidentally built up in my cellar, a lot of fine old port, which has been valued at £100. If young Goodall will take a £100 for his picture of the 'Fair of Fougères,' he can have the wine." Mr. Wells came in a great hurry to me and said, "If Lord —— offers you £100 for your picture, don't take it." In the afternoon a rich Manchester merchant, Mr. Glendinning, saw the picture and offered £200 for it, a price which Mr. Wells told me to accept.

When I was in Brittany, I ought to add that I

made the studies for my picture "La Fête de Mariage." It was sent to the British Institution next year, and was purchased by Sir Charles Coote for 400 guineas—a great price for so young an artist. It contained from sixty to seventy figures, and the scene was laid in an enormous wooden structure, called the *halle-au-blé*, or coal market. Dancers occupied the principal portion of the picture, but the centre of attraction was the bride and bridegroom, in their very picturesque costumes, receiving the compliments of the Mayor and their friends and relatives.

Perhaps my earliest important picture was the "Village Holiday," now in the Vernon Gallery; I spent the greater part of the summer in making studies for the background. When the picture was finished, Mr. Vernon sent a message to me by his two friends, Mr. Broderip and Professor Owen. Mr. Vernon was at that time suffering from rheumatic gout, and was in bed; but he had the picture taken to his bedroom, where he was propped up with pillows, his head bound with a silk handkerchief. The picture was put upon his bed for him to look at. Although he had dreadful spasms of pain, he examined the work most carefully, and said, "I like the picture very much indeed; what do you want for it?"

I told him 500 guineas.

"I do not think it is a farthing too much,

but it is really a bad time for selling out of the Funds."

My reply was, "If you will pay me at the rate of 500 guineas, according to the price of Consols at the time, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Well, I was never known to do anything shabby, but I will send you half of the money at the opening of the Academy, and half at the end." He sent me a cheque for £450 at the opening of the Academy, and I never received the remainder at all. The reason soon became apparent. In the autumn of this year (1845) he died. He was a horse-dealer, and made a fortune. My picture is still in the Vernon Gallery to speak for itself.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND, VENICE, AND THE NEW WORLD.

To the Emerald Isle—Headquarters in Galway—Taken for a recruiting sergeant—A dreadful rumpus—Endangering the Faith—Priests to the rescue—A harangue in Irish—Conjuring in Connemara—Father Rooney—Studies in Anatomy—My Irish harvest—The "Soldier's Dream"—Studies for "Raising the May-pole"—Elected A.R.A.—Wellington's funeral—"Cranmer at the Traitors' Gate"—Visit to Venice—Felice Ballarin—Persistent beggars—Tintoretto's "Miracle"—Report of the Indian Mutiny—My brother's trip to British Guiana—"The right sort"—Hardships of the explorers—Edward's spoils—The use that Millais made of them.

In Ireland, where I went on a sketching-tour in the early part of my career, I met with very curious experiences from the superstition of the people. To describe them, I must say that they were a guileless, open folk, who wore their hearts upon their sleeves. As will be seen, their ignorance was supreme. In 1844 I crossed the green isle of the sea, making Galway my headquarters, sketching principally at the fishing-village of the Claddagh. I wrote to two artist-friends of mine, Alfred Fripp and Topham, to come to Galway to keep me company. We began by getting the people to sit—constantly—and they

seemed pleased to do so. This we managed with the help of a shilling and the persuasive tongue of the worthy old woman who was cook at our lodging. Presently, a strange change came over the hitherto friendly people. Some mischievous or ignorant person had spread a report that they had taken the Queen's Shilling, and had enlisted, and that the women we had drawn would be transported to an uninhabited country! The street we were living in soon filled with an angry mob, and the constabulary had to be sent for. We deemed it prudent not to show ourselves even at the window. I shall never forget it.

Unfortunately, a Government steamer anchored in Galway Bay, and one of my friends in Claddagh village touched his cap to me and said, "The shtamer's come, yer honour."

"What steamer?"

"Sure, the shtamer that is to take all the people away whose names ye've put down in yer book."

Needless to say, the steamboat weighed anchor without any of these things happening. But its appearance at that juncture was decidedly inopportune.

This only brought forth another report that we had come to convert the people from their blessed faith, a rumour which promptly fetched two priests to our house, to look after their flock. The constabulary had been marching up and down

for nearly three days, but the peace was never broken—at least our heads remained intact, whatever amount of "killing with our mouths," to adopt the phraseology of a famous song, may have been indulged in. The two priests came up to our room, looking with great suspicion at the papers upon our table. Then one—who, I afterwards found, had a taste for art—Father Rooney by name, saw exactly why we were there, and went down to the mob and delivered a short harangue in Irish. The crowd melted away in a sheepish manner. The priest assured us that we should never be molested again, or disturbed in our work. Father Rooney used to watch me sketching whenever he could. Once, whilst I was drawing a girl of the fishing-village making a net, she talked constantly to the priest; although they conversed in Irish, I surmised, and pretty correctly, that it was about myself.

The kindly priest said, "I do not suppose you understand what we were talking about, but that girl has asked me whether it was a good trade you followed, and my answer was, 'If you work all your life you could not do what he is doing. It is a gift from God.'" This completely cured them of the ridiculous fear they had cherished, that when they were actually being sketched, their names were being put down in a book for purposes of enlistment. I was rather amused at

being supposed to fill the part of a recruiting sergeant.

One of my companions was a clever conjurer, who could swallow pennies and bring back half-crowns in a most wonderful fashion. He very nearly got us into trouble, although Judy Heenan had given us a friendly caution on the point before we started on our trip. "For God's sake, jintlemin, do not do thim thricks when ye're in Connemara. Oh! there is such *mamelukes* there." Where she had picked up that word I could never understand.

One day she was peeling a potato in the kitchen, whither we often went to have a chat with her. She was amused when my friend, Topham, began tossing a sixpence. "Judy, mavourneen," he asked, "where shall I blow it?" She did not grasp the situation, so he went on: "I will blow it into that potato on the table." Then he asked her to take a knife and cut it open, and sure enough, there was the sixpence in the potato. The thing was beyond her: it seemed too uncanny. So she gave us the warning already quoted against playing tricks. Peebles *may* have superior claims to Paris in respect of *pleesure*, but there must be no conjuring in Connemara.

We were returning from Connemara, and were crossing Lough Corrib to Oughterard in a boat rowed by two men. Thinking to entertain them,

Topham began swallowing half-crowns, coughing and bringing them up again; swallowing pennies and bringing up half-crowns, and so on. The men straightway put down their oars and threatened that they would take us back to Connemara if there were any further indulgence in Black Magic. However, after a little persuasion, they calmed down and agreed to boat us over to Oughterard.

Father Rooney welcomed me back from Connemara, and before I left I gave him all my oil colours, brushes, and bits of panel. I carried on a lengthy correspondence with him, and, as well as I could do so by letter, gave him instruction in painting. He had very delicate health, and was confined to the house the greater part of the winter. Next year my two friends, Fripp and Topham, went again to Ireland, and found him with the room fitted as a real studio with lay figure and plaster casts. Father Rooney eventually exhibited a picture at the Royal Hibernian Academy, in Dublin, which attracted considerable attention. His death took place not very long after this.

It was a curious fact, that in view of our having been suspected of going to Galway for the purpose of converting the people, I should have converted him to be a painter.

By-the-bye I would like to interrupt these reminiscences—discursive as they are—by the slightest allusion to my study of Anatomy. I sub-

scribed along with several other artists to purchase a body, and also had the valuable services of an anatomist to discuss it bit by bit, and lecture upon the parts dissected. I soon found, however, that I was the most earnest of them, remaining alone with the gruesome object long after the others had left. The *cadaver* had once been a convict, and bore the marks on his ankles where he had been chained. And in the late hours of night, my silent companion the only other occupant of the room, when I had put out the gas and groped my way in utter darkness to find the door, I confess a dreadful sensation sometimes came over me for a few moments. But I never regretted my enthusiasm, nor my study; I felt it was the most essential part of a genuine education in art. I still possess the whole collection of the studies which I then drew life-size in red, black, and white chalk. They will some day see the light, I cannot doubt, though perhaps they may be thought too ghastly to show.

The first picture I painted after I returned from Ireland was "The Widow's Benefit Ball," which was purchased by Vice-Chancellor Wigram. Another Irish picture—"The Fairy-struck Child," whom I had actually seen in Connemara—attracted the attention of Thomas Moore, the poet, to whom I was introduced by kind Mrs. S. C. Hall, the well-known writer of Irish stories. Moore was very deaf, and asked in a pretty loud voice, "Is he

an Irishman?" Mrs. Hall's answer was, "No, I am sorry to say he is not; but, between ourselves, he is quite worthy of being one."

The year that I had my "Widow's Benefit Ball" at the British Institution, I had also a picture from Campbell's poem, "The Soldier's Dream."

I painted on my palette a little round sketch of the subject, which I showed to my father. He was so struck with it that I set to work immediately in the evenings of the fortnight before sending in, and finished it with the help of an oil-lamp with a brilliant reflector, that my dear friend Stanfield lent me. The picture was hung at the British Institution between two pictures by Landseer—a "Retriever" and a "Spaniel." The lines of the poem I selected were these :—

> "When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
> By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
> At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
> And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again."

The dream I rendered of his meeting with his wife and children is represented in the smoke from the fire.

Nor must I omit mention of another Irish picture, "The Departure of the Emigrant Ship," from sketches made in the neighbourhood of Galway. It was painted in 1849, and was purchased by Jones Lloyd, afterwards Lord Overstone.

My next important picture was "Raising the May-pole at the Restoration of Charles II." This I began in 1850, and completed in 1851. The greater part of the summer I spent in making studies of the oak-trees at Holme Lacy Park, near Hereford. I also drew from old buildings at Ludlow and Stokesay Castle: the very fine half of the timbered building called the Gate House is richly carved, and served me with details for the old inn. Many faces in this picture are portraits; and the man sharpening his knife ready to cut the prime joint of beef, was painted from a trumpeter in the Life Guards, whose father had been killed in the battle of Waterloo, but his messmates did not tell him of his loss until the Allies reached Paris. I spent some time at the British Museum searching for prints to procure the true costume for the period. In 1852 I began another picture called "The Happier Days of Charles I." I spent the greater part of that summer making studies for it of water-lilies, willows, and swans. I obtained permission from Queen Victoria to study the Vandyck portraits of Charles and Henrietta Maria and the children, from the pictures in Windsor Castle.

Several weeks were passed in working up the portraits in my picture. The two swans were painted from life, but the details of the plumage were taken from a dead bird, which was poisoned at my

request by a doctor in the neighbourhood. With gross carelessness the poor bird had been packed in a basket, with its head and neck out, and it was necessary to kill it to put it out of its pain and misery.

There was a phenomenal flooding of the Thames that season, and the sight from the Round Tower at Windsor was not very unlike what I saw some years afterwards at the time of the overflowing of the Nile. But instead of palm-trees apparently growing in water, there were willows and elms, and the tops of hedge-rows were just visible above the swollen river.

I was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1852, the year of the death of the Duke of Wellington, and along with other members of the Royal Academy I witnessed the procession of the funeral, from the roof of the Royal Academy, then in Trafalgar Square. I think I am right in saying that twenty thousand troops marched in the procession, each band of each regiment playing the "Dead March" in *Saul* the whole way.

My next picture was "Cranmer at the Traitors' Gate," from my dear old friend Samuel Rogers's lines, the chronology of which seems hopelessly mixed :—

> "On thro' that gate misnamed, thro' which before
> Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

It represented Cranmer passing from the barge to the steps, and being received by the Governor of the Tower. The gate, at the time I made my studies, must have been in almost the same state as that in which it was during the melancholy period of Philip and Mary. It has now been so completely changed, that it is perfectly unlike what I painted. Mr. Meyrick, the great collector and authority upon arms and armour, helped with the loan of helmets, fine swords, and other implements. The stagnant water in the moat in those days was certainly offensive, as I found when I was working at my studies. This picture was exhibited in 1856, and was in the possession of Sir Julian Goldsmid until his death.

In 1857 I went to Venice, and painted many studies of the gondoliers, fishermen, and beggars. I was there during the hottest time of the year, reaching that wonderful city in the end of June and remaining there until the second week in September. Three weeks were spent at Chioggia, a most picturesque little town upon an island, where I made studies from Felice Ballarin, an entertainer who used to recite "Tasso" to the people. Whenever he was reading, I would take my pocket-book and capture numerous studies of the positions and expressions of the various listeners. One evening when he was reciting there were several peals of thunder, which lent unwonted solemnity to the reading.

The Finest Picture in Italy

Another subject for a picture was "Alms on the Lagune"—a family of mendicants in a kind of round boat, following the gondoliers, and begging for alms, which were given at last to escape from their importunity.

I could not leave Venice without making a copy —on a small scale—of that superb picture, "The Miracle of St. Mark," by Tintoretto. I often thought, whilst thus occupied, of the story Rogers used to tell. He was on his way to Italy immediately after the peace that followed the downfall of Napoleon, and he met several artists returning from the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" which they had had in Italy. The first was Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Rogers put the question to him, "What do you think the finest picture you have seen in Italy?" After slight hesitation, he replied, "The Miracle of St. Mark," by Tintoretto. Rogers then said, "The next painter I met was Turner, and I put the same question to him. Without a moment's pause he said, 'Tintoretto.'" Of course Rogers knew what picture he had in view. Jackson, the portrait-painter, gave the same answer, as did several others. After seeing the picture, I felt that all were right. I never tired of looking at it; it is a grand composition, powerful in light and shade, and gorgeous in colour. My copy was made in 1857.

At Venice I first heard of the terrible Indian

Mutiny, and while reading the accounts in the papers, I could not help mixing up the shocking record with the beautiful music of the Austrian Band in the Piazza. Sir Charles Eastlake's nephew and his charming bride found me out at my painting-room, and we often met at the Piazza, at the time for drinking coffee, after the dreadful heat of the day—ninety-six in the shade.

The deep blue skies, and the still deeper blue water of the lagunes, gave me a foretaste of what I should see in Egypt.

You mustn't mind if I skip about in a rather promiscuous way in these pages, for though I write at random, there may be method even in my roaming. Since this chapter began I have sketched in Ireland and visited Venice, and now I am going to the New World—not in my own person, but in that of my brother, who spent a while in South America. And I'll tell you now how that was.

Clarkson Stanfield having accidentally heard through Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, that the Government wished to engage a young artist to accompany the expedition under Sir Robert Schomburgk to British Guiana, most kindly thought of my brother Edward, and recommended him for the post. Edward, greatly delighted, went to the Colonial Office and saw Lord Stanley, and showed him his sketches, which were pronounced perfectly satisfactory.

"So you would like to join the expedition?" he said.

"Yes," was the answer, "very glad to go."

"When can you start?" was the next question.

"In twenty-four hours," said my brother.

"You are the right sort," replied his lordship, adding that he had seen several other artists, who had applied for the post, but they mostly bothered him with such questions as—"Whether the camp was healthy?" and "Whether there were any venomous reptiles to be met with?"

In twenty-four hours my brother was ready; and I saw him off by the coach for Falmouth—there was no railway in those days—where he was to join the ship.

The first thing he did on his landing at Demerara was to take the yellow fever—the variety known as "black jack"—which he had very badly.

Demerara was the place from which the expedition was to start for the purpose of settling the boundary question of British Guiana. It is, I should say, interesting to know that this boundary question was finally disposed of only a short time ago.

The members of the expedition suffered great hardships and privations. Many of the Indians, who enlisted as carriers, contrived to leave them when they found the provisions were running short. It is strange that no matter where explorers have

travelled—in light continents or dark ones—the "boys" (I believe that is the correct word for porters) always are a cause of worry. The business of Sir Robert Schomburgk was to make a geographical survey of the unexplored part of British Guiana, and this tract had to be traversed on foot. So porters were a necessary nuisance.

At the end of a few miles' march, my brother used to have to climb an eminence, it might even be a mountain, and make a picture of the country; or if an extraordinary fish was caught he had to make a drawing of it, and Mr. Chamberlain will be interested in learning that every rare orchid had to be drawn.

Of course, clothing very soon wore out, and they had to manufacture as best they could sandals instead of shoes.

Their farthest point was the source of the river Corentyn, which was discovered to arise from an immense waterfall originating in a spring. The river was of such a winding character that often after a hard day's journey, they were not much farther from the source than when they began. It was during this part of their journey that their provisions ran short, as Schomburgk had naturally calculated the distance as the crow flies. They were once so hard pressed for provender that a monkey up a tree was shot; when the poor thing tumbled down it was seen to be a female,

and had her young one at her breast. Some of the members of the expedition—although in an almost starving condition—could scarcely touch it when it was cooked, for they had no salt, or anything to flavour it; and my brother felt sick at the very sight of it.

He fetched home a wonderful lot of sketches of all the magnificent flowers, including the *Victoria Regia*, the great lily which Schomburgk brought over, and drawings of the cayman, the crocodile of British Guiana—as repulsive-looking as his mates on the Nile,—many species of fish, and the fine waterfall which gives rise to the Corentyn. These drawings are now in the British Museum. He also procured a number of baskets in plaited cane; ornaments in different colours, principally in black and white, curiously enough, of ancient Greek patterns—how they came to be where they were found is a perfect puzzle; and very brilliant head-dresses made of the plumage of exquisitely-coloured birds.

Millais saw them and determined to paint a picture in which he could introduce them. He chose for his subject "Pizzaro seizing an Inca." I think this was Millais' first ambitious work, and it has fine qualities for a lad of sixteen. It may be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington.

Many years after this Millais asked to borrow

them again, for his picture of "The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh," now in the Tate Gallery. The Genoese sailor, to whose yarns young Walter is listening open-mouthed and open-eyed, had one of these feather head-dresses by his side.

How fortunate the people are nowadays in the opportunities at their disposal for seeing the paintings both of the old and the modern masters! I have just mentioned the Tate Gallery which the nation owes to the munificence of one of its merchant princes. This noble self-denial is a sign of the times which all must admire and appreciate. I have lived to see the whole growth of this Art movement—one of the most beneficent features of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER III.

IMMORTAL TURNER.

Magnificent generosity—"The Building of Carthage"—Trifling with Sir Robert Peel—A curious winding-sheet—Rogers's remonstrance—Killing Claude—Turner and the Quaker—Turner's Will—Copyright—"The Palace of Caligula"—Touched proofs—Personal appearance of Turner—Landseer's sketch of him—Turner's old hats—Firing a shot at Constable—Press criticism—A view of Oxford—An Academy dinner—Mrs. Graves's little joke—Turner's engravers—My opinion of Turner—Stothard's figure drawings for Rogers's poems—"Liber Studiorum."

I HAVE good reason to know that Turner was capable of displaying the utmost kind-heartedness. My father had signed an agreement with a publisher to engrave the plates from Turner's drawings for Campbell's Poems. He had not looked over it sufficiently carefully, or some clause was inserted afterwards that made him liable for the expense of the paper and printing. In fact, when the agreement was thoroughly examined, it seemed as if my father, instead of going partner with the publisher, had practically to bear the whole cost and risk of the venture.

My father's lawyer advised that there was only

one way out of the difficulty, and that was to persuade Turner not to execute the drawings. This Turner refused to do.

"Mr. Goodall," he said, "you do not know what you are asking me. You are asking me to give up a commission for 700 guineas."

"But this will simply be my ruin," pleaded my father, "whilst you will have no difficulty in finding purchasers for whatever work you do, instead of proceeding with this contract."

Turner came to our house—as I remember perfectly well, although I was quite young at the time—one very rainy night. He sent word that he was too wet to come into a room, and so my father saw him in the hall, the wet dripping from his overcoat. Here my father again implored him for the sake of his family to do what he asked. A sister of mine—a very pretty young girl—came into the hall at the moment, and looking up into Mr. Turner's face, asked, "Is this the great Mr. Turner?" "Well," he said, "I am Mr. Turner, but I do not know whether I am great." Whether or not the sight of her little face softened him I cannot tell, but presently he said, "I'll do it, Goodall; but remember this—it will be the most generous act of my life." And he kept his word. I shall never forget the joy and happiness of our home that night, which we owed entirely to this handsome concession of Turner's.

Plaguing Peel

Another anecdote of the immortal Turner is perhaps well known by this time, but I will tell it just as my father used to tell it. It was a short time after the Royal Academy Exhibition, where Turner had his grand picture of "The Building of Carthage."

Sir Robert Peel called on the painter. "Mr. Turner," he said, "I admire your 'Building of Carthage' so much that I should like to become the possessor of it. I am told you want 500 guineas for it."

"Yes," replied Turner, "it *was* 500 guineas, but it is 600 to-day." The fact is he was disappointed it had not been sold at the private view, and he felt very angry at the Press for criticising it so severely.

"Well," returned Sir Robert, "I did not come prepared to give 600 guineas, and I must think over it. But, at the same time, it seems a most extraordinary piece of business on your part."

"Do as you please," said Turner, "do as you please."

After a few days Sir Robert Peel called again.

"Mr. Turner," he said, "although I thought it a very extraordinary thing that you should have raised your price when I came, I shall be proud to buy that picture, and I am prepared to give you the 600 guineas you asked for it."

"Ah!" said Turner, "it *was* 600 guineas, but to-day it is 700."

Then Sir Robert Peel grew angry, whereupon Turner burst out laughing. "I am only making fun of it; I do not intend to sell the picture at all; it shall be my winding-sheet."

My father told this story to Rogers, who promised to go and see Turner about it. The first words the poet said to Turner were, "Where's the 'Building of Carthage?' I do not see it in your gallery." Turner, it is well known, had a gallery of his own pictures.

"No," was the answer, "it is not there," at the same time pointing downwards with his finger.

"What do you mean?"

Turner answered, "The picture is in my cellar, and it shall be my winding-sheet."

"Turner," quoth Rogers, "you are a sensible man in many respects, but you are now contemplating the act of a fool. The picture will soon be rotten in your cellar, and no one will be a bit the wiser for its being your winding-sheet. Have it up, have it up."

Turner thought better of it and had it up, and it remained in his gallery as long as he lived. By his will he left all his pictures to the nation, and this one especially was to hang between two pictures by Claude.

Though Rogers was a great admirer of Claude,

he admired Turner more. "No man," he once told my father, "ever painted the sun shining on the water as Turner did." The hanging of "The Building of Carthage" is much to the disadvantage of the Claudes, for they look black compared with Turner's work.

My father had a Quaker uncle, who came up regularly from Yorkshire to see him. He usually found my father at work upon a picture or drawing by Turner, of which, of course, he had no appreciation.

"Edward, thou seemest to have a great admiration for this man Turner's works. Dost thou know I am very curious to see him?"

My father got permission from Turner to take him to his gallery in Queen Anne Street, and showed him all the finest things there, including "The Building of Carthage."

By-and-by Turner came in, and the Quaker said, "Mr. Turner, my nephew tells me that thou valuest that picture very highly."

"I have been offered a very large sum, 1500 guineas, for it, which I have refused."

"Well," said the Quaker, "I should call that picture my dead stock. It just costs 75 guineas a year to keep that picture on thy walls."

"Ah!" answered Turner, "I have never looked at it in that light; but I have only a life-interest in it."

"True," said the Quaker; "we have only a life-interest in anything." Then, after a pause, he added to Turner, "If thou wilt come to Yorkshire, I shall show thee such views as thou hast never seen."

"Indeed!" said Turner, who knew nearly every inch of Yorkshire. "Are they north of ——, or east of ——, or west of ——, or south of ——?"

"Thou art puzzling me. I could not tell thee if it is north, south, east, or west of such and such a place." For a Quaker never likes to answer any question unless he is quite certain of the truth.

They parted very good friends, the Quaker extracting from Turner a promise that he would come to see him in Yorkshire, but he never went. I have no doubt that Turner had forgotten more about Yorkshire than the Quaker ever knew.

It was Sir John Rolt who got the Turner Will settled, not without a great deal of trouble. He and Mr. Field, the well-known Chancery solicitor, worked together to bring about the compromise, and they were successful. These two men secured to the nation the grand works now in the National Gallery. There was no question as to Turner's intentions, for his will had been drawn up by a lawyer. Nevertheless, a flaw in it was discovered by a distant relative, one whom he had never seen, I believe, who happened to be a lawyer. It was the illustrious painter's intention to leave the whole

of his money to the Royal Academy to found an Asylum for decayed artists, and to present his works to the nation. His intention about providing for decayed artists was unfortunately not secured, but the Royal Academy, having been left out in the compromise, demanded that that part of his will should be met in some way. It was, therefore, finally decided that out of the money—some £90,000 or £100,000—a certain sum should be set aside to provide annuities of £50 for, I think, twelve impoverished artists. But the nation has his works. There is no doubt but that to Mr. Field and Sir John Rolt the British nation is indebted for the superb collection of these—one may hope—immortal works in the National Gallery. I believe this interesting circumstance is not generally known. The next-of-kin were perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, and Sir John Rolt and Edwin Field were both delighted at the result.

Edwin Field worked with Lord Westbury in framing a Copyright Bill, the Lord Chancellor taking up the question zealously. The Bill passed through Parliament, and was certainly a help. As Westbury said, "It is not a good Bill, and at some future occasion will have to be improved," and this has already taken place. Not that I think the present proposal perfect, for it ought to contain a clause making it penal to copy paintings and pass

them off as genuine. At present there is no penalty, and in my opinion every artist should be empowered to detain and destroy all works brought to him for verification which are demonstrably forgeries.

Sidney Cooper was victimised to an enormous extent. Although he tried to stop it by charging a fee of five guineas for verification, this had a hardly appreciable effect upon the fraudulent practice. He asserted in the newspapers that out of the several hundred pictures that had been brought to him from time to time for verification, there were not more than ten or a dozen originals.

Playwrights have no such grievance as that which I am describing. In this respect their rights are protected, as is most proper, and any infringement of their copyright is punishable.

But to return to Turner. I saw him constantly at our house when I was very young, from the time my father began the large plate of "The Palace of Caligula." After a few days he called and asked for a piece of whiting, and hastily sketched on the picture with the piece of chalk.

"Mr. Goodall," he said, "I must have two more boys in here, and some goats. You can put these in for me."

"I have taken many liberties in putting in figures in other men's work," my father replied, "but in this case I must decline. You only can paint them in."

"You'll do it well enough," Turner retorted.

But my father made him promise to come and paint in the figures. The palette was set for him ready on the promised day. He took two whole days to paint these figures in the picture, but they were very beautifully done.

The commission was for 700 guineas, which shows, I am proud to say, the appreciation he had of my father's work. I shall never forget my sensations when, on coming home from my day-school, I found that this picture had arrived. I sat on the floor in front of it for hours. My father had to insure the picture for 700 guineas, and to promise that it should never be washed with water, nor copied.

The only approach to anything like a dispute that my father and Turner had was when the latter claimed all the touched proofs. My father had paid for the printing of them for each touching, which often involved a serious alteration from the original. The printer's bill for taking the proofs was a serious item, for they were so often taken for Turner to see the state of the plate. Turner spent several days arguing about these touched proofs. The principle as to ownership arose with another engraver—the father of Edward Cooke—who was determined that Turner should not have the touched proofs. Of course, no one could then have realised that they would eventually

become so valuable. In point of fact they fetched large sums of money, but even Turner could not have foreseen it. My father offered to burn them, or to let Turner see them burnt, but he begged him not to do so. My mother came to the rescue, and urged my father to give in; this he did, and Turner rolled them up with the greatest exultation, and walked off. His next-of-kin got them. These next-of-kin, as I have said, he had never set eyes on, and certainly would never have wished that the proofs should come into their possession. The picture will speak for itself in the National Gallery. Turner was well pleased with the result of my father's labour.

Turner was a little under middle height, about five feet five inches, rather heavily built, with large head, and bright, clear complexion when I first saw him, though it became more highly coloured in later life; his nose was well-shaped, and approaching to aquiline; his eyes were piercingly bright, grey in colour, with a trace of blue. His manner of speaking was slightly abrupt, but he had a very, very pleasant smile occasionally, when speaking to any one whom he liked. I should say that he was a self-educated man, but most learned in his knowledge of the laws and appearances of nature in all aspects. In fact, he was a great poet, not with words, but with his pigments and brushes. He had a most extraordinary memory for the varied

effects of nature. Ruskin, on the contrary, one of his greatest admirers, was a poet in words, but not with his brushes. Turner was supposed to be niggardly, but I can safely say that he showed the greatest kindness and generosity to my father, as the instance already cited amply proves. Although he was not handsome, he had a most intelligent-looking face.

In very cold weather Turner used to put a silk handkerchief over his head and then his hat, to keep off the draught. Landseer was so amused at his appearance that he painted a back view of Turner on his palette, which was considered so marvellously like that the members begged him not to clean his palette off. However, some one thought of a good plan, and got a piece of white blotting-paper and put it upon the paint, and thus an excellent copy was obtained. This was sent down to Redleaf to Mr. Wells, who placed it in the Scribblers' Book. Turner certainly never did study appearance.

His old father used to wear Turner's left-off hats. But, as Turner had a very large head and his father a very small one, the latter was always obliged to put a handkerchief in front under the hat lining to make it fit.

If Turner found any picture interfering with his own after the hanging, he would so contrive that nothing in his neighbour's pictures should ever

clash with his own in colour. He had the marvellous knack of rectifying any defect caused by adjoining works. He did something that entirely counteracted it.

There is a well-known story of Constable being abundantly satisfied with the look of his picture when he first saw it. Very near it was one of Turner's, a grey picture that harmonised admirably with Constable's. But the latter's peace of mind was disturbed for some time when Turner came to his own grey picture and painted in a red sun. Horsley said it was a red peony. Constable told his friends that Turner had fired his shot.

These things Turner constantly did, often annihilating his neighbour's work. He was a perfect master of colour.

The Press of the day was not at all generous to Turner. I remember once reading when I was very young that "Turner had sent in another mustard pot." And on another occasion a critic felt sure that the Hanging Committee must have "hung Turner's picture upside down," for *he* could make nothing of it—which was probably true.

My father was commissioned by a publisher to engrave a large drawing after Turner of "A Distant View of the City of Oxford." One of the dons of a college accompanied Turner to the spot from which they wanted the drawing made. The

first day he went up he said, "This won't do; I must come again," but a second visit proved fruitless. When they got up to the hill on the third day, a thunder-storm was coming on, with dark purple clouds over the city, bringing out all the fine buildings into bright light against it. "This will do," said Turner. "I don't want to make a sketch; I shall remember this." And he certainly knew every building in Oxford, for he had drawn them when he was a boy. But when the plate was being engraved, the publisher asked my father to go down to the spot and look at the view. He took me with him, with my sketch-book to make the drawings of the distant buildings, and put them in their proper places, for Turner was a little careless about that. I went down and made the drawings to help my father in his engraving. But I thought, when I looked at the city, that it was not as beautiful as Turner had made it. The effect was extremely fine, with the dark purple clouds above. I had never seen the city of spires and towers under that aspect.

It was the custom in former days for the members of the Royal Academy to give a dinner at the close of the Exhibition, each member having the privilege of inviting a friend—usually a rising young artist. At the last one that was given I had the honour of being the guest of Frederick R. Lee, R.A.; there was much

familiarity and much more hilarity. On this occasion I remember Sidney Cooper was particularly jovial, and so was Turner, who was in the chair. Towards the close of the evening a toast was proposed, but no one got up to respond to it. After somewhat of a pause, Turner rose and said, "No one has replied to that toast, and I shan't for them, for we are not carpenters, we are not carpenters," and for the third time he said, "we are not carpenters." What he meant to convey no one could understand. There was plenty of hand-shaking, and Turner, recognising me, said, "Well, how's papa?" meaning my father. This was in 1846.

Two little anecdotes connected with Turner were conveyed to me by Mr. Graves of Pall Mall. It appears that Turner often used to dine with Mr. Graves on Sunday, when he lived at South Lambeth. One day he fell and hurt his right thumb, which gave him great concern, as he feared "he would never paint again." However, by the use of some well-known application, the injured thumb was very soon well again, thanks to Mrs. Graves's kind nursing. She was always proud to think in later life that, as she said, she had had a hand in painting some of his pictures.

Turner lost a picture and asked Mr. Graves to suggest a way of finding it. Mr. Graves took a sheet of note-paper out of a desk drawer and said,

"You had better make a sketch of the missing subject, so that I may know it if it turns up." He made the drawing, and when it was done with, Mr. Graves scrambled it into the drawer. "No!" Turner exclaimed, "you are not going to run away with my drawing like that; it will fetch something some day," and took it back and put it in his pocket.

Such a trifling incident shows that his estimate of his own work was the true one.

Although Turner's pictures are so full of colour, he taught the engravers how to produce them in black and white. For instance, my father once asked how he should translate a bit of brilliant red in one of his pictures. He answered, "Sometimes translate it into black, and at another time into white. If a bit of black give the emphasis, so does red in my picture. And in the case of translating it into white," he said, after brief reflection, "put a grinning line into it that will make it attractive."

It is a curious thing that his very early pictures were founded partly upon his admiration at that time of Richard Wilson. Later, there was evidence of his great admiration for Gaspar Poussin and Claude; and then later you saw his admiration for some qualities of Cuyp's glowing colour and power of atmosphere. But in middle life he was himself alone, not biassed by any other artist's work.

But not one of the painters I have named could have produced such a picture as "The Wreck of the Transport."

It may be bold to say all this, but I have a strong conviction that some day it will be considered that I am justified in what I have written. It is quite certain that Turner has now a greater number of admirers than he had during his lifetime; but still I think not enough. The prices that his pictures have brought at public sales show this, especially the Turners in Sir John Pender's collection which was sold at Christie's.

No landscape-painter ever had the same power of producing such a variety of subjects and such varied effects of nature. His sea-pieces were as grand as his landscapes, and I will quote just one instance—"The Guard-Ship at the Nore." His grasp of nature was larger, firmer, fuller, truer than that of any other landscape-painter.

One of the greatest works Turner produced in my time was "The Piazza of St. Mark's by Moonlight during a Festival," as shown by the light of rockets in the Grand Canal. This picture I saw at Somerset House the first time I ever went to a Royal Academy Exhibition, and I never forgot it. It was exhibited not long since at Wallace's Gallery in Pall Mall, and I was more than delighted to see it again; it looked more beautiful than ever. Turner gave it the absurd title of "Juliet returning

from the Ball." But the picture of all others in my memory was a subject which no other painter would have dared to execute or make a picture of. It was the picture of an engine and train crossing the Thames at Maidenhead Bridge, which he called "Rain, Steam, and Speed." A hare is running at full speed across the line of rails, but fast as it appears to be going one cannot help feeling that the train will overtake it. This picture is now in the National Gallery.

Having said a good deal in connection with Turner, I feel I ought to make some reference to the pleasure Stothard gave the engravers by his most careful drawings of figures, especially the Columbus series for Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*. My father engraved the whole of this series; and although I was very young at the time, I remember the drawings perfectly well.

Of course, the figures in Turner's pictures were not a strong point, although admirably designed and well placed. "Columbus at the Convent asking for a Drink of Water for his Son," "Columbus watching for Land at the Prow of the Vessel," the long line of figures in the "Landing in the New World," and "The Dream of Columbus," showing the boy on the stile with his bundle under his arm, going to service, taking a farewell look at the village, are excellent examples of the value of Stothard's help. In the last Turner's original

design of the figure was kept as it was wanted; and although Stothard's was a most charmingly-designed figure, his attitude of regret on leaving home was not as effective as the standing figure on the stile.

The "Alps at Daybreak, with Chamois Hunter" is one of the most beautiful, and "The Swiss Cottage" is equally so. The "Lady at the Window of the Moated Grange" is a triumph of engraving; so is "The Boy of Egremond crossing the Strid," the figure with the dog being designed by Stothard. The little figures dancing round the old oak-tree with the May-pole are also by him. Very few people know these facts, which I think add interest to the illustrations.

Then there are many subjects entirely by Stothard, such as the swing between the two elm-trees, the illustration to "Ginevra," the death, or rather lying-in-state, of Raphael, and many others. The little figure of the pensioner with his telescope in the foreground of the view of Greenwich Hospital is by Turner and my father. But the boat with figures on their way to the Traitors' Gate was designed by Stothard.

As far as the illustrations are concerned, the two volumes *Italy* and *The Pleasures of Memory* are in my opinion works that will live for ever. They mark the climax of line-engraving, an art that is quite dead now. No money could produce

them again. I myself am fortunate in having two choice copies of the first edition, presented to me by Rogers himself.

The two other books of poems which Turner illustrated, by Thomas Campbell and Thomas Moore, were published a few years later by Moxon, as well as Milton's poems, many of the plates in which were engraved by my father. I shall never forget seeing one of Turner's touched proofs—a few scratches with pencil, and in writing "Put in innumerable figures here." "The Expulsion from Paradise" is a beautiful thing, the figures made by my father according to Turner's wish.

Writing of touched proofs reminds me that when I left my father's roof, at the age of twenty-four, I asked if he valued some proofs that Turner had touched. He said, "If you want them you are quite welcome to them," and I took them away. On hearing a few years afterwards from my brother that they were fetching very high prices, I told him to see what he could make by them, and give the sum to my father. They brought 700 guineas, a most unexpected and acceptable sum to him. It showed the far-seeing nature of Turner, when he pressed my father to give up the touched proofs of the large plate engraved for "The Bridge and Palace of Caligula."

The "Coast" book with Turner's illustrations is a grand work. All the finest line-engravers of the

time were employed upon it—George Cooke, the father of Edward Cooke, R.A., the marine painter; W. B. Cooke, his uncle; Edward Goodall, my father; Brandard, my father's pupil; Willmore, Wallace, and others. They were all reared under the eye of Turner, and educated by him to reproduce and translate his work into black and white. Turner's "Liber Studiorum" is unique in its way, and perhaps shows more than anything else his wonderful versatility. It was done, as every one knows, in emulation of Claude's "Liber Veritatis."

CHAPTER IV.

EGYPT.

Moslem pilgrims—On the fringe of the East—Becoming an oculist—A run through Cairo—The Copt quarter—A picture for Rembrandt—Enter Carl Haag—A trip to Suez—Sketching camels' skeletons—The Wells of Moses—A grave in the Desert—Bedouin bivouac—A cold ride by the Red Sea—Pigeons and pebbles—Haag's jackal—"By moonlight alone"—Downed by a donkey—Shooting a star—Christmas in Cairo—I make the pudding—A State function—Grand review near Cairo—Painting in the streets—A clever monkey—Carl Haag leaves for Jerusalem—Packing up—Last look round—How I got the Arab garments—Adieu to Egypt—Arrived at Trieste—Anxiety about my sketches—My first big Egyptian picture—A hundred guineas a foot—Meeting with Charles Dickens—List of chief pictures painted after first visit to Egypt—Mr. Gambart's purchase—A signal honour at the Academy.

In the autumn of 1858 I left London for Egypt, by way of Marseilles, having sent on my painting materials by another route. It was a lovely morning when I first got on deck after recovering my sea-legs, the sun rising through grey clouds and just tipping with warm light the highest points of the mountains, misty vaporous clouds passing below their summits. The Strait of Bonifacio appeared to be a dangerous passage, for our captain

was on the paddle-box the whole time, and we sailed quite close to a French steamer which had been wrecked a few days before. By-and-by the weather changed and rain fell in torrents. All the passengers took refuge in their cabins, most of them reading or writing, while a Frenchman occasionally gave us a polka or waltz on the piano. We had two babies and several children on board, all going out to India, poor little things. To my ears their prattle was like music, even when a baby cried, which was not very often. I did not complain, for it gave a feeling of home to the vessel. The English passengers formed quite a family party. The Frenchmen kept very much to themselves, playing at cards at one end of the table, a very long one capable of dining forty passengers at a time, just about the number we had, although the steamer could have accommodated twice as many.

The appearance of Malta from the sea was very imposing from its immense fortifications, but at the same time it struck me as being the most arid place I had ever seen, the country buildings being one uniform buff tint, without a tree or a patch of verdure for the eye to rest upon. I walked through several of the streets, which had somewhat of an Oriental character. The manners of the folk, however, were quite European, not unlike those of the Chioggians, only that the women had black veils instead of white, and generally much darker com-

plexions, and altogether prettier. The children struck me as being particularly bonny with their large black eyes and long eyelashes. At the corner of almost every street were heaps of fruit—melons, prickly pears, pomegranates, and grapes. The cathedral, in my judgment, was built in a bad style of architecture, but splendid with gilding and inlaid pavement.

At Malta I saw a steamboat loaded with Mahommedan pilgrims on their return from Mecca, giving me a foretaste of what was in store later. When we reached Alexandria I was positively mad with delight, what with the colour and movement and life. The dark-skinned negroes, the brown Arabs, the comparatively fair Turks, the silent tread of the camels with their picturesque trappings, the tremendous depth of the blue sky as a background, the immense bunches of the brilliant fruit of the date-palms—some golden and others almost scarlet—furnished forth a wonderful feast to eye and ear.

Sir Lewis Pelly, my travelling companion from Paris, told me many years afterwards, that he never saw any one so nearly cracked as I seemed to be immediately after the landing at Alexandria. I *did* feel almost cracked, but I had urgent business on hand and no time for rhapsody. I had to attend the Custom House and claim my heavy luggage, which had been forwarded from

London many weeks before, and engage my dragoman, whom I found extremely useful and attentive. Then I presented my letters of introduction from my dear old friend, David Roberts, who had known me from boyhood.

Consul Green invited me to dine with him, and in the meantime I wandered about with my pocket sketch-book, jotting down everything I thought worthy of making a note of, and finishing up at the camp of the pilgrims from Mecca—a most extraordinary sight—waiting for the steamer to take them on to Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco. My dragoman told the people whom I was sketching, that I was only an officer of the steamboat putting down their names as passengers. Many of the pilgrims were suffering from ophthalmia, and came crowding round me for medicine. In a kind-hearted mood I went back to the hotel for sulphate of zinc, and when I returned, the people came unpleasantly close, holding out shells for a few drops of the medicine. I told Consul Green what I had done, and he said if he had known where I was going he would have warned me, as the camp was full of fever and disease.

Here, of course, I ran no risk to speak of; but in the desert, and even in Cairo, I had to sketch under surveillance of the soldiery. Had it been in the north-western corner of Africa, I

might have had considerable difficulty in being permitted to draw at all, and had I penetrated towards the interior I should have had to provide myself with a tiny army. The Sultan of Morocco is a personage to be reckoned with.

During a donkey-ride through the town I saw enough subjects to last a lifetime. The children's school impressed me as a beautiful subject, the wee Turks squatting on the ground outside the house, and the turbaned schoolmaster seated in the doorway teaching them the Koran, the little fellows repeating it after him. The wells, with the animated groups round about them, were beyond description. The women were not all veiled, and when filling their pitchers, or carrying them on their shoulders, reminded me of what I had read of the grace of the women of the ancient world. The men, too, with their water-skins, and the camels with theirs, formed such groups as I had never beheld even in a day-dream. It made me quite long to be at work. I could not refrain from exclaiming aloud at the different scenes that met my eye—"How beautiful!" "How wonderful!" "How gloriously picturesque!" "What colour!" "What costumes!" "What character!" until my dragoman must have thought he had got charge of a lunatic. The fact was I was perfectly bewildered at the novelty of everything, and felt absolutely convinced that the people had never

been painted, that practically I was on virgin soil, with a free hand.

I paid a visit to the Arsenal, where I saw some hundreds of prisoners working in chains, a most picturesque-looking set of fellows. They made signs to me to break their chains and give them something to eat. Poor wretches! they were only allowed two small loaves a day. I made a slight sketch of one and gave him a few pence, for which he seemed grateful. After that they all wanted to be drawn, but I felt too unsettled to begin work. The thirty days' festival was still in progress. To a true Mahommedan it may be very impressive, but to my notion the performance of the dervishes was purely ridiculous. They made a gasping noise with their throats, and threw heads and bodies about frantically, until they were so exhausted that some were obliged to be carried away—"drunk with God," as my interpreter called it. In another part men and women *were* drunk, or rather mad, with smoking opium. Then there was a fellow singing, dreadfully out of tune, to God, with an awful accompaniment of pipe and drum. The only pretty thing I saw was a boy dressed as a girl, dancing, with very small tinkling cymbals fastened to his finger and thumb. Some of his actions were exceedingly graceful, as others were simply curious. A group of fellows were squatting about with expressions of intense gratification.

House-hunting

Next day I took the train to Cairo, arriving in time to run through the marvellous town and to go to the Citadel, from which one gets a most enchanting bird's-eye view of the city of domes and minarets, actually countless at every turn. Day after day pictures passed before me with bewildering rapidity, and in endless variety. I got what impressions I could, only using my pocket-book with a silvered pencil which never wanted sharpening—a great advantage in making rapid sketches.

Most of the first fortnight was spent in taking a house—to get settled for work—in the Copt quarter. I was helped in this business by a German photographer, who was acquainted with the Copt Patriarch. The matter would have been prolonged indefinitely had it not been for my newly-found friend; he arranged to have everything carried through without delay. The final negotiations were conducted at twilight in the court-yard, by the light of a lantern, by three priests in their great black turbans. The scene was perfect in its chiaroscuro, and Rembrandt would have loved to paint it. They weighed every sovereign upon their finger-tips, till at last one coin occasioned a lengthy discussion. Finally it was returned to me as light weight, and when I gave them a heavier one, they said I might sign the contract, which I was only too glad to do, with thanks to my friend for

the trouble he had taken. My next business was to have the house cleansed, for it literally swarmed with vermin. The Consul told me the first thing was to have the interior lime-washed, partly with white and partly with colour, and to carry out the Coptic directions as far as I could. A strong decoction of juice of capsicum removed the eggs of the vermin. It was a tedious job. And then came the buying of the cooking utensils, etc., the upholsterer to make cushions for divans, mattresses, and the like. It was not costly, however, for the upholsterer brought a huge mass of cotton-wool, with which he furnished our room luxuriously for a few pounds. It seemed impossible it could have been so quickly managed. My dragoman of course superintended; he engaged my cook—a jet black negress—who quarrelled with him constantly, for he insisted upon calling her "*l'esclave.*" She had no English, but understood French. My dragoman always asked for an hour at noon on Fridays for ablution and prayers. I granted it, for if the latter did no good I felt sure the former would, and in that respect I should not have objected if Friday had come round a little oftener; not that he looked dirty, on the contrary he was a very smart fellow, and, I thought, inclined to be honest, but this was not part of his religion. I must say I attributed his civility more to the fear of his not getting a good certificate from me when

we parted than to any strong desire to do that which was right.

Though the house had been without a tenant for some time, four sparrows had taken possession of the rafters of my painting-room, and did not appear at all inclined to quit. I was afraid I should have to evict them, although it was amusing to watch them, and their chirruping was cheerful. But they fluttered about the cobwebs and brought down showers of dust, apparently the accumulations of a century. They seemed very little disturbed by my goings on, and watched me with a good deal of interest, perching quite close, pecking their feathers and cleaning themselves to keep pace with the sanitary improvements going on, and endeavouring to make themselves as agreeable companions as possible. I had also two other little comrades—geckoes—which crawled up the windows in the evening to catch the flies, clinging to the glass and darting after the insects like a flash. Instead of two I wished I had scores of them, for then there would have been some probability of the flies decreasing. At that season of the year they were innumerable, and might yet well be called one of the plagues of Egypt—mosquitoes were nothing to them. They had a partiality for the corners of the eyes and nostrils, and the more one drove them away, the more determined they seemed to annoy one.

When the house was ready, I went out one day

before breakfast, as was my habit, when who should I see but my friend, Carl Haag? He expressed himself so delighted with my quarters that I asked him as a great favour to come and live with me, and keep me company; for it had been his original intention to go on to Jerusalem. The street in which we lived was the principal thoroughfare of the Copt quarter, and was in a constant bustle. Camels with their huge packages almost blocked up the narrow way as they passed backwards and forwards from the other parts of the city. Blue women sauntered past from the wells, with their jars balanced in the most graceful fashion on their heads, their beautifully-formed brown arms braceleted with yellow ore, long white metal ear-rings tinkling down to the shoulders, and strings of beads round the neck, the blue dress—always blue—open nearly to the waist. Their faces were generally plain, but occasionally finely-shaped, the eyes invariably good, often beautiful although black. To tell the truth, I was rather reconciled to black eyes, with, for choice, a background of very fine brown; blue or grey look like blind eyes, with such complexions as the women had in Cairo.

The shops were small dens about five feet square, in which the merchant sat half-buried amidst the goods for sale. There was no way out of the back of his "warehouse," and it often puzzled me how the man sitting cross-legged, banked up with melons,

dates, pomegranates, and other fruits, got in or out without upsetting the whole show. Then there were the blacksmith at work in a hole in the wall not much bigger than a cupboard, the barber shaving heads, the butcher mangling meat into all sorts of anatomical shapes, tobacconists making snuff by pounding the leaf in a mortar, the coppersmith hammering away on a saucepan, the druggist perhaps next door, a man almost naked maybe next door to him working at another trade, and so on. These people were dressed most picturesquely, turbaned with different-coloured shawls, striped dresses, white dresses, silk and rags all mixed up together, brown, black, white, and yellow faces; men from the Desert wrapped up in blankets of all colours, pilgrims from Mecca, and blacks from Nubia. That is what "our street" was like. It was only different from the Turkish quarter in this respect, that there certain trades were carried on in certain streets. The most striking to the ear was the coppersmith's, for the din he made was something frightful. The most pleasing to the eye was the carpet bazaar, and the next the drug market, the air being perfumed with otto of roses and scented woods.

Our street seemed famous for marriages, two or three taking place every day. The Copts always had their processions at night. One had, I recollect, a beautiful effect from our window. A double line

of young men carrying lighted candles formed a kind of lane, at the head of which drums and reed instruments were playing. At the other end came the bride completely veiled in scarlet from head to foot, with a profusion of glistening ornaments about her head, led up by two men, in front of whom were two or three little boys burning incense, while a man walking up and down the lane of candles sprinkled scented water. The blaze from the hundred candles, besides two masses of fire carried in frameworks of iron, commonly called devils, combined with the smoke, gave a most picturesque appearance to the whole scene. A crowd of women followed in the rear screaming out a kind of song with wild quivering voices, something between a whistle and a locomotive and a bird, intended to express joy.

Haag and I always rode before breakfast for about an hour, the air then being so pure and refreshing. We generally took the Shubra Road, lined on both sides with beautiful acacias and sycamores of gigantic size, which formed a perfect avenue for two miles, always pleasant, even at midday. Moreover, it was kept well watered, as it led to the Pasha's palace. Being the Rotten Row of Cairo, in the afternoon it was gay with carriages and horsemen, going to or returning from Shubra Gardens. The ladies, of course, were closely veiled. The eunuchs rode superb Arabs, covered

all over with rich trappings and tassels, and were very imposing in their appearance. And they knew it too, sitting their horses with such a consequential air, and making them prance to show off their horsemanship.

We used every hour of daylight for our work. In the court-yard we frequently had camels to paint from, and sometimes a group of musicians. After we had been there a few months, our friend John Malcolm called upon us one day, and told us he was going to bring young Prince Alfred—who was then a midshipman about the age of fourteen or fifteen—to come and see our sketches; and when he did come, he began talking German with Carl Haag, whom he had known as a drawing-master at Buckingham Palace, and examined our work with much intelligence. I met His Royal Highness when I returned to London, and he reminded me of his visit.

We took an interesting journey across the desert to Suez, sleeping on the road in the wooden sheds which had sheltered the British troops in the Crimea, and which were now in use for stations on the Overland Route, before the railway was made. This was also the Pilgrims' road to Mecca, and was marked with the whitened bones of camels that had fallen in the way. Not a sign of water could be seen until we reached Hadjaroot, a few miles from Suez, where we were fortunate to find

a number of dead camels, the carcasses of which afforded us an opportunity, long desired, of studying the anatomy of the animal.

A friend of ours from Suez—no less a person, indeed, than Shepherd Bey—had been looking for us all the morning, for we were to be his guests during our stay at Suez. I shall never forget his astonishment at suddenly coming upon us, surrounded with the dead camels. He urged us to accompany him on a trip down the Red Sea, but neither this nor any other inducement he could offer prevailed to stop us in the work we had in hand. At last, quoth he, as he took his leave, "Gentlemen, there is no accounting for taste; but the next time I come hunting for you I shall bring my brandy-flask."

We sketched skeletons to our heart's content, and at the end of the day had gained a knowledge of the animal's structure. We gave particular attention to the neck and the hump. We satisfied ourselves that one use of the hump was to support great weights. It has, so to speak, a double arch such as that which architects use for the same purpose—namely, the carrying of weights,—the spine being the under one, whilst the elongation of the spinal process, in the form of an arch, constitutes the upper.

From Suez we went by boat to the Wells of Moses, where we remained for several days. Strange to say, the place closely answered to the

Biblical description of Elim—"At last we came to Elim, where there were twelve wells, and three score and ten palm trees." I counted the wells and found there were twelve, and I saw that a great many ancient palm-trees still remained. They were growing out of an immense mass of roots, which botanists call "stools," the date of which it was impossible to fix.

The postmaster of Suez gave us the key of a ramshackle dwelling, with a roof of reeds, very much broken away by the winds, which admitted both sunlight and moonlight. The two mattresses in the house were very grateful at the end of the day's sketching in the sun and wind. Towards evening I strolled a short distance to view the range of mountains on the other side of the Gulf. The glorious colour of the hills, with the light of the setting sun upon them, will never fade from my memory. I came across a newly-made grave, marked with the head and foot stone, simply rough bits of rock, and between them a raised mound, the length of a man's body. Branches of palm-trees deposited thereon by the affection of a friend had turned to a golden brown with age. I was sketching it when a large group of Bedouin came past, hurrying up their camels to the water at Ain Musa—the Wells of Moses. The camels carried on the top of their sacks of merchandise large bundles of dried sticks and twigs, which the drivers had

picked up on their way from Tor, near Sinai, and which served to give them fire quickly at their camping-ground. I made a hurried sketch of them as they passed, and followed to see how they gave the camels water, for they quenched their animals' thirst before attending to their own comforts. They first scraped a hollow in the sand at the side of the Wells, then they spread out, pushing it down into this hollow, a large sheet of leather which they filled from their bottles, also of leather. The camels could not have reached the water by thrusting their necks down into the wells.

In the middle of that night Carl Haag woke me from a very sound sleep, to tell me that he had heard a curious noise like the pushing open of a rickety door. I certainly heard a noise, and hesitatingly put on some clothes. We stole very cautiously towards the sound, which suddenly ceased. We saw nothing to alarm us and went out to the desert, the dreariness and solemnity of which beggared description, as they surpassed belief. The stillness of it, broken only by the jackals' cries, was most impressive. The white sand under the moonlight looked just like snow. I tried to reproduce it upon canvas many years later in the picture entitled, "Gordon's Last Messenger from Khartum," which, with many others of my Egyptian time, is now in the possession of a great connoisseur. The Bedouins in the camp whom we suspected of causing the

noise that disturbed us were either in their tents or lying on the sand wrapped in their blankets, near their smouldering fires—a scene of perfect peace, not without a touch of the weird. Returning to our humble hut, we again heard the same noise, and this time were able to trace it to a small animal, whatever it was, which had been trying to lift the lid of the box that contained our eatables, principally eggs, fruit, and bread. This discovery promptly put a period to our anxiety. The moonlight was shining so brilliantly through a hole in the roof, that I sat and read from *The Times* newspaper to Carl Haag, as easily as I could in broad daylight. We spent three very happy days in this lonely spot.

On the evening of the third day, our donkeys conveyed us back to the harbour of Suez, after one of the coldest rides I had ever experienced. We had been sitting in the hot sun all the day sketching, but towards evening a strong wind got up that seemed to blow through everything. Although we wore our London winter overcoats, even these the wind penetrated. And this on the shore of the Red Sea, considered by many the hottest place in the world! I took off my large, broad-brimmed, quilted felt hat, and buttoned it under my coat over my chest. I never felt such cold, before or since.

Next morning I was at work in the Bazaar at Suez, with an Albanian soldier to guard me. But as soon as I began to sketch, first one pebble struck

me, then another, and so on, until I thought it prudent to move, as the stones were getting larger and larger. So I went with an interpreter and reported the incident to the Governor. He summoned the soldier, who stood perfectly unconcerned before him, and barefacedly told him that the pebbles on the roofs of the houses were kicked down by the pigeons. All the answer the Governor made was, "Don't let the pigeons knock down any more pebbles, or it will be worse for you; neither let any business be transacted in the Bazaar in the immediate neighbourhood of this effendi." This last was a strong measure, and I thought it might lead to trouble; but it answered the purpose, and I never look at the sketches without recalling the episode.

The Suez Bazaar formed the background of my picture, "The Sword of the Faithful"—a Bedouin sheikh, seated on a camel, feeling the edge of a sword which he thinks of buying. This incident I actually witnessed.

Our next expedition from Cairo was to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, where we encamped close to the head of the Sphinx for a week. Here I made some most successful studies of the Bedouin in their simple and, I might say, classical draperies, consisting merely of their long blankets wound round them —no two being wound exactly alike—but always grand and suggestive of figures in the Bible.

Trophies

Carl Haag was desirous of shooting a jackal. While I was cleaning my palette at the end of the day's work I saw one prowling about near our tent, attracted, I suppose, by the appetising smell of the food that was being prepared for dinner by our clever dragoman cook. Warning Haag of the creature's presence, in due course I heard the report of his revolver, and, although it was twilight, I saw him fire a second shot, giving the *coup de grâce* to the jackal. Carl was quite elated, and intended to have the animal stuffed and taken home as a trophy. One of the Bedouin offered to skin it, but, alas! he spoilt the whole thing by first of all cutting off the head. I never saw poor Haag so angry, and he gave the head to me in disgust.

The whole desert in the neighbourhood of the Sphinx was entirely covered with snow-white human bones. Haag picked up a skull which had no lower jaw, but notwithstanding that there were hundreds of lower jaws lying about, he could not find one to fit. No doubt this is capable of scientific explanation, but it struck me as rather remarkable. He intended to preserve it as a trophy from the Pyramids. He consoled himself in the evening with his zither, walking about in the desert playing "Meet me by moonlight alone." It was a lovely moonlight night, and his music was answered by a chorus of jackals—an appreciative audience that amused us immensely.

Carl Haag and I started one day from Cairo to make a sketch on the outskirts of the city, and when we were on our way—on our donkeys—not very far out of the city, on the road to Boulak, a string of camels, with heavy packages on their backs, were on the road coming towards us. When you are in a predicament a donkey always seems to know it, for it stands stock-still and won't budge. As ill-luck would have it, close by was a deep hole at the side of the road. I could not get the donkey to pass it, and the camels were coming closer upon me every moment. One of their stacks touched my shoulder, and down I went into the hole, the donkey struggling not to tumble in also. It was fortunate he managed to clear it, as he must have fallen on the top of me. I lay at the bottom stunned and shaken. I was badly bruised on the hips, shoulders, and elbows, and for a few minutes I really felt as if it were all over with me. Carl came to my assistance as soon as he could, "expecting," as he considerately phrased it, "to find me dead." My donkey-boy was in such a terrible fright that he took flight and I never saw him again.

Bruised and shaken as I was, I would continue the journey to make a sketch, although Carl Haag tried to persuade me to go back. It was not until the evening that the bruises were attended to. Then wet lint and gold-beater's skin were applied,

and in a few days I was sufficiently well to resume my work as usual.

Carl Haag was showing his revolver to the Bedouin one night. He pointed it up at the heavens and fired, and—by a curious coincidence—a meteor or shooting-star traversed the sky as he fired. Of course the Bedouin imagined that he had actually shot the star; in their eyes, an unrivalled performance. Had they been a little better acquainted with my native country, and especially its vast metropolis, they might possibly have seen Londoners "shooting the moon."

Christmas pudding at Cairo! I had often when a boy assisted at Christmas pudding-making. I was determined that Carl Haag should help me with one in Egypt. I had all the ingredients sent out from England. The first thing I set him to do was to stone the plums, while I went on with another performance, requiring a little more experience—namely, the washing of the currants. The trouble was with the suet, for it would not get sufficiently cold to be chopped—it was always used the same day the beast was killed; however, with plenty of flour the difficulty was in part got over. And when the candied peel was chopped and mixed with the fruit, and the eggs were beaten, and flour, suet, and brandy put in, and the spices added and the whole was stirred up, Carl Haag said, "It smells already like Christmas pudding."

It wasn't easy to procure a pudding-cloth, for it had to be very strong, as we contemplated a good-sized pudding. However, we ultimately obtained what we wanted.

We had only charcoal fires to cook with, and the pudding required my dragoman's constant attention, as well as that of the Abyssinian cook, as they had to keep it constantly boiling for twelve hours. This could only be done by having the pudding cooked in one saucepan, and another one kept supplied with boiling water to replenish the waste.

I am happy to say, as the pudding rested with me almost entirely, that it turned out a perfect success. Our house became a house of call for every European who knew us in Cairo, to sample the wonderful pudding, either hot or cold. Carl used to get up from the dinner-table every time he tasted it and shake hands with me for having reminded him so appropriately of Old England.

On my second visit to Egypt, I happened to be at Sakkara, in Mariette Bey's house, where I spent another Christmas; but on this occasion the pudding was sent from England. When Lord Henry Percy came to see the Tombs, I asked him to stop the night and dine with me in order that he might taste Christmas pudding in the desert. He pronounced it to be better than anything he had tasted even at Shepheard's Hotel.

Not long after our return to our comfortable

house in the Copt quarter, we were invited to a great fête at the forts on the Delta of the Nile that had been erected and completed to commemorate Saīd Pasha's thirty-seventh birthday. These forts were mounted with three hundred and sixty-five guns, one for each day in the year. Consul Green and John Malcolm brought us a special invitation to the grand review of troops. The master of the ceremonies, Nubar Pasha, received us at the landing-place. Malcolm had a magnificent tent, lined with satin damask, in which he most kindly had an extra mattress put down for me, as he said I was not accustomed to roughing it.

At daybreak the first gun was fired, and the General jumped out of bed, hurried on his uniform, and was out with his aide-de-camp to inspect the forts. Twenty thousand troops had assembled, including Bashi-Bazouks, Albanians, and Circassians in their chain armour. The review began early in the day, Malcolm standing by Saīd Pasha, a fat, stupid-looking person with one eye, to whom I had been presented in due form. It was really a grand sight, and I remarked to the General, "How splendidly the cavalry ride past!" He said, "I should like to charge them with my late regiment [the 14th Light Dragoons]. We should cut them up like sheep." He looked at it from a purely professional point of view.

The next day I asked the General if I could get

permission to sketch some of the troops. Thereupon Saïd Pasha ordered a superior officer, a second officer, and a private of every regiment to stand in front of me, to enable me to make my sketches.

The remainder of the second day was occupied with more frivolous performances. There were very clever jugglers, an Arab band, and some gymnastic feats by a mountebank. At the end of the day all the forts were illuminated *à la mode de Paris*, finishing with a grand dinner in an enormous tent lined with the richest damask and lighted with thousands of candles. Each guest had on either side of him an officer of the army. What appeared strange to me with all this wonderful preparation, no lady was present. I sat next an officer who was excessively polite, constantly desiring the waiters to bring me all kinds of wines, although I assured him I scarcely ever touched it. Their attentions to the Europeans were so marked that they probably had been ordered by the Pasha to lose no opportunity of showing politeness to his guests. They even offered me things off their plates, the greatest compliment one man can show to another. The table was most beautifully set out with fruits and flowers in tastefully designed vases and tazzas. The whole service was of silver, the dessert of silver gilt. And amidst all this magnificence some jelly was handed round on

dishes of the willow pattern. After dinner there was a superb display of fireworks, superintended by a well-known pyrotechnist from France. We both returned to Cairo, after the excitement, more eager than ever for our work.

At last I began painting in the streets of Cairo, having put it off from day to day, until I could delay no longer. The authorities at the Septieh made arrangements for me to have a soldier to guard me—it was not safe without. Sometimes, however, he would fall asleep; and when he did so on one occasion a ragged fanatic old wretch took up a big stone with the intention of hurling it at my head. This I avoided by jumping up suddenly from my seat. When I aroused my guardian-soldier, he seized the old man and quietly took the stone from him. I understood sufficient Arabic to know that they were constantly flinging opprobrious epithets at me.

But what I feared even more than stones was the silent tread of the camels, for there was neither main roadway nor pavement, and the drivers would not take the trouble of warning me.

Whenever I was at work in the street I had a crowd round me. I happened once to be sketching the inscription from the Koran carved upon the door and gateways of Mahommedan buildings. It puzzled them greatly that though I could copy this ancient writing, I could not speak it. It was also

a matter of astonishment to them that I painted it backwards. I painted it from the left to the right, as if it were English; they reading it from right to left.

On another occasion when I was sketching, a police-officer—a Turk—thinking to make himself exceedingly useful to me, scattered the crowd, driving them away and beating them with his courbash made of hippopotamus hide. This always made them angry at *me*, and they used to call me all the insulting names they could think of, always beginning with "Pig," and ending with "Pig of a Christian."

A clever performing monkey was constantly to be seen in the streets of Cairo. His master had a cobra which he turned out of a sack on to the ground. He then threw a portion of his dress close to the cobra and commanded the monkey to fetch it. The monkey flew round and round the cobra, but the snake's head was always turned towards him ready to strike. At last the monkey, thinking he would be perfectly safe if he went backwards to fetch it, for then the cobra would not see his face, managed to seize the garment, although bitten by the serpent. The monkey's wife and child stood close by, just within the circle of the crowd. One of the pariah or street dogs came to sniff at his wife and child. This enraged the dog-faced baboon to such a degree that he took

a stick belonging to his master and gave the outcast a very severe drubbing, sending it away howling with pain. Then he walked back with the stick across his shoulder, looking as pleased as Punch.

Usually the performance finished with a fight with sticks between himself and his master. The duel always ended in the monkey giving his master a crack on his turban with the stick, which so frightened the former that he kept a long distance off until his master had forgiven him.

When a Cairene shopkeeper goes to pray at the Mosque, as he does at different times of the day, he does not lock up his shop when he leaves it, but simply stretches a net made of string over the front of it. This deters any one from stealing—merely this net of string. Would this be respected in Bond Street or Whitechapel?

I never spent more than a day upon one oil-colour sketch. I went on thus from day to day for three weeks and then gave it up. I really could not continue, the excitement and the crowd being too much for me; but I never regretted having gone through the experience. A native effendi, by name Mahommed Sadi, had models for me in his own court-yard, from whom I painted my "Three Women Singers," now in the possession of the Duke of Westminster at Grosvenor House, along with fifteen other sketches, just as I made them on the spot. Carl Haag did

not accompany me in the street-work, as he had to prepare for his journey to Jerusalem. I went to his first encampment about six miles out of Cairo, to say good-bye. It is usual to make the first halt not far from the point of departure, in case anything should be forgotten. I wished him God-speed, and when I saw him again, twelve weeks later, was able to congratulate him upon the beautiful work he had done in Palestine.

Having accumulated much material, I began at last to make ready to leave Egypt; packing my sketches with thin buttered paper, the butter thoroughly wiped off, placed between each sketch to prevent sticking, a "tip" worth remembering.

My friend Sadi Effendi helped me to purchase many things which I could not have bought without his help. He took me through the mosques at the hour of evening prayer, after the feast of each day, the time of the Mahommedan Festival. I was obliged to go in Eastern dress and without shoes. He was very particular that I should enter at one door and leave by another, in order to prevent recognition. If I had been discovered I do not know what would have happened. In one great mosque there was a large court-yard with a group of palm-trees, and a fountain playing in the centre of the basin for ablution. Under an arcade a long row of bearded men stood saying, or rather repeating, passages from the Koran, really a solemn and

impressive sight, all keeping wonderful time. I must say that the Moslem goes through his worship in the most earnest spirit.

After this I went to the coffee-shops, listening to Arab music and hearing the men improvise. Mahommed Sadi was very useful in buying costumes—not new but old ones, often procuring them from the backs of their wearers. I told him I wanted a green turban that had been worn and exposed to the sun. An old man passing us, I happened to say, "That is the kind I want." He bade me walk on some little distance, and I saw him talking briskly with the old man for a considerable time. At last, to my astonishment, the old man began to unwind his turban, and then took off his broad yellow shoes also, which I had wanted. My friend told me he had had great difficulty in persuading him to sell his turban. "You might just as well ask me to sell my honour," the old man remonstrated. His religious scruples had somehow to be got over, as the green turban is the outward and visible sign that the wearer has accomplished the journey to Mecca.

I left Alexandria about the second week in April, by the Trieste route, touching at Corfu—or rather we did not touch, for everything was handed to us in a kind of shovel, or something like a frying-pan, at the end of a very long pole. We had beautiful strawberries and green peas delivered in

this fashion. There, too, we heard that war had broken out between France and Austria.

When we arrived at Trieste the whole town was in great commotion; every hotel filled with officers and their relatives, and ladies crying bitterly. There were no porters to attend to the luggage, and most of the passengers were carrying their own portmanteaus. I had to convey my *impedimenta* to the train, including my heavy box of sketches, which in the confusion I feared might be left behind. At the first station I got permission to look in at the luggage-van, and, to my great relief, my box of sketches was quite safe.

When I reached Vienna, however, neither my box of sketches nor my portmanteau was to be found. The officials assured me that they would "turn up" all right, and, after waiting the whole of the day at Vienna, visiting the railway-station constantly, I was told they had arrived. The fact is, that my anxiety about them aroused suspicion that they contained matter that ought to be stopped. Although the lid of the box had been broken open, I was glad to find no sketches were injured. The stitches of my leather portmanteau were ripped up, but nothing was taken out. For twenty-six hours I suffered unutterable torture lest I should have nothing to show for my seven months' labour in Egypt. I never lost

sight of the box again until I reached London. I had given no thought to their monetary value, but I soon found that it was very considerable, for Mr. Gambart offered me £5000 for the whole. Notwithstanding this princely offer I refused it, as I wanted them for pictures. There were one hundred and thirty oil studies, besides a number of water-colour drawings, and seemingly countless pencil sketches.

After my return—that is, in the summer of 1859—I set to work upon my first Egypt picture—a ten-foot canvas. This I entitled an "Arabian Encampment at the Wells of Moses," and exhibited it at the Royal Academy in 1860. It was purchased by Mr. Duncan Dunbar for a thousand guineas. He told me that he called it his "hundred-guineas-a-foot picture." He was good enough to say it was one of the first and best pictures he had bought. His great friends, who had led him to buy it, were Arthur and Theophilus Burnand. This picture was hung in the centre of the middle room—a splendid place—at the Royal Academy, when we were located at Trafalgar Square. I received endless compliments about it from many of the most distinguished artists in the Academy, amongst them Mulready and Landseer. I was particularly proud to hear my camels praised by Sir Edwin, and the picture generally by Stanfield and David Roberts.

At the Royal Academy banquet that year, Wilkie Collins introduced me to Charles Dickens; but, as we were at the moment about to sit down to dinner, I had only time to shake hands with the great novelist. After dinner he came up to me in the most friendly manner and said, "Let us go through that again," and shook hands with me once more.

I shall now enumerate, in their proper order, the other Egyptian pictures I produced as the result of my first visit to that entrancing land:—1861: "The First-Born," "Views in Cairo," etc.; 1862: "The Return from Mecca," an elaborate subject, the principal figure distributing alms, on his return from the Holy Place; 1863: "The Palm Offering," now in the collection of Sir Thomas Lucas; 1864: "Water at the Well"—a thirsty Bedouin on his camel receiving a cup of water from a Bedouin woman; 1865: "The Rising of the Nile," exhibited in 1866 and purchased by Sir John Pender; 1866: "Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert."

In 1866, just before the customary banquet, I was introduced, at his own request, to Mr. Gladstone, who wished to tell me how greatly he had been impressed with the latter picture. I never received so many congratulations before. The treatment of the subject, I suppose, was original. Sir Roderick Murchison complimented me highly on

my painting of the desert, which of course was done from sketches made on the spot, between Cairo and Suez; and Professor Owen also gave me great praise for my skeleton of the camel. This picture was purchased by Mr. Arthur Burnand.

In 1867 I produced "Rebekah and Abraham's Servant at the Well," in the act of putting on the bracelet. This picture was purchased by Mr. Bolckow, of Middlesbrough. "Rachel at the Well" went into the collection of Lord Cheylesmore.

In 1868 I painted two pictures entitled "Mater Purissima" and "Mater Dolorosa." I was very fortunate to have both paintings engraved by Samuel Cousins and published by Mr. Gambart. These were the only plates Cousins engraved from my works.

An attack of ophthalmia in 1869 rendered it impossible, or at least undesirable, to paint that summer; but, under the careful treatment of Sir William Bowman, I was able, before the end of the year, to resume work and begin my picture of "Jochebed."

In 1869 the Royal Academy moved from Trafalgar Square to their new galleries at Burlington House. As I could not have any picture ready for the first Exhibition, Lord (then Mr. Frederick) Leighton seconded Sir Francis Grant's proposal that I should be allowed to

exhibit fifty of the studies I had made in Egypt in 1858 and 1859. They were all to be shown together. This was doing me the greatest honour, for they were most beautifully set off, thanks to Leighton's considerate interest. They were displayed against a crimson cloth background, and were viewed from a platform, also covered with crimson cloth, led up to by a flight of three steps.

The whole of the oil sketches made in Egypt during my first visit were ultimately purchased by Mr. Gambart for £6000. I believe he sold all the fifty before the closing of the Exhibition, fifteen of them being bought by the then Duke of Westminster. No Academician has ever shown fifty of his works at one Exhibition, either at Burlington House or at Trafalgar Square. The circumstance was unique, and I hope I am not insensible of the very pronounced honour which my colleagues then paid to me.

CHAPTER V.

AMONGST THE WILD MEN OF THE DESERT.

Fascinated—In Cairo again—Mariette Bey—Strange encounter—Richard Owen amongst the bones—The site of ancient Memphis—Details of my picture, "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi"—Pastoral Bedouin—A lamb offering—I am regarded as a magician—A well-earned half-Napoleon—A crack shot—The ways of the Bedouin—Living pictures from the Bible—Sketching at Suez—Albanian ferocity—Poor attempt at fraud—*Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?*—Risks of travel amongst the Faithful—Serpent dangers—"The Snake Charmer"—New Egypt bad artistically—Skies and sand-storms—"The Head of the House at Prayer"—"The Subsiding of the Nile"—"Rachel and her Flock"—"The Holy Mother"—An opportune model.

My sole object in paying my first visit to Egypt was to paint Scriptural subjects. Not only had my greatest expectations been realised, but that mysterious land had, I found, fascinated me. Accordingly, in 1870 I resolved upon a second expedition for a similar purpose. This led to my pitching my camp for many months amongst the pastoral Bedouin on the border of the desert near Sakkara.

Again I took a house in Cairo, but this time it was one of the old Mameluke houses near

the Citadel. Many were the studies I made of camels, and men and women, but I was longing to be off to the desert. Edward Barry called upon me and expressed his delight at the wonderful architecture, especially of the Tombs of the Caliphs. He said the proportions were beautiful and the details exquisite.

I was most fortunate in obtaining the consent of the authorities of the Boulak Museum to the use of Mariette Bey's house at Sakkara. Mariette was at that time shut up in Paris, invested by the Prussian Army, his work of excavation being at a standstill in consequence. But his workmen, I imagine, contrived to do a good deal on their own account.

One morning I was strolling about when I came upon a scene that can never be erased from my memory. It was a charnel-house of mummies which had been human beings perhaps three or four thousand years ago. The ground that had been excavated was literally a mass of remains all now broken to pieces—legs here, arms there, with some portions of the mummy cloth still attached to them, making altogether a wonderful piece of colour.

I was not long in setting to work at so singular a subject. Whilst absorbed in painting, I noticed (not with unalloyed pleasure) two Europeans coming in my direction from the Nile.

I hoped they would pass by and not disturb me. But no! They stood behind me watching me paint, and presently fell a-talking. Gradually the tones of one voice seemed strangely familiar. Without turning round I said, "Surely that is the voice of my dear friend Professor Owen?"

"Yes," came the answer; "but who are you?"

I did not wonder at his not recognising me, for I had grown a beard and moustache, and wore a red fez, and was dressed entirely in white.

"Well," said Owen, "who would have thought of meeting you here?"

"Most appropriate spot," I hinted; "all amongst the bones."

Owen picked up the head of a mummy, covered thickly with bitumen, as a souvenir of our meeting, which he always alluded to whenever he met me in London afterwards.

His companion was Maclean the engineer, and they were returning from the Upper Nile. Owen's face was always very highly coloured, but after his visit to Upper Egypt it looked as if it had had an extra glaze of extra madder carmine.

I found the neighbourhood of Sakkara the most interesting locality I had ever sojourned at in Egypt, especially Mitrahine, the site of ancient Memphis. Palm-trees here grow to an unusual height, and add much to the beauty of this most attractive spot. I made many studies, which on

my return home gave me the details for my large picture, entitled "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi." At the time my sketch was made, a gigantic statue of Rameses II. was lying in the mud face downwards, and during the time of high Nile the figure was entirely covered with water. Since then it has been removed and placed upon a pedestal, though still in a horizontal position, and a wall built round it. Perhaps the moving of the statue has been detrimental to the poetry of the scene. The immense image was one of the two that had stood on either side of the principal door of the fane. A few foundation-stones of the temple or palace are still in their original places, and some of vast size are in my picture. An old sheikh, in the white blanket so commonly used in this part of Egypt, rests on his stick and stands upon these stones, watching two buffaloes drinking at the pool. This is the only living human figure introduced in the picture. Two ibises are in the foreground, as well as a cobra, the emblem of power and eternity. One of the ibises is perched upon the statue. The time of day is towards evening, with a last glow from the setting sun upon the sandhills in the background. The great temple covered an immense space of ground, reaching almost as far as the Sahara, where now is nothing but heaps of sandhills and rubbish. The locality I rendered as faithfully as I could. In the background, amongst the

undulating heaps, there is a miniature forest of palms.

Sir John Millais was on the Council when this picture was sent to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and he told me that he used his influence to get it placed in one of the centres of the large room. It is now in the possession of Mr. Samuel Blackwell, of Harrow, whose collection contains over thirty of my works.

Early in my sojourn I was fortunate enough to come upon an encampment of pastoral Bedouin, with large flocks of sheep and herds of goats, besides breeding camels. This was just what I wanted for the study of Scriptural subjects.

With these Bedouin I stopped three months, painting the women weaving and the Arabs spinning the wheel, shearing sheep, taking their flocks to and from the pasture, grinding the corn with two stones worked by two women, all exactly as it is described in the Bible.

These Bedouin always camp on the desert within reach of water and pasture, driving their flocks down in the early morning, but not until the sun has dried off the dew, which is considered to be injurious to the health of the sheep, and back to the desert in the evening before the dew comes on, which is sometimes very heavy. When the waters of the Nile rise they follow the borders of the great river, where it meets the sands of the desert.

The first night I camped with them, the girls came out to meet me and kissed my hand, their own hands being wrapped in their thin face-veils. I thought this courtesy was charming.

Two sheikhs came into my tent for coffee and a smoke. When they had finished their coffee they conversed, of course in Arabic, which I did not understand. And then one of the old men fumbled about under his white blanket until he found his knife, the edge of which he began to feel, a proceeding which struck me as curious, not to put too fine a point upon it. And I was still more surprised when he went to the door of my tent and procured a stone, with which he began to sharpen his knife. The situation was growing critical. Then they both went out to the desert, and, to my relief, seized a lamb from the flock that had been just driven up, and dragged it to the door of my tent. Its throat was cut with the sharpened knife, and they let the blood fall on the sand close by the door. This, it seemed, was their peace-offering to me. The most dainty part of the lamb is supposed by them to be the liver, which they gave to my cook for my supper. It was with difficulty that I could bring myself even to taste it; but as I supped alone no one ever saw that I left it almost untouched.

I was often asked by them to join their meal. I could not always refuse their well-meant kindness, but as their food was more or less mixed with sand,

blown in with the puffs of wind, it will readily be supposed that the meal was not appetising.

My dragoman was an expert cook, his stove being made with a few stones, a sack of charcoal, and a wonderful contrivance consisting of a few sticks and canvas to keep off the sand. The only day he could not cook was during a terrific sand-storm which lasted from sunrise to sunset. If the Bedouin had not attended to the camp frequently during the day, my tent would have been blown away. The sun was visible only at odd moments through the dark clouds, when it was a brilliant though dark red. The heat was dreadful, and caused an agonising thirst.

One morning my dragoman came to me and asked if I had any medicine for a bad head. It appeared that the hair of a girl in the camp had not grown for two years. At first I thought this was a hopeless case. But it crossed my mind that I had seen in a pantomime, very many years ago, the wonderful effect of a certain ointment. An old gentleman with a perfectly bald head came upon the stage, and then the doctor followed with a huge box of ointment. When it was applied to the old man's cranium, a most luxuriant crop of hair instantaneously sprang up.

So I bade my dragoman, who used to go to Cairo once a week for bread, go to the English store and get some ointment, the name of which

I wrote down for him. To my astonishment he obtained it, and on the pot were instructions how it was to be used. The head was first to be bathed with warm water; this was done by the girl's mother, under my directions. Then the ointment was applied. After the head had thoroughly dried, to my very great amazement, in a week or so the down had begun to grow. It was considered by them a perfect miracle. Before I left them the hair had grown over two inches.

When the Bedouin found there was such wonderful virtue in this ointment, they wanted to use it for everything. One young fellow had some dreadful boils on his arm, and he asked me if the ointment would cure them. I began to be a little bit alarmed, as I feared the ointment would be unfairly tested with his blood in a bad state. I told him, therefore, that if he used it he must do so on his own responsibility. It dried up the boils in the most astounding way. I was considered *by them* a magician.

Although they had never seen an artist before, they all sat to me as to the manner born. At the same time, they entertain the superstitious belief that if their portrait is taken and anything happens to it and it is destroyed, whatever happens to the portrait will happen to them.

I had a very different experience whilst sketching in one of the remoter villages near the Pyramids

of Ghizeh. I had fitted up a kind of painting-room in the court-yard of my hut, with mats to keep out the sun. One day a girl came into the yard with *such* a fine head—a perfect head for Hagar, the mother of Ishmael. I offered her half-a-Napoleon if she would sit to me three times, and this she agreed to do. On the second day there was a great commotion in the yard while I was painting her, and she heard the voice of her brother in anger. She rushed to the mat, opened a bit of it, and looked out. She immediately withdrew her head in the utmost dread, and wore the very aspect of a hunted wild beast.

My dragoman heard her brother declare that he would not allow her portrait to be taken. Thereupon I went out and reasoned with him.

"Well," he conceded, "you may finish your work to-day, but she must not come to you again." So I never expected to see her.

But she did come again the very next day, and showed me a finger that her brother had literally broken with a blow from a stick. Actually, she had crawled along the flat roofs of the houses and let herself down into my court-yard, she was so anxious to get the money that I had offered her. I thought it was so plucky of her to come the third time that I gave her the half-Napoleon.

The Bedouin are capital shots with their long guns. One of them observing a jackal on the

prowl in some high rocky ground near their *douar*, or tents, determined to teach it a lesson. I got a hint of what was going on, and at the psychological moment went out to watch him. Sure enough, he hit the jackal at a distance, as far as I could judge, of quite half a mile. He then hurried off to the spot to look for the creature, which had vanished mysteriously. He found the blood, however, and by that means tracked his victim to a hole in the rock, where it was not to be got at, and where it must have died.

As to the simple annals of these folk, the first thing in the morning the Bedouin girls take the flocks of sheep down to the pasture, just as Rachel did. They have the Scriptural names of Youzef for Joseph, Musa for Moses—there was always a Moses in the tribe,—Ishmaiel for Ishmael, and so on. The older women spend part of each day in weaving carpets and rugs; others in grinding the corn, where two women sit opposite each other and work the stone backwards and forwards, with a spindle let into the stone.

Some of the women gather the fuel, by collecting the dried sticks of reeds that spring up on the borders of the desert.

The only plant that grows in the desert is a poisonous plant—the henbane—that no animal will touch. Thus it is left alone, for it is a vivid patch, perhaps the only patch, of green. Animals

know perfectly well that it is not fit for food, and everything eatable, you may bet your bottom dollar, is soon nibbled off. The flower of this plant is a very dark purple, almost black.

The men drive the camels, and the women the sheep and goats, down to the water. In a high wind the women attend to the cords of the tents. If at any time of the day a fire goes out, they take a pot to borrow a potful of fire from a neighbouring tent.

The men watch the flocks by night, and manage the sheep-shearing. Their mode of life, in short, is just as it is described in the Bible, excepting that they use guns instead of spears: occasionally they fire to frighten away the jackals. The men wrap themselves up in their blankets and lie on the desert around the tents all night.

They also have to go in search of food for the beasts and gather forage for the camp. They could not understand why I wanted to paint a dead camel. The men and women never eat food together, the women waiting until the men have finished.

Sometimes the Bedouin started on a long journey with their camels, for what purpose I never knew. But if they did not return to the camp exactly at the time they were expected, there was great consternation among their people, wondering what could have happened to them.

Curiously enough, the men did most of the sewing. The Bedouin, when they go into a town, always try to carry arms.

At Suez, while I was sketching "The Back Premises of a Coffee Shop," the Albanian who was guarding me noticed that two Bedouin accidentally exposed the handles of very beautifully mounted pistols from under their blankets. The soldier told them it was forbidden to carry arms in Suez, and that he had strict orders to take them away. I never saw two men in such a state of excitement as these Arabs were at the prospect of losing their beautiful arms. They tried all the persuasion they could to get him to relent, and offered him a certain sum of money as a bribe. I saw the whole affair, although appearing not to notice it.

The Albanian pointed to me as a witness that they bore arms. Presently, one of them went away and returned with some money to tempt him to give up the pistols. At last the Albanian relented. The Bedouin looked at me—pointed to me—as much as to say, "He knows all about it." The Albanian said, "He doesn't understand what we are saying." When they got back their weapons they hugged them with delight.

These Albanians are cold-blooded wretches. There was once a regiment of them coming by train from Alexandria. A little Arab, with

oranges in a basket, passed them while they were sitting in the train waiting—locked in, I expect. They asked this little orange-boy to give them some of his oranges. The boy refused and walked on. Thereupon one of the ruffians drew his pistol from his belt and shot the poor lad dead.

Although I found the Bedouin passably honest, occasionally they attempted to practise deceit, even in trifles. I remember one Arab who did his best to palm off upon me a kite which he had shot for a duck. The flights of these ducks were not unlike a long cloud. They fly so closely together that the Bedouin were sometimes fortunate enough to bring down one or two birds, which I bought of them for a shilling or two.

Luck did not attend the fellow who offered me the kite. He had shot and plucked it, thinking I would not see the difference; but, unfortunately, he had left the bill of the carrion-bird. The shape of the bird, too, told its story, for the body was unmistakably not that of a duck or goose. It was rather a poor attempt at swindling.

I was never allowed to go sketching any distance from the camp unless I was accompanied by two Bedouin to protect me from other tribes. My protectors got so tired one day watching me at work that they fell fast asleep. Without waking them, I saddled my donkey, hung my sketching-

box on the saddle, and walked silently away, leaving the two men and my dragoman fast asleep. But as I wanted to see the tableau when they woke up, I only retired behind a sandhill close by. Their astonishment, when they found that I had disappeared, was complete. They started and looked all round so bewildered that I began to laugh. Of course, then the game was up.

The Bedouin can always be trusted to protect you while under their keeping. But however friendly they may have been to me during the three months I was with them, my dragoman warned me that it would not be safe to let them know when I was going away. So he arranged with another tribe to bring up their camels and men to carry away my tent, my sketching paraphernalia, the pots and pans for cooking, and everything of that sort, and *my* Arabs were taken thoroughly by surprise.

Travellers in the desert they think fair game, when not under their protection. They would not have thought twice of robbing me, if they could have thieved without being found out. The day I left I purchased from them many trinkets of silver and other things, and they were bound to know that I had a good bit of money about me. If it had not been for my dragoman, my friends —my supposed friends—of the desert would have robbed me of everything. That is one of the

risks one has to run when travelling amongst the Faithful.

Of course, snakes abounded on the borders of the desert. One night after dark I was walking up and down in front of my tent, for a little exercise before going to bed, when I suddenly heard something like the fizzing of a squib close by where I had been walking, and I saw the sand move. I called out to my dragoman, and two Arabs with their long guns came up with him. I pointed to the spot, and with the butt of their guns they turned up the sand, and the same noise occurred again. One of them gave a whack with the barrel of his gun, and killed a big puff-adder which I had disturbed. The rising of the Nile drives all the snakes in the low-lying valley right on to the desert, and there they abound.

A very fine cobra—a magnificent creature—was offered me for sale as perfectly harmless, its poison-fangs having been extracted. Before I would agree to purchase it, I required the would-be vendor to satisfy me that the fangs were out. He opened the snake's mouth, and showed me the sockets from which they had been removed. He even allowed it to bite him in the fleshy part of the hand, drawing blood with its teeth. I had been making studies of this cobra, and thought it would be an interesting thing to take to England; so I bought it, and he taught me how to handle it without risk. At the

end of a fortnight, fortunately for me, the snake died. I believe it was killed by the Arab who sold it to me, in case any accident should happen to me; for I had learned from another Arab that the poison-fangs grow again in a few months.

The studies of this very cobra were used for my picture, "The Snake-Charmer," which, by the wish of the Prince of Wales, was sent to Marlborough House for His Royal Highness's inspection.

The Khedive, when I was at the Pyramids, was anxious to see a Bedouin noted for his pedestrian feats run up the Great Pyramid and back again in as short a time as possible. The man having been put upon his mettle, wanted to beat the record, and he lost his life in the attempt, for, making one false step, he slipped and rolled down to the foot of the huge tomb a dead man.

Since I was in Egypt many changes have taken place, some, in my opinion, detrimental to the archæological interest that must ever be associated with the Pyramids. The new surroundings may be what people who do not care for the picturesque aspect of ancient structures consider convenient. I am told that a golf-course has been constructed close by, and that a tramway runs from Cairo to the foot of the Pyramids, and that a first-class hotel has been erected—modernities which, in my judgment, are so incongruous as to destroy all the sentiment of the locality. The last thing I have

heard shocked me more than anything—that the name of a London trader in a large way of business is painted in very big letters on the steps of the ancient Pyramid. Whether this is true or not, I do not know; I cannot understand its ever being allowed; it is an act of desecration. Though advertising is now the order of the day, I think there should be limits to the enterprise of the most ambitious tradesmen.

During the eleven years of my sojourn at Harrow, of which more details will be given later, I made many studies of skies, at all hours of the day, from morning till sunset, especially when any of them reminded me of Egypt, and there were many such—all kinds of cumuli, and what we call "mackerel" skies or cirro-cumuli; but the dark grey clouds never attracted me to sit down and study, for though they might be seen in Egypt occasionally, they always looked as though they belonged to Scotland rather than to the Nile. It is a curious fact that there are very few days in Egypt in the winter months without clouds of some sort, and I never remember seeing a sunset without some clouds; indeed, they seemed to collect at that hour.

Egypt is always associated with sun, which assumes the colour of a red ball of fire when a sand-storm is coming on. When the sand-storm is at hand, of course, the sun is altogether obscured, since

the wind drives the sand across it; but if it occasionally blows it away partially, the ball of red reappears looking very grand. The velocity of the wind is enormous, and it not only blows sand but good-sized pebbles that hurt exceedingly. The Bedouin live in their tents at such times, and do not leave them save when something threatens the tent pegs and cords.

The worst sand-storm I ever experienced was at Sakkara in 1870. It lasted for twelve hours, drying the skin and parching the throat. I was very thankful when it was over, as it was followed by a remarkable stillness of the atmosphere. This storm came on just as they had moved the camp at my request from the neighbourhood of a pool of foul water. It was a difficult piece of work to put up the tent in the terrific wind that was blowing at the time. The tent-pole was bent to a curve, and throughout all the day I thought it would snap; but it weathered the storm with the help that the Bedouin gave me to keep the ropes tight, for the pegs were driven very deeply into the sand.

My dragoman's grief was beyond bounds, as he could not give me any dinner that day, but I contented myself with a feast of marmalade, that had to be divested of its cover very warily for only a few moments at a time. The porous water-bottle was slung to my tent-pole, with a tumbler underneath it to catch the water as it dripped into

it, and I thought I was very lucky to have that comfort. A journey across the desert in the khamsin without water must be something appalling. I have seen the cloud of sand driven on to the sea for fifty miles or more—apparently keeping up with the *Pioneer* boat.

In 1871, immediately after I had returned from Egypt, I painted my picture of "The Head of the House at Prayer," from a study I had made of the sheikh at the camp of Sakkara; he was standing bolt upright on his carpet, looking intently towards the east. This picture was exhibited in 1872.

I was soon engaged upon "The Subsiding of the Nile," in which I introduced a number of sheep that I had purchased in Egypt, and sent over to Graeme's Dyke, my house at Harrow, where indeed the picture was painted. It was ten feet long, and had the place of honour in the large room at Burlington House.

In my next subject, "Rachel and her Flock," I again made use of my Egyptian sheep. This picture was exhibited in 1874 at the Royal Academy, and I had once more the privilege of seeing one of my works occupy the place of honour in the centre of the great room.

My next picture was the "Holy Mother." When I began it my wife said, "I wish Mary Kenney were in England: her head would be the

very head for the Mother." Mary had been brought up at a convent school, and used to pose for the Virgin in the tableaux which were occasionally arranged there. At the time I started the picture she was married, and living in the Island of St. Kitts. Strange to relate, just then Mrs. Goodall received a letter to say that Mary Kenney was in England. My wife had a misgiving that the climate of St. Kitts might have taken away some of her beauty, but she invited her to Graeme's Dyke. In order, however, to prevent disappointment, she told me not to say anything about the model until I touched her on the shoulder — a signal that should mean "all right." When I saw our friend I had no hesitation in giving the signal, for the face was perfectly holy, without shadow of care or trouble upon it. She stopped with us a week, and I painted from her every day.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO FAMOUS PAINTERS OF ANIMALS.

Wells of Redleaf—The artists' friend—Landseer's popularity—"The Rat at Bay"—Sir Edwin's sketches in the Scribblers' Book—Landseer and dogs—"The Decoy Man's Dog"—Painted against time—Landseer's caricatures—Not at home—The Countess of Jersey—"H. B.'s" fruitless call—Landseer a Court favourite—His profits from engravings—Ruskin's antagonism to line-engraving—Landseer in the Highlands—His daring experiment on a picture by Turner—Some popular Landseers—The "two Macs"—Tour in Scotland—Luncheon on Inchkeith—Rosa Bonheur's sketching-box—Rosa Bonheur at Falkirk Fair—Highland pride—Personal appearance of Rosa Bonheur—Her love of nature—She discusses with Ruskin and takes the larger view of art—Ruskin's chagrin—*Bonheur* and *Bon tout*—How she managed animals—Her travelling companion—The only woman that received the Legion of Honour—Her Pyrenean pictures—Troyon—The French and Turner—Their appreciation of Constable—Bonington—The French Government's recognition of art.

After I made the acquaintance of Mr. Wells of Redleaf, in 1840, I was a constant visitor at his place; and he always asked me when he knew Landseer was coming down, in order that I should meet him. This was almost a standing custom between 1841 and 1847, the year of Mr. Wells's death. Landseer was often painting in one room while I was painting in another. His conversation

was invariably most entertaining—especially at table—and this in some way accounted for his popularity, for he was the life and soul of a dinner-party. He always asked me to accompany him in his walks in the afternoon.

Our host, Mr. Wells, who had been the captain of an East Indiaman, thought it necessary that I should take exercise in the open air when I had done my day's work. He used to come into my room and, affecting the rollicking roll of a boisterous sailor, say, "How fares me messmate Jack?"

Landseer brought down one day a very diminutive terrier, which he had purchased from a fancier, with the character of being able to kill any rat of any size you liked to put in front of him. He did not quite live up to this reputation upon trial, though he came very near to justifying it. Mr. Wells had one of the biggest rats that could be found put into the servants' hall for the little dog to tackle; which he did in the most plucky manner, seeing that he was hardly any bigger than the rat itself. They both drew blood, and the little dog kept the rat at bay in the corner of the room for twenty minutes; but it was thought cruel to let him continue the contest any longer, so another dog was allowed to finish it. Landseer, after he had gone upstairs, made a clever pen-and-ink sketch, which he called "The Rat at Bay." He gave it to Mr. Wells, as he did hundreds of other sketches, and they were

placed in what was called the Scribblers' Book. Every artist that came to Redleaf was bound to make a sketch for this book, and I myself had the honour of being well represented in it.

Landseer's sketches were always wonderful. I remember most of them. But there was one that was specially attractive; it represented a sheep-dog that had been found guilty of killing sheep, and he called it "Give a Dog a Bad Name and you may as well Hang Him." The dog was suspended by his neck to a tree, and in front of him the ghosts of the many sheep which he was supposed to have worried were holding up their front feet to him, as much as to say, "The day of retribution has come."

On another occasion Landseer brought down with him a very fine retriever, which used to go out walking through the woods with us in the afternoon and evening. I saw Landseer take off his glove, put it in the fork of a tree, whilst the retriever was running about. But after we had gone a few hundred yards, he showed the dog that he had only one glove; and without the slightest hesitation the creature ran back, and in a few minutes brought the glove in his mouth.

Of the little ratter which I have just spoken about, Landseer painted a speaking, or perhaps I should say a barking, likeness while we were at church—he never could be persuaded to go to

church on Sunday. And when we came home he showed us into his painting-room, where stood the portrait of this dog. It was cold weather, and the creature was shivering all the time he was painting it; its very nose was wet. He had just sketched in charcoal the decoy net, and a number of dogs lying about, also in charcoal. He said, "I intend to call it 'The Decoy Man's Dog,'" and it certainly turned out a very pretty picture.

On another Sunday there was the same disinclination to go to church, which made Mr. Wells a little angry with him. But when the host came home he was shown into the painting-room, where there was a fine picture of a spaniel with a rabbit in its mouth, going through a mass of fern; and on a birch-tree in the background was written in pencil, "Painted in two hours and a half [that is the time it took us to go to church and back again]. To W. Wells, Esq., with the painter's kindest regards—E. Landseer." This naturally soothed Mr. Wells, and as long as he lived it used to hang on the outside of his bedroom door, which faced on the front hall of the house. I suppose no other painter—certainly not in my time—ever painted with such facility, or rapidity, as did my dear friend Sir Edwin.

The Scribblers' Book contained a unique collection of portraits—in pen-and-ink—by Landseer, of the different celebrities of his day; amongst them

Rogers, the poet, seated in a box at the Opera, the leg of one of the greatest dancers of that period just shown in the background. Another one was Paganini, the inspired violinist, which those who had seen Paganini described as a marvellous likeness. Several caricatures of different painters also appeared, and although caricatures, they were extremely like the persons taken off. Old Etty was one; Abraham Cooper was another; Chantrey was there; and so, too, was Jones, the member of the Academy who fancied himself like Wellington, and many others.

Mr. Wells's house was considered a show house, and people from Tunbridge—if they had permission—used to go over it to see the pictures and the gardens. No one could see it, however, without a card of permission. Even Princess Victoria—when she was young—and the Duchess of Kent had to ask permission.

The Countess of Jersey, a distinguished lady of title, once came over with a party without having obtained the customary leave; she had merely written to say she was coming. Mr. Wells felt annoyed, perhaps indignant, that his permission was not thought necessary; therefore he was determined she should not come into the house. He was standing behind the curtain in the hall when a gentleman on horseback, acting as *avant-courier*, rode up. The servant had instructions to

say that Mr. Wells was not at home. When the carriage arrived, the equestrian dismounted and inquired whether her ladyship preferred to see the pictures first, or the gardens. Mr. Wells overheard this speech and went out into the covered way—the covered entrance of the house—and said, "Your ladyship, Mr. Wells is not at home."

But, unfortunately, sometimes he was said to be not at home when he would much rather have met the chance-caller. He was very vexed when Mr. Doyle ("H. B.," the great caricaturist) left his card and departed without seeing the pictures. Mr. Wells cared more for talent than for rank.

All the great buyers of pictures and all the great collectors of works of art used to visit Redleaf, for Mr. Wells had a grand collection of Old Masters, besides the works of modern painters. He had thirty pictures by Landseer, and in the hall a unique collection of Sir Edwin's drawings of game—alive, dying, and dead—all painted with a strong feeling for poetry.

Landseer's hasty sketches, either in pencil or pen-and-ink, were often some of his most wonderful work, so much he did with a few lines. He would relate an anecdote connected with deer-stalking, then take up a pen and illustrate it in a few minutes, so that you could actually see the subject as he saw it in nature. He had also many

interesting things to tell connected with his constant visits to Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle: how her Majesty would commission him to paint a birthday present for Prince Albert, who was to know nothing of what was going on; and how Prince Albert, on his part, used to commission a picture as a gift to the Queen on *her* birthday, on condition that *she* knew nothing about it. At another time it would be a picture of the Prince's pet dogs, or a domestic group of her Majesty with the Prince of Wales on her lap. Whatever Landseer did, the picture always gave the greatest pleasure, and there was no doubt about his being on the most excellent terms with both the Queen and her Consort.

The engraving rights in these pictures were worth a very large sum of money to Sir Edwin, and many were beautifully translated by Samuel Cousins and Thomas Landseer. But the fine line and mezzotint engravings are now things of the past, photogravures having taken their place—an inferior process for reproducing pictures.

I am sure that Ruskin must have regretted that he ever said, in the hearing of John Pye, the celebrated line-engraver, that he would write down line-engraving. At the same time, there was no doubt but that nothing could save it, or prevent it from dying a natural death. It was too laborious a process for the commercial spirit of art-publishing,

which required that everything should be produced more rapidly than it used to be.

Landseer was a keen sportsman, which helped him in painting his grand subjects connected with the Highlands, where he went every year, and where he visited all the noblemen and their large estates and shootings. This practice he kept up almost to the last. I attended his funeral in St. Paul's, riding in the carriage with Sir John Millais, who was one of the pall-bearers.

There is an anecdote concerning Landseer for which I can vouch. He cut out a little dog in paper, painted it black, and stuck it, on varnishing day, upon the terrace in Turner's picture of "The Terrace at Mortlake." All wondered what Turner would say and do when he came up from the luncheon-table at noon. He went up to the picture quite unconcernedly, never said a word, adjusted the little dog perfectly, and then varnished the paper and began painting it. And there it is to the present day.

When he was a student at the Academy, the keeper at that time was Mr. Fuseli, who always called Landseer, even in those days, "his little dog-boy." And in the Scribblers' Book at Redleaf there is a wonderful portrait of Fuseli in pen-and-ink by Sir Edwin, done many years afterwards from memory.

Many of Landseer's pictures became great

favourites with the public. The "Piper and the Pair of Nutcrackers" (a bullfinch whistling upon the branch of a tree, while two squirrels are cracking nuts) was extremely popular. Another, belonging to Queen Victoria, of two marmosets sitting on a pineapple, and watching a wasp settling upon the fruit, with a terribly frightened expression upon their faces, "caught on," in the modern phrase. So did the picture of two black pug-dogs chained together, a marvellous expression of grief upon their faces, which he called "Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale." The "Doctor's Fee" (a sick young monkey being cuddled by its mother, whilst a black monkey with white whiskers sat upon a perch above, sucking an orange) was another favourite. I call to mind these pictures with the greatest pleasure, but, of course, there are others far grander. I may mention, for instance, "The Sanctuary,"—a deer panting and worn out with being hunted by the hounds, until he reaches a place of safety by swimming across a loch. This picture before it went to the Academy belonged to Mr. Wells; but hearing through Sir Edwin Landseer that the Queen had taken a great fancy to it, Mr. Wells, a most loyal gentleman, presented it to her Majesty.

At Redleaf, Webster, Frith, and I met almost every Academician of that time, besides the chief *connoisseurs*—Sir Robert Peel, who had a remark-

able collection of Old Masters, Lord Lansdowne, Edward Cooke, Chantrey, Stanfield, David Roberts, and many others. And there was always a gathering of artists immediately after sending their works into the Royal Academy; the invitation was for a week.

At the great exhibition of pictures in Manchester in 1857 my old friend Gambart—whose death I have to lament as I pen these random recollections, and who was a noble patron of artists—got up a party of his friends to stop over-night in Cottonopolis and visit the famous Show on the following day. Dickens was written to, and so, too, was Stanfield. And to induce them to come both were told that the "two Macs," as they were called, were going. The "two Macs" were Macready and Maclise. It was always a happy quartet—Dickens, Stanfield, Maclise, and Macready. I think I am right in saying that the party was got up to do honour to the distinguished painter Troyon.

I myself met Gambart at Manchester the year before, when I made one of a party for a tour in Scotland, Rosa Bonheur being the bright particular star. In fact, it was for her he organised it, and I was asked to join it, Maclise being also of the company. After doing Edinburgh and its renowned beauties, we went down to Leith, with the intention of going to see the Bass Rock; but the weather was too bad, and Daniel Maclise too ill,

so we had to put back to Inchkeith, where we had a most enjoyable luncheon in comfort. I asked the captain of the steamer that Gambart had chartered if he could have got to the Bass. He assured me that it would have been "madness to attempt it," and certainly it was an awful day.

Afterwards we crossed the country and sailed down the Firth of Clyde to the Isle of Arran, where we stopped several days. Rosa Bonheur was delighted with Arran. She ought to have gone to Skye, but it was getting too late in the season.

I had a very clumsy apparatus with me for making oil-colour sketches. "Oh!" she said, "you should see my arrangement for sketching out-of-doors; it is very different from yours, and much more convenient. I will send you one when I get to Paris: a box containing all the appliances for holding a canvas, a board for sketching upon, all the mediums you may require, varnish, oil, and turpentine." She kept her word and sent it to me in London. This box accompanied me on my two expeditions to Egypt, and I found it invaluable. She also gave me a number of sheets of her prepared paper for sketching, and I got Messrs. Rowney & Co. to copy it with the exact texture or surface.

The only disadvantage about the sketch-box was that it was so heavy. But I always had an extra donkey to carry it when in Egypt. I never went

anywhere without my two donkeys, one for myself, and the other for my dragoman, who carried my box and my portable tent to keep off the sun. The immense advantage of sketching in Egypt is that you have not to provide against rain. The showers are not only slight but very few and far between. But travellers tell me now that it rains much more frequently than it used to do.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, an apposite phrase, for we paid a visit to the fair at Falkirk, where Rosa Bonheur was anxious to see the kye and sheep. Here Mr. Gambart purchased a number of cattle of her choosing to be painted at his place near Slough, where they were sent. She went among the animals with their great horns without the slightest fear, just as the drovers did, pushing the beasts on one side if she wanted to pass.

While waiting in the carriage with her, a magnificent-looking Highlandman, with fine red beard, passed by, in a splendid Highland costume. Rosa Bonheur was so struck with his appearance that she asked me to ascertain his name, as she would like to paint him. I could only find this out by going amongst the drovers, but by the time I reached them he had passed out of sight.

"What is the name of that gentleman?" I asked, describing him.

"Mr. —— of ——."

"Do you think he would sit for his portrait to that

lady," pointing to the distinguished French artist, "who would much like to paint him?"

"I'm thinking that his Highland pride would not let him. He has just lost five sovereigns at the thimbles."

I went back to the carriage and told Gambart to translate it to Mdlle. Bonheur, but he declined to make himself responsible for what he believed she might regard as pure churlishness.

When we returned to the South, Mr. Gambart went to his abode near Slough, and Rosa Bonheur was soon hard at work painting the beautiful studies from the Highland cattle which he had purchased. Mr. Gambart gave me permission to paint her while she was painting the cattle. While doing so, she put out her little foot from under her dress, and begged me to take notice of it, as it was so small. It was the opinion of many people who had never seen her that she was a masculine woman. I can say with truth that she was quite the reverse. Her hands and feet were *petites;* her face was not strictly beautiful, or fine, or handsome; but her expression was so vivacious and intelligent that I thought her charming.

One day—Sunday—I accompanied her on her walk through the English lanes near Slough, as Mr. Gambart asked her as a favour not to paint on Sundays, so that people's religious susceptibilities should not be outraged. We came upon a very

picturesque bit of broken ground and weeds, and as she could not paint it, she said, with clasped hands, "*J'aime beaucoup le morceau de terrain.*"

While I was engaged upon her portrait, a letter came from Mr. Ruskin, asking Gambart to give him the opportunity of meeting Rosa Bonheur for a talk about art. This was readily arranged, and, dinner over, they began discussing upon many points.

After he had seen most of her studies of Highland cattle—which I actually worshipped myself—he asked, "Why don't you work in water-colours? for if you did you could, with a very fine sable brush, put in every hair in your studies."

Her answer was, "I do not paint in water-colours, and I could not; it would be impossible to put in every hair. Even a photograph could not do it."

"If you come and dine with me some day," he retorted, "I will show you a water-colour drawing —made in Scotland—in which I put in every leaf of a tree in the foreground."

By-and-by, when she spoke of the Old Masters, of Titian, and especially of the "Entombment of Christ," he only remarked, "How wonderful the little flowers in the foreground are painted!" I felt at the moment that *she* took the larger view of art.

Mr. Ruskin continued, "I do not see that you use purple in your shades."

"But," she said, "I never see shade two days alike, and I never see it purple."

"I always see it purple," and he emphasised it, "yes : red and blue."

Immediately after Mr. Ruskin took his leave, Mr. Gambart asked her opinion of him. "He is a gentleman," she said, "an educated gentleman ; but he is a theorist. He sees nature with a little eye—*tout à fait comme un oiseau.*"

I asked her opinion about Landseer. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "he is the poet-painter of animals, and his cartoons and pastels are truly wonderful."

I have another anecdote to tell about Ruskin. He came to my father's studio when I was very young, accompanied by his father and mother. He had a flat parcel with him which he untied and showed to my father—a water-colour drawing of "Amboise." At first sight my father thought it was a Turner, but on a second look he said, "It is an imitation or copy. Who did it?"

"I did it," replied Mr. Ruskin, "and I have come expressly to ask if you will kindly undertake to make an engraving of it."

"I admire your work from Turner so much," my father said, "that I will do so with pleasure, provided you consent to let me put it in proper perspective."

I believe Mr. Ruskin never forgot or forgave that speech of my father's, but the engraving was made. From that time, however, Mr. Ruskin seemed determined to do all he could to put down line-engraving.

I once paid a short visit to Rosa Bonheur at her charming place at Fontainebleau. She pressed me to taste at luncheon every kind of wine in her cellar. It would only have been polite to indulge her wish, but I had to refuse, else I should never have got back to Paris that night, or in all probability next morning. She said she was "*Bonheur*," but I was "*Bon tout*," a pretty play on my name.

She informed me that painting an important picture made her ill, but her great delight was making studies from nature, a fresh one every day. She had been making studies of sheep the whole of that summer, and she believed she could paint the sun shining through a sheep's ear. She had a large number of animals in her grounds—one a wild boar, which she intended to paint in a picture, and of course all kinds of dogs and sheep. She had a wonderful contrivance for keeping them still, a kind of yoke of wood or iron fastened to a post in the ground, which went round the animal's neck with a lock. But of course she studied the animal in action without putting it into the stocks. It was when she wanted to study the details of the hair, etc., that she liked them always to be kept still, and in the same light and shade. She would mix up her tints on the palette with a knife, and hold the different tints close to the animal to see that she had the right tone of colour. She was such a stickler for truth, but wonderfully gentle with animals.

Rosa Bonheur's Studies

She was one of the greatest lovers of nature in an artistic sense I ever knew. She showed me innumerable studies of different kinds of earth from all parts of France; for instance, the dark, bog-like earth turned up by the plough of the middle of France. The studies also comprised weeds of all kinds, fruit-trees in bloom, thorns and broom-bushes, docken-leaves, etc., etc. Her face was strongly marked by exposure to the air and sun.

The first time I visited Rosa Bonheur in Paris, she showed me a most careful drawing of an apple-tree and also of a cherry-tree in full bloom. These, she assured me, had given her "the greatest pleasure to paint," and she was very proud of them. But she studied living objects with the same zeal, her studies of sheep being delightful.

I often wonder what has become of all that marvellous collection of studies, for during her life-time she could never be induced to part with any. I think Mr. Gambart or some other admirer of her genius must have had them.

Rosa and her friend began life together as plum-box decorators. Rosa soon got tired of this, however, and longed to be sketching from nature. Miss M—— said, "I will go on with the plum-boxes, for I can earn enough to keep us both, and you," speaking to Rosa, "can go out sketching from nature." She availed herself of this kindness, and not very long afterwards was painting

pictures which attracted the dealers, and soon made a considerable income.

She took Miss M—— away from the plum-boxes, the latter becoming her travelling-companion ever afterwards. When I went to visit her at Fontainebleau, several members of the M—— family were living with Rosa Bonheur. Miss M—— predeceased her by a few years.

Whenever Mr. Gambart came to London he always called upon me, and I invariably asked after Rosa Bonheur's health and her friend's.

"Are they as good friends as ever?"

"Yes," he said, "but almost every day they have a quarrel and call each other dreadful names, but it always ends by Rosa going on her knees and begging pardon,"—how very French!

Rosa Bonheur was a warm-hearted, kind woman. Her tenderness and affection for the animals she painted were very noticeable. As I have already mentioned, she would look at a weed or a picturesque bit of earth, and clasp her hands and say, "I do love the flowers and the earth."

In her picture at the Luxemburg, "Ploughing in the Centre of France," which was purchased by the Government, she caught with remarkable truth the colour of the earth as it was turned up by the plough. For realism it is one of the most remarkable pictures I have ever seen. I made its acquaintance before I knew Rosa Bonheur; but

when I saw her innumerable studies of different kinds of earth, I then understood the reason of her success.

Her next great picture was "The Horse Fair near Paris," with life-size horses, an immense picture which Queen Victoria and Prince Albert went to see. It was purchased by Mr. Gambart and exhibited all over Great Britain. I believe it was eventually bought by an American, but before it was sent across the Atlantic she made a replica of it for Mr. Jacob Bell, who presented it to the British nation, and it is now in the National Gallery in London.

The Empress Eugénie bestowed upon her the Legion of Honour, with, as I have understood, the concurrence of the Ministry of the day. Rosa Bonheur, I believe, was the only woman who ever received this distinction, and, naturally, she was very proud of it. I never saw any one so happy and contented as Rosa Bonheur when she was working from nature—it was certainly the delight of her life.

Rosa Bonheur used to talk to me about the Pyrenees, where she sketched a good deal, and where, by-the-bye, she was very nearly poisoned by food cooked in a copper saucepan.

That part of the Pyrenees close to the borders of Spain is picturesque and fine in colour, much more picturesque than the Alps, although perhaps not

quite so grand. I painted in the neighbourhood of Bedous, a little village not far from the frontier of Spain. The scenery all round was rugged in character, and at the same time very charming. I made a good many studies of the local colour. The masses of fern quite late in the autumn are most beautiful, quite of a deep red, a wonderful contrast to the grey stone of the country. Doubtless this was the reason why Rosa Bonheur loved the Pyrenees, and she must have revelled in painting the sheep.

Rosa Bonheur's picture of "Smuggling the Wine across the Frontier" was one result of her visit to the Pyrenees. The wine is carried on donkeys in great leathern bottles or sacks; this gives a peculiar flavour to the wine, which is, however, very good. When I was on a visit to her studio in Paris she was finishing this very picture.

Notwithstanding her great love for the Pyrenees she enjoyed her visit to Scotland immensely, and there, too, she hit upon the right tone of the scenery. Her "Highland Cattle" with Highland surroundings are just as true as were her "Ploughing in the Centre of France" and her subjects in the Pyrenees.

She had a wonderful eye for the tone and colour of her foreground, as well as the colour of the animals she painted so wonderfully. Like all great painters, she had a system of her own which accounted for the truth of her work.

Troyon

Troyon was one of the very finest French landscape-painters, an indefatigable worker from nature, and had a wonderful eye for all the refined tones of landscape; much more, I should say, than Rosa Bonheur. His grasp was higher, especially in his harmonies and power of giving the true light of nature. Strange to say, in the early part of his career he had the greatest difficulty in selling any of his pictures, until he introduced birds, sheep, cows, turkeys, geese, and ducks, and then he sold them as fast as he could paint them. I was told by one who knew him intimately that he was jealous of Rosa Bonheur's painting of animals, and he was determined to try them himself, and he succeeded, although not with the same degree of perfection of drawing.

The last time I saw him was at the Manchester Exhibition. It seemed to me he could not appreciate to anything like a full extent the works of Turner, as indeed very few French artists can. Turner's grand picture of "The Wreck of the Transport" was there, and even that elicited little, if any, admiration. To my mind it showed something wanting in Troyon, for I certainly think it one of the finest works of the English School.

But what a different effect Constable's work had upon the French! Their admiration was so great that they founded a school upon him. It was quite

a revelation to them to see nature reproduced as he painted it.

Do you remember the story of Fuseli, the Keeper of the Royal Academy in Constable's time? He once called for his top-coat and his umbrella. His Swiss man-servant said, "Sir, the sun is shining; you won't want your top-coat and your umbrella."

"I am going to see Mr. Constable's pictures," meaning that they were always so cold, and generally represented a shower of rain coming on. His pictures, though, have now lost some of their original chilliness.

Most pictures do gain by time, and get a tone with age that no painter, be he ever so skilful, could imitate. Even many of Turner's later works which were considered too white, have now acquired a somewhat golden hue. I believe he knew what he was about when he painted them white. He was a far-seeing man in every respect.

Bonington also found great favour in the eyes of French artists and formed a school. He died very young, unfortunately, but left enough to establish a great fame. He is well represented in the Wallace Collection. In matters of art-criticism the French are very generous to English art, and the Government has occasionally purchased an English artist's work to hang in the gallery of the Luxemburg.

CHAPTER VII.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE THEATRE.

Shorthand sketches—My first theatre—George Macfarren as a trombone-player—Sadler's Wells—Planché's burlesques—J. B. Buckstone—Ben Webster—Paul Bedford—Helen Faucit—Macready—Charles Mathews—William Farren—Madame Vestris—Samuel Phelps—*The Beggar's Opera*—*Sardanapalus*—Rachel and Bernhardt—Regnier—French finish—Charles Dickens in *The Lighthouse*—How I celebrated my election to the Royal Academy—Theatricals in the studio—The Emerys—Edmund Kean—Robertson's plays—Marie Wilton's laugh—Kate and Ellen Terry—Jenny Lind—Toole's practical jokes—Painting for Wyndham—A Criterion supper and what came of it—Daguerre—Stage mounting of the present day—A staunch first-nighter.

I was and am still very fond of the theatre, and in my young days I always took my pocket sketch-book with me and made drawings of the actors while they were playing. The earliest were shorthand sketches of Macready, Charles Kean, Wallack, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Charles Kean, and Mrs. Glover. For style they are the best reminiscences I have of the actors of my time.

Few people living can go farther back than I can. The first theatre I ever went to was the Lyceum when I was about twelve years of age, and it was to see

The Mountain Sylph. The tickets were given to me by Mrs. Macfarren, mother of the fine English composer, who was a neighbour of ours, and who at that time practised the trombone, making, as I thought, a fearful noise. I thought Miss Sherriff, who played the Sylph, too lovely for words. Many years afterwards—I should think it was fifteen years—I saw her again, and she was still very charming, but a matron. This was at Mrs. S. C. Hall's, where I was introduced to Moore the poet, and saw old Young the actor of times gone by, and T. P. Cooke, who was celebrated as William in *Black-eyed Susan.* Mrs. Hall's gatherings were usually attended by most interesting people.

I was very nearly seeing Grimaldi the clown, when he was taking leave of the stage at Sadler's Wells. My father had tickets, but I was suffering from broken chilblains, unable to get a shoe on, and so I never saw Grimaldi. I was then, as well as I can remember, about eight or nine years old. But many years afterwards I saw his imitator, Matthews, who sang his famous song "Hot Codlings," and "Tipity Witchet."

Sadler's Wells experienced great vicissitudes in its fortunes. At one time, especially under Sam Phelps's management, it was the headquarters of as excellent acting as could be seen anywhere in London. As the metropolis grew, some districts went up and others down, and the vicinity of

Clerkenwell perhaps acquired an unfavourable reputation—such things occur even now, and more often than not undeservedly—and in any case the theatre itself ceased to be generally accessible. Had it been able to hold its own it might to-day have shared in the prosperity which has befallen so many suburban "houses"; but it was not to be. Before the end I have an impression that it became converted, for a while at any rate, into a kind of music-hall.

When I was about town there was a more varied assortment of theatrical entertainment than appears to be acceptable nowadays. Probably some of the baits dangled before the public eye would now be considered of too educational a character to pay, and others might be thought a trifle childish. I daresay tastes change with times. The musical pieces were very different from many produced to-day at the Gaiety, for example, but I am not clear that they were worse. There was great refinement about Planché's burlesques, but I suppose that they would be deemed tame by the frequenters of the musical theatres of the present. I knew Planché a few years later as a great authority on costume; his work on that subject was considered a book of reference for artists.

Buckstone and Paul Bedford were always most amusing. I have heard that the former wrote many admirable plays, and surprise has even been ex-

pressed that a complete edition of his acting dramas and farces has never been published. Buckstone's face and speech were a fortune to any actor. Ben Webster I remember in a piece brought out by "Adelphi" Yates, the grandfather of an originator of *The World*. I saw him act in several parts such as Pickwick, and Fagin the Jew in *Oliver Twist*. In his old age I have been told he presented, in a back view, a striking resemblance in figure and carriage to Lord Beaconsfield. Buckstone played Jingle in *Pickwick*, and Paul Bedford was Sam Weller. Jingle I thought very good, but beautiful as Sam Weller was, it was a failure in my youthful judgment, not at all like my notion of the part.

A few years later I saw and delighted in Helen Faucit in *The Lady of Lyons*, which was supposed to be her favourite part. I can just remember being charmed with her acting. But Macready's part I did not think suited to him. His finest *rôle* was Cardinal Richelieu; in it he seemed to me to be perfect. He was I thought very fine as Prospero in *The Tempest*, and Helen Faucit as Miranda was altogether magnificent. Priscilla Horton was Ariel, and sang the music to perfection. Harley, as Trinculo the jester, was very clever and amusing; handsome Anderson was Ferdinand; but I have forgotten who played Caliban, though I recollect the performance to have been very striking. The

scenery was beautiful, and I think Telbin was responsible for it.

Some years later I was delighted with Charles Mathews, especially in *Used Up*, *The Overland Route*, *Cool as a Cucumber*, and many other plays. I must not forget him in *The Golden Fleece*, when he played Chorus. Charles Mathews lives in the memory of the present generation, but not as he was in his prime. The same may be said of Robson, taken from the stage, alas! long before his time. He was in my opinion a very great loss.

Old William Farren I remember as if I had seen him but yesterday. The last I ever saw of him was on the steamboat between Liverpool and Ireland. He was on his way to fulfil an engagement in Dublin in 1844, in company with Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Seymour. I was going on my first tour in the Emerald Isle, the year Daniel O'Connell was liberated from gaol. I had to illuminate my lodgings in consequence, which fixes the date.

Farren I saw in most of his best parts, and before he was paralysed; but although he only partially recovered, his acting was still very fine. He was free from every trace or hint of mannerism, being perfectly natural, as actors should be, if a painter may venture an opinion.

Power, the celebrated actor of Irish parts, afforded me great pleasure. Madame Vestris, too, was at her best as an actress, but possibly past her prime

in respect of physical beauty; although even in those days she was very fascinating and charming. She was a daughter of Bartolozzi, the celebrated engraver.

Next to Macready I should say Phelps was, in my day, the greatest actor on the stage, and indeed in some of his parts, such as Sir Pertinax Macsychophant and Bottom the Weaver, he had no cause to fear comparison even with the Autocrat of the Stage himself.

I saw Macready and his capital company in *Henry V.* The piece was splendidly mounted under his management at Covent Garden Theatre. He induced his friend Clarkson Stanfield to paint the scenery for it, which I need hardly say was superb. It was a tremendous treat, for almost all the best actors of the day were engaged in it. Vandenhoff was Chorus, and very fine his elocution was; Ward was the Old Soldier; Elton, who was afterwards drowned I believe on his way to Scotland, also figured in the cast. Then there were Meadows as the Welsh Soldier, and Harley as Pistol. I believe Phelps, too, filled a *rôle*, though I have forgotten which, and Miss Horton was the Boy.

Has any of the present generation seen *The Beggar's Opera?* I doubt it very much, but it dwells in my memory, for it was well played with Harrison, who had a most charming voice and sang

beautifully Captain Macheath's music; Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbet also lent their aid, and old William Farren was Lockit, and Harley, Filch.

Charles Kean's production of *Sardanapalus* was especially noteworthy for its mounting. The dresses and properties were most carefully carried out from statues recently added to the British Museum. The faces, beards, and hair were so accurately copied that the supers looked as if they were real Assyrians. This piece had a long run, and almost every artist that I knew went to see it.

My friend Gambart used to take me very often to St. James's Theatre to see Madame Rachel, and a very great treat it was. I saw her in the character of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the same character in which Sarah Bernhardt has so greatly distinguished herself. My impression is that Madame Rachel was the finer actress, had greater power, and played characters that Sarah Bernhardt was not capable of undertaking.

Regnier was in Rachel's company—a greater actor than any I have seen with the exception of Coquelin. He was superb in the part of L'Aventurier, but that was along with Madame Duplessis. There is certainly a beautiful finish in the style of the chief actors and actresses of France.

In 1860, or thereabouts, I witnessed the private theatricals of Charles Dickens's company, which

performed Wilkie Collins's play entitled *The Lighthouse*. The drop-scene and the other scenes —that is, the interior of the lighthouse, and the morning after the tempest, when the lighthouse-keepers were rescued from starvation—were painted by his friend Clarkson Stanfield. The principal character in the play was wonderfully filled by Charles Dickens—the lighthouse-keeper who believes he has committed a murder. The interior of the lighthouse, representing a scene during a dreadful storm, was admirably given. There had been no communication with land for several weeks, and the keepers were reduced to the last extremity when relief arrived. It is so fixed in my memory that I fancy I see it all now while I am writing. Mark Lemon was of the company, as also were Augustus Egg and Frank Stone.

I asked Wilkie Collins if he would allow me to perform it in my studio, with Frank Topham—a very clever amateur actor—in Dickens's part, Joseph Durham (the sculptor) in the second part, and Frank Holl (the engraver, with considerable repute as an actor) and the son of Topham in the cast. The principal female character was to be taken by charming Miss Poole, the famous ballad-singer. I painted the scenes. I gave up my studio for a whole month erecting the stage, and secured the services of a stage carpenter from Covent Garden Theatre to make appliances for

wind and thunder. I do not mean to say that it was equal to Dickens's own theatricals; far from it. But it was favourably spoken of by Wilkie Collins, who declared it "most capitally done."

This was the year (1864) of my election to full membership of the Academy, and I was persuaded by Topham to commemorate the event by private theatricals. Topham was a born actor and a great friend of the renowned actor of Yorkshire characters, the elder Emery, the father of the Emery of our time, and the grandfather of Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude). My father was personally acquainted with him, and was one of his staunchest admirers. My father having been born in Yorkshire could thoroughly appreciate his acting, especially in his Yorkshire characters.

To hear my father talk of Edmund Kean was a treat; but he was not confined to the admiration of men of his own time, for I persuaded him to go with me and see Robson in *The Porter's Knot.* During the last scene I saw the tears in the dad's eyes. He wiped them when it was over and said, "I have seen no acting like it since Edmund Kean's time."

I think I may fairly say that no plays held for the time the hearts of the people so much as did T. W. Robertson's. As long as actors like Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft) and her husband (Sir Squire) Bancroft took part in them this was not

to be wondered at. I can never forget the sensation of delight they gave me. Marie Wilton's laugh haunts me now; nothing like it can ever have been heard upon the stage before, I should say. Those who never saw her play Polly Eccles know not the pleasure they have missed; or Hare as Sam Gerridge, or Honey as Eccles, or Montague as the hero of *Caste*. Since 1836 I have been a *habitué* of the playhouse. All Robertson's plays gave me intense pleasure, they were so perfectly suited to the time.

And now to turn to quite another artist, but of the highest order as an actress, whose name was Kate Terry, a great favourite of the public of 1870 or so. She and her talented sister, Ellen, used to come to my studio on receiving-day to see my pictures before they were sent to the Academy. On one occasion my picture was "Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert." Hagar is represented striding in front of little Ishmael, with one of her hands tightly clenched. I turned round and saw Kate Terry putting her own in the same position as Hagar's.

I said to her, "Is it right?"

"Just as I should have done it," was her answer.

"Then I must be right." I was much gratified with the opinion of the great actress.

Ellen at that time had not been very much before the public, but afterwards shared the honours with

Kate, when she appeared in the characters of Portia, Beatrice, and last but not least Olivia, which perhaps touched me more than anything I had ever seen upon the stage. I went five times to see it, and each time I had to wipe my eyes. She took the town by storm with that and other parts. I have an impression that she returned to the stage to play Philippa in Charles Reade's drama of *The Wandering Heir*, and a bewitching rendering she gave us.

Jenny Lind—the Swedish nightingale—came many times with Joseph Durham, the sculptor, who did a lovely bust of the great singer. Her ideas in English were perfectly charming, although expressed with a foreign accent. There was a *naïveté* in many of her remarks that was captivating. Once when talk turned upon the question of mice, an animal of which ladies are believed to entertain feelings approaching to terror—why, I have never been quite able to understand—Jenny Lind contributed to the discussion the quaint phrase, "I have a hole in my heart for ze leetle mouse."

Toole once made me the object of a practical joke, a species of fun for which he enjoyed a great reputation, and which as a rule did nobody any harm. He called one day just before sending-in time, and with the most serious face that he could pull, began telling me of the interest he took in a

young fellow's work—a young artist. He would feel much obliged to me, he said, if I would give him my opinion about the work. Of course, I assured him that it would afford me the utmost pleasure if I could be of use to him.

"Is your friend," I asked, "going to send it to the Academy? And have you brought it with you in the cab? If so, I will go out and have a look at it."

"No, no," he said, "it is not in the cab; it is not so large as all that. In fact it is very small, and I have it in my pocket."

Saying which he produced a photograph of himself as "The Butler," a successful and favourite part of his. He acted so naturally that he quite imposed upon me.

On another occasion, at a great party given by Wyndham, one of the waiters kept pestering me to "take some champagne, sir?" This was a sham waiter presented by Toole to the life, but at last I detected his voice. He had borrowed an apron and the table-napkin which he carried under his arm.

Talking of Charles Wyndham, he invited my collaboration once in a matter that was well within my province. He came down my studio stairs and called out in his cheery voice, "I am afraid you will not be pleased to see me, when you hear what I want you to do for me."

"Well, what is it?" I said. "It has always

given me great pleasure to do anything for you, for you have given me abundance of pleasure yourself."

"The fact is," he answered, "I am going to play an artist—a real Academician. In the first place, I want you to set me a palette, and teach me how to handle my mahl-stick and brushes. In the second place, is it possible to make a finished portrait into an unfinished one?"

"Why, certainly."

"That is well. Now, the finished portrait is of Mary Moore, and she plays a part in the piece, and I am an artist painting her portrait."

"You can do what is necessary without injuring the portrait in the least. An ordinary piece of plain canvas must be straightened over the picture to cover up all but the face, a hole being cut in the canvas, to show the face and head. I will come down in the afternoon to the theatre and do it there."

I painted the neck and upper part of the dress on the plain canvas that had been straightened over the picture; I did this and the background in a sketchy manner, and the rest I put in with charcoal. It turned out a perfect success. While I was engaged upon it, I saw a number of faces at the door of the room watching me at work. The afternoon performance of *L'Enfant Prodigu* had been going on, and the company, some with their whitened faces, watched me from the door.

I shall now describe a unique event in my life, for I do not expect such a thing has happened to any other artist. I was kindly invited by Wyndham to a gathering of his friends and admirers who assembled to supper on the stage of the Criterion Theatre, at the close of one of his seasons. He said to me, "Colonel North is here. Would you like to be introduced to him?" I replied in the affirmative, and he accordingly introduced me.

Colonel North caught my name instantly and said, "Are you the painter of the picture at the Leeds Exhibition, called 'Misery and Mercy'?"

I owned the soft impeachment.

"Then I must tell you that both myself and Mrs. North felt that it was the only picture we cared about in the whole Exhibition. What's the price?" He then called to his wife, who was on the other side of the stage, "My dear, do you remember a picture at Leeds you liked so much?"

"Yes," she said, "perfectly well: 'Misery and Mercy.'"

"Right you are, my dear, and you may consider the picture yours."

I think I may safely say that such an incident has never happened on any other stage. Wyndham was exceedingly pleased that he was the unconscious agent in the matter. I must not forget the finish, and that was that I had to drink

a tumbler of champagne with Colonel North. He gave injunctions to the waiter to make no half-measures—a thing I had never done in my life before or since. After that I hurried away to tell my wife the pleasant news.

That most charming and classical play, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, as performed by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, is a joy never to be forgotten. As far as one may venture to prophesy, it seems doubtful whether it will ever be seen again so perfectly rendered as I saw it when first it was placed upon the stage.

Another artist that gave me great pleasure was Daguerre of the Dioramas, who painted wonderfully realistic interiors of cathedrals, with changing lights from sunrise to eve. I felt, as I gazed on the scene, that I should hurt myself if I knocked my knuckles against the pillars or tumbled over them, so hard and real they looked. Daguerre was the pioneer of the phenomenal effects which the photographers have achieved in the present day. Photography has made great strides in this generation, by giving us the actual movement of men and animals, and even of a train or a ship in motion, with the various processes of such medical wonders as the severing of the Siamese twins.

Of course, it would be folly on my part to pretend that stage mounting has not vastly improved. It has become a fine art. When a

great painter like Alma Tadema undertakes to superintend it, backed by the enterprise of an Irving or a Tree, it seems idle to labour the point. The perfect appliances now in use for lighting the scenery are an enormous improvement upon those of the past.

Has not the theatre itself been revolutionised? We used to have plenty for our money then, sometimes as many as three plays of a night—a drama and two single-act pieces. Half-time, too, was a standing institution. Even the long playbill, by way of programme, was a quaint-looking affair. Then there was the man who sold oranges and beer and stout, forcing a passage through the serried ranks of pit and gallery. But the pit! Ah! there is nothing like it now.

From earliest boyhood—and I do not think my enthusiasm has bated one jot—I have never lost an opportunity of seeing all the best actors of the day, and every new play. In fact, I am proud to count myself and my daughter as regular first-nighters.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

New Year's Eve—Academicians at play—Webster in the sentry-box—Abraham Cooper at Astley's—J. P. Knight warbles—Sir John Pender's dinner-parties—Frau Schumann's favourite picture—She plays her husband's *Nachtstück*—Oratory at the Academy banquets—Dickens's triumph—Outings of the Royal Academy Club—Turner's point of view—Into the Silent Land—The Graphic Society of Painters and Engravers—Cooke's quarrel with Turner—Fuseli and the students—Selection and hanging—The risks of the Council—Alma Tadema's wife—Briton Rivière's son—Young Stocks—Another Goodall—The Academy luncheon—Millais and Leighton—Millais' thoughtfulness—The Millais Exhibition—The Academy's pride in him—Frank Holl—St. John's Wood and comrades—*Eheu fugaces!*

Academy recollections of the time when our quarters were in Trafalgar Square still crowd my memory. The meeting of the old Council and the new on the last day of the year, when five of the old Council retired, was ever an agreeable function. It fell to my lot to form one of the five new members just after my election as a full member in 1864. Webster was another of the new-comers, and so was Abraham Cooper. J. P. Knight, as Secretary, had a per-

manent seat, as also had Charles Landseer, the Keeper.

Webster amused us all very much with his early reminiscences when his father was a page at St. James's Palace. Tom was brought up as an artist and sent to the Royal Academy through the patronage of the Duchess of Gloucester. One of his stories told how, after the distribution of medals to the students, they all adjourned to a supper where they enjoyed themselves not wisely but too well. Webster wended his way to St. James's Palace, where his father resided, and next morning when he woke up found himself in the sentry-box with his feet out in the cold and a Grenadier marching up and down in front. The sentry explained that he, Webster, had insisted on going into the box to sleep, as he said it was his home. This amusing episode was related by the hero of it, now an elderly gentleman with long white locks, who would have made a capital Vicar of Wakefield.

Abraham Cooper, who had once been a great rider and a groom, told us that he rode up the rocks at Astley's Theatre, in Westminster Bridge Road, one whole season, in *Timur the Tartar*, and "very hard work it was," he said. Then J. P. Knight, son of the distinguished comedian, sang some of his father's pathetic songs, and repeated his father's touching stories. We waited

till the bells of St. Martin's rang the old year out and the new year in before we broke up; and I cannot help thinking that we certainly were more lively in those days.

Every private-view day Sir John Pender was wont to hold a luncheon-party, a pleasant custom observed as long as he lived. There was always a distinguished company, who met in the morning at the rooms of the Royal Academy, and then adjourned to Arlington Street.

At this hospitable board I have met Browning, Mr. Bayard (the American Ambassador), Lord and Lady Esher, Sir Andrew Clark, Lord Wolseley, Lord and Lady Tweeddale, Professor Owen, and other famous men and women. Alas! how many of them are gone!

Sir John was a most genial host and a great lover of art. His dining-room alone was worth travelling many miles to see. It was hung with the choicest works by the most distinguished artists of his time, including some of the finest things Turner ever painted. Stanfield was also well represented, and Sir Edwin Landseer, John Phillip, Leslie, Newton, Roberts, and many more. The drawing-rooms were also covered with a magnificent collection of the most celebrated works of the water-colourists, Turner again being foremost, with David Cox well up, and De Wint exceedingly strong. My wife and I were con-

stantly invited. In fact I may say we were always expected.

Then there was the annual dinner of Mr. Theophilus Burnand, also a great collector of pictures and very fond of art. There, too, we often met dear old Stanfield, John Phillip, David Roberts, Horsley, and always several accomplished musicians. It was there we met Piatti, the celebrated violoncello-player, Frau Schumann, and others, who used to enchant us with an impromptu concert after dinner.

Arthur Burnand frequently gave dinner- and also musical-parties. His house was hung entirely with pictures—dining-room and drawing-room. I am proud to say that amongst them were some of my works, including "Felice Ballarin reciting 'Tasso' to the people of Chioggia," and "The Cup of Water in the Desert." This was Frau Schumann's favourite. One day when she knew I was going there to dine, she had arranged that she was to occupy the seat at table exactly opposite this picture, and that she should take me in to dinner. I felt overwhelmed with the compliment. After dinner she asked me what she should play. When I said, "The beautiful 'Nacht-stück' of your husband's," she answered, "You could not have asked for anything that I love more to play." And she played it with all her heart and soul; it was a memorable treat.

Dickens's Great Speech

At the first Royal Academy banquet after the death of Maclise, Dickens was called upon to respond to the toast of "Literature," which he invariably did with extraordinary success. On this occasion he even excelled himself, for when he alluded to the loss of his dear friend, he spoke from his inmost heart. Death-like stillness came over the great room; I shall never forget it. Mine were not the only eyes filled with tears. The speech had such an effect upon the whole company that, by common consent, immediately it was ended they all rose from their seats, and no other speech was heard that evening. I never witnessed such a scene before or since at the Royal Academy. His voice, always powerful and dramatic, rang through the big room with such pathos in it and such eloquence that it surpassed anything I have ever heard at these dinners, where remarkable eloquence has been by no means rare. And no one else could have done it but Dickens, for he felt his subject. I have heard most eloquent Royal Academy speeches from the greatest orators of the day—Gladstone, Lord Derby, Disraeli, Lord Russell, Salisbury, Palmerston, Leighton,—but no speech that ever I heard went to the heart as did this one from Dickens. Thackeray never seemed to like speaking, and therefore did not succeed.

In my long career I have had the good fortune to enjoy many happy holidays, but amongst the

pleasantest were those spent along with my brother-members of the Royal Academy, called the Royal Academy Club. Sometimes we went down the river to the "Trafalgar" at Greenwich, or up the river to the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, or even to Maidenhead; but wherever we went no pains were spared to make the outing in every respect delightful.

Before my time, I have been told, Turner was occasionally present at Richmond Hill, a place very familiar to me. Once before dinner they were all looking at the lovely view from the terrace, when Turner said, "What a point in the landscape Hind Hill makes, although it is not much of a hill! But if you will only look at it long enough, you will see it grow bigger and bigger." And that is the way he often looked at nature; for to his mind things did grow bigger, and in the picture of "Richmond Hill" you will see he has carried out his theory.

When I was painting a view of Harrow-on-the-Hill from a point three miles away, if I measured the spire of the old church with other objects near, it seemed to me very small. But when my friends looked at the picture, they told me the spire was not nearly big enough. So I really made it larger than I actually saw it, to give it the same importance in the landscape that Hind Hill had in Turner's eye.

It is a sad comment to make that all the faces

I call to mind of those earlier excursions, full of hilarity and gladness, beaming with kindness on one another, have vanished from mortal vision. There was no one of the party jollier than dear old Mulready; and Clarkson Stanfield, Davie Roberts, J. P. Knight, Webster, and John Phillip with his broad Scots stories, were very amusing. Then there was John Millais, not yet decorated, always interesting in his anecdotes when his health was drunk and he was called upon for a speech. Fred Leighton, too, was always so eloquent. Etty, Frank Stone, Creswick, Frank Holl, E. M. Ward, Sir Charles Barry, Edward Barry, Sir Francis Chantrey, Landseer, Sir William Ross, Leslie the elder, Maclise, Sir Francis Grant—all these I have met on our holiday jaunts. It is a melancholy retrospect; but for me these fellow-workers live in my memory, and for the great community of art-lovers they live in their works.

Then in the early days of the year we used to assemble at the "Thatched House" Tavern, in St. James's Street, in the rooms of the Kit-Cat Club, in the great hall hung with some of the finest works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, now placed when I last saw them in the National Gallery, though I am not quite certain that they belong to the nation.

In this room the Graphic Society of Painters and Engravers also held their meetings. The

only time that Turner ever attended one of their gatherings, he caught sight of George Cooke, the celebrated engraver, and immediately began a very heated argument with him, claiming his right to the touched proofs. This claim George Cooke stoutly refused to concede.

"How can you justify such a demand? Tell me frankly why you ask for them?"

"Oh!" said Turner, "supposing it be only a whim?"

"I will humour no man in his whims," answered Cooke.

"Then, sir," retorted Turner, "you shall have no work of mine to engrave."

Hotter and hotter grew the dispute, till George Cooke gave it its finishing touches.

"Sir," quoth he, "I'll not engrave another of your pictures as long as I live."

Turner flounced out of the room in a great passion, and never entered it again—at least not as long as the Chalcographic Society convened their meetings there.

I was very glad my father gave in at last to Turner's whim, in the matter of the touched proofs of "The Bridge and Palace of Caligula," much as I should like to have them now. It was a hard thing for my father to do, for when Turner left the room George Cooke said to my father, "Now, Goodall, don't you be a humbug

and give in to Turner's fancy about the blessed proofs. I shall never respect you, if you do." But my mother, with her kind-heartedness, persuaded my father to yield.

Fuseli was very fond of making comical remarks on the students' drawings—from the antique especially. One of the students, who was making a drawing of the foot of Apollo, began shading up the sandal first. Fuseli came round to him and said, "Why, what are you drawing?"

"The foot of Apollo," the boy answered.

"Ach, himmel!" he said, "I thought it was a bridle."

I expect the students in those days were an unruly lot. There was a tremendous row going on in the school one day when Fuseli came in unexpectedly. He called out to them, "You are like a set of wild beasts, and I am your blasted keeper." Although, I daresay, occasionally they go in even yet for mild larks when the Keeper is not "on the mat," the schools of the Academy are far better managed now, for the Keeper makes friends with students who are earnestly working at their profession; this is as it should be.

Easter often falls at the time of year when the selecting and hanging of the pictures take place for the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy, when no member dreams of absenting himself;

even the workmen agree to forego their holiday. The only departure from the old rule when last I served was that we had hot-cross buns for our tea, a thing unknown in former times.

All the Council during the hanging, with very few exceptions, get laid up with bad coughs and colds, the draught through the building being terrible. As the clock strikes ten in the morning of the first day the President takes his seat, and the work of selection begins immediately, bringing joy or the reverse when the result of the selection is known, a cross meaning no appeal. I can say most truly that quite two-thirds of those marked doubtful got hung on the walls of the Exhibition. The greatest care is taken to do justice to every work, and if there is the slightest difference of opinion it is put to the vote of the ten Members of Council, the President, when necessary, giving his casting vote, which I may say is usually on the side of mercy. It is an arduous duty, lasting from eight to ten days, but no Member of Council shirks it.

I remember a good many years ago a curious incident connected with passing of judgment upon the pictures sent in. A most charming little picture was handed round to each member to pronounce his opinion, and it was passed unanimously. A deep sigh was heard from Sir L. Alma Tadema; it was one of relief, for he

said, "I am so glad, it is by my wife," and then there was a round of applause.

The last time I served I sat next to Rivière, when a very striking picture was brought to our notice. It was a picture of remarkable talent, and it was passed unanimously. Then I said to Rivière, "You never voted."

"No," he answered, "I could not; it is by my son."

The same thing occurred with a picture by young Stocks, the son of the engraver, who was on the Council that year, and for whom there was a round of applause, which brought tears into old Stocks's eyes.

On one occasion a very clever picture was passed, and I thought so much of it that I asked for the name, which we are entitled to do after the selection has been made. To my amazement the carpenter who looked at the back of the picture said, "It is by Goodall." One member called out, "Devilish clever of you, Goodall; is it by a nephew or cousin?" I was very indignant at the imputation, and answered that I only wished it had been by a nephew of mine, or even a son. It was so clever, I do not remember anything quite so good since by the same hand, and it is some years ago. I was anxious to know about this namesake of mine, and I inquired. All I could find out was that he was a Norfolk man who

had come into some money, and that his subjects were mostly of the Norfolk Broads.

Then when the whole Exhibition is hung, the President goes round with the Council and examines the *tout ensemble* in the most careful way. When the Council approve of the general arrangements the Show is considered as finally passed; and then a meeting of Council takes place at which are settled the dates for varnishing days, for the private view by the members of the Royal Family, the Press day, the private view, etc.

At the luncheon of the first day all members and associates take their seats, when the President calls out the names of members or associates elected within the last twelve months, and requires us to fill our glasses and drink to their health. The newly-elected return thanks, and promise to do their very best to uphold the honour and the interests of the Academy, and so it goes on from year to year.

Millais and Leighton were great chums. The former was always fond of a little joke. Once he was indulging his gaiety of heart whilst business was under discussion which Leighton thought too serious for trifling with, so the President reprimanded him: "Don't be a frivolous baronet, Millais."

In another mood for fun, Millais put his hand on Leighton's head and disturbed some of

his beautiful locks, which caused Frederick Leighton to look very angry, for he was proud of the arrangement of his classical curls.

The last time Millais was at the Royal Academy he went round with Marcus Stone. I am very proud to remember that he stood in front of my "Beachy Head" and praised it more than any other picture of mine he had ever noticed. One of the last things he asked of me was the loan of an Egyptian boy's little blue shirt, embroidered with red.

"You are not going to get that done for the next Academy," I remonstrated.

"Oh dear no; it will be for the following year. The subject is 'The Child Christ in the Temple.'" He didn't live to paint the picture. After I had called one day to inquire about his health he told his daughter to "pack up the little blue Egyptian shirt that Mr. Goodall had lent him, as he should never paint the picture, and return it with many thanks." I thought it most extraordinary that, in the midst of his suffering, he could think of such a small matter. For indeed I never expected to see it again; but it only shows what a thoughtful and unselfish man he was.

I knew him from the age of twelve, when he first came over from Jersey; even then the brightest boy I ever saw, but apparently very delicate, though he was not so in after-years. Amongst his pictures

my own favourites are: "The Order of Release," "The Vale of Rest" (nuns digging a grave), "Midsummer Eve" (now in the Tate Gallery), "Chill October," "Cinderella," "Cherry Ripe," "My First Sermon," and others, but particularly his portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and his Highland landscapes.

The first annual Council dinner held after the death of Millais, when his principal works were brought together for exhibition at the beginning of the new year, was an impressive gathering. We were all anxiously waiting for the dinner to be over in order that we might look at the galleries, which were specially lighted up for the occasion. Not a man but felt that it was the collection of the greatest painter of modern times. No finer exhibition of the works of one man's life had ever been held under the auspices of the Royal Academy; a most complete record of his life. There was but one feeling, that of exultation, that the like had never been seen before. It was matter for legitimate pride that Millais had studied at the Royal Academy Schools, from the age, I think, of about twelve years. He was the most animated and most excitable boy I ever met, and in his case "the child was father of the man." We remained in the room till New Year's Day of 1899 came in, and we left him alone with his glory.

In common with my colleagues, I have had to

attend the schools as Visitor. The office has great advantages for the students, who get the benefit of the advice of such artists as Sargent, Alma Tadema, Dicksee, Abbey, Fildes, Marcus Stone, Cope, Solomon, Frith, Waterhouse, and the rest. The scene at the distribution of prizes is always interesting. I have known one student to be called up four or five times in the different classes, when the applause of his brother and sister students would be boisterous and deafening.

I am proud to think I was on the Council and Visitor at the Life Schools of the Royal Academy when young Frank Holl was studying there. We used to walk home together, my way his way, for I lived not far from his house. He was wont to talk to me very much about the branch of art he intended to pursue, his idea then being to illustrate modern society. He was the son of Frank Holl the engraver, and he was always willing to listen to the advice I gave him—namely, that in order to become a fine painter he must first be a fine draughtsman. This power he achieved, as is shown in the magnificent portraits that have made his name a great one. He liked my studio in Camden Square, and it was his ambition to have a similar one.

When I left London for Graeme's Dyke, Harrow Weald, Tadema occupied my house in Camden Square, and painted several of his finest works

there. When Tadema moved to a house facing Regent's Park, Frank Holl occupied my house and studio in Camden Square, where he, too, painted some of his finest portraits. One of his children was very subject to diphtheria, and Frank fancied the locality was unhealthy, so he moved to St. John's Wood. Here he commissioned Norman Shaw to build a house for him in Fitz John's Avenue, called The Gables.

About that time I removed from Graeme's Dyke and purchased the house in Avenue Road in which I now reside, the great attraction being that so many of my brother-artists had gone into that locality, and I felt I should like to be in their company. There was Frank Holl in Fitz John's Avenue, Pettie next door but one to him, Edwin Long at the top of the Avenue, not far off Tadema arranging his new house in Grove End Road, Tom Faed within easy hail, Burgess close by, and Edward Armitage also. Now, I am left almost alone. Frank Holl was the first to go, then Pettie, then Armitage, my esteemed friend of long-standing, then Tom Faed and Burgess. Tadema and I are all that are left of the company named. It is a very curious thing that I chose this spot to be amongst my old friends and companions in art, and that they have almost all gone.

Although Frank Holl is best known now as a

portrait-painter, he painted some very fine subject-pictures, but all more or less of a gloomy character. Perhaps his finest picture of the kind was "The Lord hath Given, and the Lord hath Taken Away." I believe it went into the possession of Queen Victoria. There was a very fine sentiment in the picture. He also painted a few military pictures, of which one was "Soldiers at a Railway Station," with the sad figure of a woman parting from her husband. Always there was something sad or melancholy attached to his pictures. The first portrait he painted was of my very old friend, Samuel Cousins, which attracted an immense amount of appreciation. His Lord Shaftesbury is a very fine picture, and so also is his portrait of John Bright.

CHAPTER IX.

MY PATRONS AND MY PICTURES.

My first commission—Mr. Horsman Solly—Mr. Wells of Redleaf—Mr. Sheepshanks—Something in a name—Mr. Thomas Baring—The Marquis of Lansdowne—"Canvas is no dear"—Sir James Wigram—A budding patron—Mons. Gambart—Horace Vernet—Mr. Arthur and Mr. Theophilus Burnand—"Jochebed"—In search of a baby—Scene in Seven Dials—Sir Thomas Lucas—Mr. Thomas Blackwell—A Goodall Gallery—Mr. Blackwell's sons—"Gordon's Last Messenger"—General Gordon—"David and Bathsheba"—Sir Joseph Montefiore's interest—"Christ by the Sea of Galilee"—Painting at Windsor Castle—Francis Clark—"Harrow on the Hill"—The home of the Blackwells—A grandmother's reminiscences—"The Spirit of the Dove"—Mr. Frederick Gordon—Mr. Knox d'Arcy—"Loch Lomond"—The studio on the hill—Luss—More Egyptian pictures—Beachy Head—"The Ploughman and the Shepherdess"—Portraits—"The Market Cart"—"The Snake-Charmer"—Commission incidents—Vicissitudes of my pictures—Losses by fire—"Palm Sunday"—"Misery and Mercy"—"The Flight into Egypt"—Mr. Cory-Wright—Mr. Charles Wightman—Dunrobin—The horrors of war—The Blyth parties—Mr. Bayard.

Mr. Wells of Redleaf was not only my first patron, but continued to be the most considerate of friends as long as he lived. He was also the patron of Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A., the marine-painter, and many more. Speaking strictly

by the card, however, my first actual commission came from Mr. Horsman Solly, who encouraged me, when fourteen years of age, with an order for two water-colour drawings—one of "Willesden Church," the other of "Lambeth Palace"—for which he paid me two guineas each. However small it be, the first commission is an important episode in an artist's life. It is the first lift that is so valuable. This I had from Mr. Horsman Solly, always the kindest of friends, though never a great buyer.

Although, therefore, I had sold several pictures before I knew Mr. Wells, I have ever regarded him as my first patron. He introduced me to many great collectors of modern British Art, amongst them the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Overstone, Mr. Thomas Baring, Sir Walter James, Mr. Vernon, Vice-Chancellor Wigram, Alexander Glendinning, and others.

Mr. Wells died between seven and eight years after I first became acquainted with him, and left no one to fill his place as a true friend to artists. He always had a room for me to paint in, and I have known as many as three artists painting in his house at the same time.

Mr. Sheepshanks was in my young days a great collector of modern pictures by his contemporaries. He had Landseer's fine picture of "The Highland Drovers," besides many of Mulready's, including the popular "Choosing the Wedding Gown." This

collection now belongs to the British nation. He had a beautiful house, but not adorned by a lady. An intimate friend asked him why he had never married. His answer was, "Is there a lady in the world who would care to be called Mrs. Sheepshanks?"

Mr. Thomas Baring was another great collector, who acquired my "Le Bon Curé."

Another of my pictures, called "A Wounded Soldier Returning to his Family Visited by a Sister of Charity," Mr. Wells bought on the understanding that if it went into the Royal Academy for sale, and the Marquis of Lansdowne or any other important collector wanted to purchase it, I was free to sell. By a strange coincidence the Marquis of Lansdowne fancied it, and it is now in his collection. Then dear old Wells rather regretted the loss of the picture.

A great friend of David Roberts's came several times to get me to paint him a picture. After it was all arranged as to subject—he had previously told me it was a bad thing for a young artist to open his mouth too wide—he said, "Canvas is no dear; I think ye'd better mak' it six inches lairger baith ways." I refused the commission under these new conditions, and he told David that I had treated him in a very cavalier manner. Roberts taxed me with it at a dinner-party at his son-in-law's house (Mr. Bicknell); but when I told them that "Canvas

was no dear," it created a shout of laughter at Roberts's expense.

My dear friend Sir James Wigram added my picture of "The Widow's Benefit Ball" to his collection, as well as the beautiful picture of Leslie's, "The Coach and Horses." A first-rate Webster and an Etty I remember well. I regret to say that Sir James's eyesight failed, and he told me at Brighton, where I met him, that it gave him great pleasure to hear the remarks his friends made about the pictures, and in his mind's eye he saw them again. Whenever I met him after the loss of his sight, he used invariably to say to me, "So glad to see you again, Goodall." My picture of "The Widow's Benefit Ball" was sent at his wish to the first great French International Exhibition.

F. R. Lee, R.A., once told me of an amusing incident that happened whilst he was painting a view of the village of Chiddingstone, not far from Redleaf. A very little boy came day after day to see what progress he was making, and on each occasion rattled some pence in his pockets. At last the little fellow plucked up courage to say to Lee, "I have saved up fourpence, and have got it in my pocket, and I would not mind giving it for that picture of yours." The wee chap had some of the qualifications of an art patron.

I must count Mr. Gambart, who was called "The Prince of Picture-dealers," as one of the greatest

admirers of my works. On one occasion I went over to Paris with him, and he introduced me to the chief French painters of the time. I went to Horace Vernet's studio with him, whose finest works are at Versailles. However, I saw an important work upon the easel, "High Mass in the Camp in Algiers," in which the grand hall is composed of side-drums of brass piled up in the form of a pyramid. He regretted he had not a larger work to show me. I said, "I am proud to know the painter of 'La Smala,' a very big work indeed."

"Ah," he retorted, "vous ne voyez pas grand homme, monsieur." He was small in stature, strongly built, and he raised himself on the platform of a little stove in his room, and put his shoulders back as he spoke of his diminutive size.

Gambart took me round the studios of the principal painters, beginning with Troyon, Meissonier, Édouard Frère, Müller, Ary Scheffer, Rosa Bonheur, Hébert, Leys, and many others, who all received us most cordially.

My next great patrons, not merely buyers but true lovers of my art, were Arthur Burnand and his brother Theophilus. Arthur Burnand had my more important works dating from 1858, when he became the possessor of my "Felice Ballarin reciting 'Tasso' to the People of Chioggia," of "The Arab Messenger at the Well," better known

as "A Cup of Water at the Well," 1864; of "Hagar and Ishmael," 1866, and others.

Perhaps my most attractive Scriptural picture was "Jochebed," in connection with which there was an interesting incident. I was coming away from a meeting at the Royal Academy rather late, I believe between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, in company with Mr. P. F. Poole, R.A., and we had to go in the same direction home. I told him I had to paint a nude infant in a picture I had just designed—Jochebed the mother of Moses. "I do not envy you the task," Poole said. Just as we got to Seven Dials—that once not very savoury neighbourhood abutting on Long Acre—our nearest way home, I saw a woman dancing her well-formed baby on the wet pavement to a band of music. I said to Poole, "There is the child I want."

I went up to the woman and told her that I wished to paint her baby. "I am an artist: do you understand what business that is?"

She answered, "Oh yes; I know all about artists, for my husband is a frame-maker."

I gave her half-a-crown and my address, and asked her to come to me with the baby on the following day. Before I left a crowd was gathering round me asking for half-crowns, as they all had babies.

The next day I wondered what kind of woman this mother of the child would be, as the spot in

Seven Dials was just outside a public-house. To my surprise and pleasure, I found her a decently-dressed woman, and her baby was perfect in point of form, and in respect of amiability of temper all I could wish for; he slept the greater part of the time, and never uttered a cry during the six days they were with me. I not only made a very careful drawing of the infant Moses asleep in Jochebed's arms, but two others—one for the Holy Child and the other for a subject not yet forthcoming. The child was a most lucky find. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1870.

Sir Thomas Lucas and Mr. Charles Lucas were both patrons of mine. Amongst Sir Thomas Lucas's pictures were "Moving to Fresh Pastures" and "The Palm Offering."

My next important patron, perhaps the greatest of all, was the late Mr. Thomas Blackwell, of Harrow Weald. I became acquainted with him through having bought some land in his neighbourhood from the Marquis of Abercorn. I built a house upon it called Graeme's Dyke, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., the distinguished architect. Mr. Blackwell was a real lover of art, and soon desired to possess some of my works, beginning with a very important one. I shall never forget the considerate way in which he broached the subject to his daughter-in-law, a widow, and one of his sons who resided with him at Brookshill, Harrow Weald.

He brought the lady to my studio at Graeme's Dyke, and said, "My dear, Mr. Goodall has told me that I may have the honour of hanging that picture on my walls." He then from time to time added other works, giving me many commissions. I shall relate an incident that leaves no doubt of his kindness of heart. I was painting a picture in the background of which was an old red brick wall, and I wanted some bricks covered with lichens and moss. The next day he went to Oxhey, where there were many old walls, and had a portion of the coping-wall taken down and brought to my studio, so that I might get the colour from it. His house at Harrow Weald was not built for hanging many pictures, but he soon made it so by erecting a large room, which he asked me to fill with pictures and make it a Goodall Gallery.

The principal pictures in his collection were:—"On the Road to Mecca," "Memphis," "The Water-carriers of Egypt," "Gordon's Last Messenger," "The Waif of the Village" (a woman wading through the water with a nude child upon her shoulder), "Time of the Overflow," "Highland Cattle," "Devonshire Cattle at Oxhey Place," and many more. When Mr. Blackwell died his pictures were distributed principally between his two sons—Mr. Thomas Blackwell and Mr. Samuel Blackwell—and some of his grandchildren.

In 1881 I painted "On the Road to Mecca," for

Mr. Blackwell. It was considered one of my best pictures of that time, and is now in the possession of his eldest son, Mr. Thomas Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald. I had made many sketches of the Pilgrims' route to Mecca, in company with my friend Carl Haag, and from these studies I painted my background to the figure of the man on his praying-carpet, which was spread out on a dreary spot in the desert, his camel hobbled near him. He is supposed to be repeating the passage from the Koran appropriate to the time and place.

In the following year (1882) I painted my picture of ancient Memphis, considered by many one of my best pictures, and now in the collection of Mr. Samuel Blackwell at Harrow Weald. I hope I may be pardoned if I repeat myself occasionally, but it may be useful to fix details in the minds of those especially who may not have seen the originals. In this picture, then, it may be seen that I introduced several sacred ibises, one perched on the statue of Rameses II., lying face downwards in the mud. I also introduced the cobra and, standing on one of the gigantic stones that are left of the great Temple's foundations, a Bedouin who has just driven some buffaloes down to drink from the water where the prostrate figure lies.

But my own favourite pictures up to this time were:—"The New Light in the Harem," and "The Flight into Egypt," both painted

and exhibited in the Royal Academy during the same season.

Then came "The Spirit of the Dove," in the possession of Frederick Gordon, of Bentley Priory, Stanmore; and the same year I made my studies for "Gordon's Last Messenger." The Arab, riding his camel at full speed across the desert, took the last message from Gordon on a piece of paper no bigger than a postage-stamp, which had been stitched up in his linen garment. He got through with it without being stopped. The scene is depicted in moonlight among the sand-hills, just as I saw them a good many years before at Ain Musa ("the Wells of Moses") with the bones of camels scattered about. A hyena stealthily skulks away as the messenger scours the sands. The bones were painted from those which I collected in the desert and brought home with me; they were bleached as white as snow by exposure to sun and wind. This picture is in the collection of Mr. Samuel Blackwell.

I commenced a sketch about this time of Gordon entering Khartum for the last time, but never finished it. Although I nearly obtained a handsome commission to paint it, the matter fell through because it was thought that public interest in Gordon would lapse after his death. This was absurd: the public interest in Gordon will never die. His career possessed those elements of

romance and mystery which impress the popular imagination. I ought to have had the courage of my convictions and gone on with the picture.

Perhaps it may be taken as a rule that an artist paints most successfully, at all events, *con amore*, subjects which have occurred to his own mind. There are exceptions, of course, and I will give an example from my own experience. The subject was given to me by Sir Joseph Montefiore. He said it was a favourite subject of his uncle Sir Moses Montefiore's, and he wondered that no English artist had ever painted it. It was David and Bathsheba.

Sir Joseph described the moment of the picture to be David hearing that Adonijah was in rebellion against him, whilst Bathsheba knelt at the foot of his couch beseeching him to keep his promise that Solomon should reign after him. David was on his death-bed, with Abishag, one of the most beautiful women to be found, ministering unto him.

After Sir Joseph had gone, I made a sketch of the subject and showed it to him the next time he came. He was so pleased with it that he gave me the commission to paint it. I began it almost immediately and had it finished in time for the Royal Academy, five months later. Sir Joseph procured the richest embroideries in gold from the Synagogue for me to paint from, and in fact helped me in every way. A short time after I began the

picture Sir Joseph had to take Lady Montefiore to the South of France for her health, but he begged my wife to write to him twice a week and let him know how the picture was going on, and what part I was working upon. Mrs. Goodall ransacked all the shops in London to obtain the exact colours and materials I wanted to paint. Sir Henry Layard's work on *Nineveh* was invaluable for details of the ivory carving for the couch and the crown. My good wife also secured a magnificent lion-skin—a wild lion-skin, not one sent from the Zoo. When the picture was finished, Sir Joseph was so delighted with it, he could not do enough to express his gratitude to my wife for the trouble she had taken, and gave her a very handsome present, a souvenir which he repeated every anniversary of the finishing of the picture. My servants, too, participated in his bounty. The picture was sent to the Royal Academy in 1888.

In the same year I received another commission from a very dear friend to paint "Christ by the Sea of Galilee" (healing the sick, lame, and blind). This patron did not desire to have his name published as the possessor, as he intended the picture to be deposited at the People's Palace (where it now is), with the idea that it might be appreciated by the poor people of the East End of London. It was a work of more than twelve months. The picture was fourteen feet long, the largest I had

ever painted, and contained twenty or more life-size figures.

In 1889 I went to Windsor Castle and painted several pictures from the North Terrace, by permission of Queen Victoria. Every attention was paid to me by the officials of the palace. While I was thus engaged I saw Francis Clark, the Highlander who succeeded John Brown, and I asked him to sit for his portrait, as I thought I should like to introduce him in the picture I was painting; but he said he could not do so without the Queen's permission. So I went to Sir Henry Ponsonby to inquire whether he could arrange it for me. As it happened, he was going to Frogmore that afternoon, and promised to mention the matter to the Queen. I was soon informed by Francis Clark that he could sit to me; "but," he added, "I am going off with the Royal party to Balmoral, and can only sit to you to-day."

I was disappointed, and hoped to get another sitting.

"Well, it will have to be very early in the morning; at six o'clock." And he did sit to me at six o'clock.

A short time after this Francis Clark died, and the Queen graciously accepted the sketch I made of him, and expressed a wish to hear all the details of how and where I painted him. Her Majesty was greatly pleased, and sent me an engraving of herself,

with her signature upon it. The Queen acquired the two original pictures painted from the North Terrace—one looking up the Thames, and the other looking towards Eton College.

In 1889 I made a new departure. I abandoned Egyptian and Scriptural subjects for a season, and found refreshment in landscape. The subject was a distant view of Harrow Weald, one of the most extensive views in Middlesex, embracing in the foreground many well-known spots, and in the distance Windsor Castle, the Hog's Back, and Epsom Downs. Recognising the spaciousness of the subject, naturally I selected a spacious canvas eight feet long.

My friend Mr. Samuel Blackwell erected a water-tight studio for me, and his flock of sheep were driven to the spot for me to paint from. Of course, I introduced a portrait of the shepherd. When the picture was finished it was announced that it would be on view in this field to all who chose to come and see it. The Sunday after this had been published a tremendous crowd of men, women, children, and babies in perambulators arrived to have a look at the picture. Such excitement in Harrow had never been known before. The shepherd was on the spot, too; he could see nothing in the picture but his own portrait, upon which his eyes were always fixed. It was a curious scene.

The next picture I painted, as soon as the "Harrow on the Hill" was finished, was "The Old Home," or rather "The Day of Rest at the Old Home"—the quaint old house in which Mr. Thomas Blackwell, the founder of the famous business in Soho, was born. The kiln and all the picturesque surroundings made it an attractive subject. In this old rambling building the children of several generations have played at hide-and-seek, in which my children, too, have joined. The horse in the foreground of the picture had done good service at Soho Square, and was sent down to Harrow to end his days in peace on the grass. It is a delightful old place, and I hope many years will pass before any change is made for more modern buildings. It is the only countrified spot that I know of so near London. Harry Quilter wrote a charming article upon it when my picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1889.

The old-fashioned garden attached to the old home might date from the time of the Vicar of Wakefield. Several members of the old family have passed away within the last twenty years. They used to relate anecdotes of their past. The grandmother of the present generation remembered Daniel Dancer, the miser, and made a pencil-sketch of him while he was sheltering from a storm under a tree in front of the kiln of the house. The tree has entirely disappeared, but I remember

it as a picturesque relic, no life in it, although a considerable portion of the trunk was left standing. This same lady told me that her father remembered George III. witnessing a review upon Harrow Weald Common. They recollected Patrick Nasmyth, the celebrated landscape-painter, coming to make a sketch of the sheep-washing pool at the top of the hill, with a distant view of the spire of Harrow Church. This little picture is still in the family. An uncle of the present generation recalled Dr. Munro, the friend of Turner, who lived at Bushey.

Turner, it was said, came down frequently to Harrow Weald to make sketches in the vicinity, and study skies. The ground in the neighbourhood of the kiln is on a level with the cross of St. Paul's, so you can imagine it is a wonderful place for skies.

Although the Blackwells were great admirers of my work, there were other houses in the neighbourhood with favourable specimens, if I may say so. Mr. Frederick Gordon, now the owner of Bentley Priory, has several, the most important being "The Spirit of the Dove." Mrs. Goodall, on her way to Harrow one day, met Mrs. Frederick Gordon in the train. Mrs. Gordon asked her where "The Spirit of the Dove" was, at the same time adding, "My husband has promised me some diamonds; but I would much rather have 'The Spirit of the Dove' than any diamonds." This was a delightful com-

pliment; and I soon had a letter from Mr. Gordon saying that he would have the picture. The dove which is painted in this subject is still alive in my studio, and quite well and in beautiful plumage. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885, so the dove must be close upon twenty years of age, and may be more.

Mr. Knox d'Arcy, of Stanmore Hall, has many of my works, the most important being "Spinners and Weavers," exhibited in 1892; also a small replica of "Mater Dolorosa."

When in Scotland in 1891 painting portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, of Dornoch Castle, I had an invitation from Lord Kenmare to go to Ireland and stay with him and paint the Lakes of Killarney; but the weather was so broken up that Mrs. Goodall, who was to accompany me, did not feel equal to the sea-voyage. Curiously enough, Sir John Aird was staying at the same hotel, and when I told him that I had had to give up my engagement in Ireland on account of the weather, he said, "Well, paint Loch Lomond instead, and I will build you a shelter," which he did, and a most comfortable painting-room it was, on the mountain-side, just above the village of Luss, overlooking the islands and straits of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes." The painting-room was as complete as it possibly could be, made in sections at the works at Helensburgh, and all screwed together on the hillside in a

few hours, with a beautiful plate-glass window, a stove, and writing-table for Mrs. Goodall—a most perfect arrangement. This picture was exhibited in 1890 at the Royal Academy, and is now in the possession of Mr. Cory-Wright, of Northwood, Highgate.

I remained six weeks at Luss, climbing the hills every day, and quite late in October it was warm enough to have tea outside the painting-room along with the ministers of the district.

This is a delightful country for the landscape-artist. It is not difficult of access, and recreation may be combined with work. Rowardennan, on the opposite shore of the lake, is the point from which the ascent of Ben Lomond is commonly made. I myself did not attempt the climb, but I am told that men and women achieve it with comparative ease, on hill-ponies if need be. Of course, one has to be prepared for climatic changes in mountainous regions, and the west of Scotland has a somewhat unenviable notoriety for being "saft." But my advice is "Tak' the risk." The scenery is indescribably beautiful, the people are unspoiled in the main, and the whole locality teems with romance and legend.

To Egypt again! In 1892 I had my picture entitled "Spinners and Weavers." The scene is laid outside a tent, a Bedouin woman and girl are spinning wool, and an old Bedouin is weaving a

rug or carpet. This picture is in the collection of Mr. Knox d'Arcy, of The Hall, Stanmore, close by many of my other pictures in the same district. To 1892 also belongs my "Sheep Shearing in Egypt," in the collection of Mr. Thomas Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald. This picture he kindly sent at my request to the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

In 1895 I painted my picture of "Laban's Pasture," which I considered one of my best works. It was purchased by Mr. Cory-Wright, and is now in his collection at Northwood. I also exhibited in the same year "Rachel and Ruth."

Once more I sought change in English landscape, and in 1896 painted "Shadows over Sea and Land, Beachy Head." Whilst making studies for it, I saw late one afternoon such a lovely effect of the sun, sending its light through some clouds, the shadow of which was cast over the sea and over the landscape, that I said to my wife, "I must try to paint that," and I set to work. Fortunately, every now and then I found at the same time of the afternoon the same kind of effect, but the wind was so high that I had the greatest difficulty in preventing my canvas from being blown away. I had a horse taken out of the carriage, and everything in it that I was using had to be tied to the carriage. Some busybody came up to me and said, "You have no right to have a carriage without a horse on the top of Beachy Head." So I wrote at

once to the Duke of Devonshire and told him the difficulty I was in. An immediate note from his Grace intimated that he had written to his agent, or steward, at Eastbourne to give me all the help he could and protection from the wind. I called upon him, and found him most agreeable and willing to do anything I wanted; but he found some difficulty in putting up a sufficiently substantial shelter for me, to keep it from being blown away. However, he did his best, and the result was the picture I exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1896. I shall never forget my painting on such a bleak spot as Beachy Head, for if there is no wind anywhere else there is always plenty of it up there.

This was the picture which had the good fortune to win the warmest approbation from Sir John Millais, not long before his last illness. Marcus Stone, as I have already noted, accompanied him round the exhibition, and he never looked at any picture until he came to this of mine. I am proud to recall that.

But in 1896 I was back again in Egypt (not in the flesh, of course) and painted a picture entitled "The Way from the Village." During the season of the overflow, when many of the villages are surrounded with water, the people have to wade habitually to the upper ground. This picture is in the collection of Mr. Charles Wightman, of Portland Place.

In the following year a gratifying compliment was paid me, for "The Ploughman and the Shepherdess," after being exhibited at the Royal Academy, was purchased by subscription and presented to the Tate Gallery. The ploughman is standing on his rug at prayer, looking towards the east, and entirely absorbed in his devotions. The time is evening, and his back is towards the setting sun. The shepherdess has driven down her flock to a pool near by, from which they are drinking after the hot day at the pastures. When the Mahommedans are at prayer they must not address any one, not even those they love. A passer-by would be considered disgraced if he spoke to his dearest friend while at prayer.

In 1898 I exhibited principally portraits—one of my daughter Rica, another of Henry Blyth, and a portrait of Sir Anderson Critchett. This last I painted at Folkestone while he was on his holidays.

The only subject-picture I had in 1899 was "On the Road to Mandalay," in illustration of Kipling's admired poem. But there were portraits of Sir James Blyth and another.

In 1900 appeared "The Market Cart," in the collection of Mr. H. J. Allcroft, of Stokesay Court, Shropshire. It was to be painted for a particular place in his house, the only space left for a good-sized picture. He invited me to come and look at

the blank on the walls where it was to be hung. To make the best of my time while I was staying there, I had a turkey put into a temporary sort of cage. I made water-colour sketches of it, and also of some of Mr. Allcroft's beautiful poultry, for the picture.

My other two pictures at the Academy in 1900 were "Wool for the Cargo Boat" and "After the Heat of the Day," a scene in Cairo near the tombs of the Caliphs.

In 1901 I was represented by "The Snake-Charmer" and a picture of the Sphinx called "The Mystery of the Past." By command of his Majesty the King, Messrs. Agnew sent "The Snake-Charmer" to Marlborough House for his Majesty's inspection. The cobra was painted from my study in Cairo of a living specimen many years before. All the musical instruments, including the Nubian harp, I had in my studio. The background is painted from my studies made in the streets of Cairo, many of them in trying circumstances, notwithstanding I had a guard to protect me, as described elsewhere. It must be more agreeable to sketch in Egypt since the British occupation, but from a picturesque point of view I should say that Cairo has not improved for the artist, though for every other class of traveller it has undoubtedly gained immensely.

A well-known buyer of pictures once wrote to me

wishing me to undertake to paint him a picture—a Scriptural subject,—giving me the size, and the price to be two thousand guineas. I happened at the time to be much occupied with some important works which prevented me, notwithstanding the tempting offer, from undertaking it immediately. He had sent me a retaining fee of five hundred guineas, which I felt I ought not to keep; so I returned it to him, and promised that when I was free to begin his commission I would do so. As it happened, however, I was occupied for several years, and this commission never bore fruit.

Another curious incident connected with a commission was the arrival of many tons of coal, my patron being a great coal-owner. The coal sent was to seal the bargain, and I had the pleasure of carrying out the contract. He is since dead, and his collection, which was a very fine one, dispersed.

Another commission was from a peer who had, as I have already related, discovered walled up in his cellar a quantity of old port, which he sold so well that he could afford to buy one of my pictures.

Another came from a wealthy mine-owner in South Africa, who spared a portion of his gains to purchase some of my Egyptian works.

And now having told of some of my gains, I must go into the reverse and relate some losses, not in speculation, but through fire.

One took place at Graeme's Dyke in the house

that Norman Shaw built for me, which now belongs to Mr. W. S. Gilbert. It occurred in the most mysterious manner; the fact is that the fire came right through the walls of one room into another, being caused by a pointed wedge of wood that was driven into the wall so far as to penetrate almost to the fire-grate in the next room. There happened to be an unusually large fire for the purpose of keeping my daughter warm, who was then but a child and suffering from a severe cold. This pointed piece of wood eventually began to smoulder, and I noticed a smell of burnt wood and smoke in the room next to it, but this did not surprise me, as we burnt logs of wood in almost every grate. But the wedge at length caught alight and communicated with the skirting of the room where the fire broke out, when a servant came to my studio with an alarmed expression on her face telling me that the house was in flames, which I found was only too true. The flame came through a fine oak sideboard, with apparently no cause of how it got there, and just touched a picture of mine that was hanging over the sideboard. My gardener happened to be in the house at the time, and had the presence of mind to seize hold of a bucket of water that was in the pantry and throw it over the picture. Further help came, and part of the picture was saved—the figure of my daughter Rica. "The bucket of water," as the gardener said, "saved Miss Rica."

The picture was "Palm Sunday," with the portrait of Mrs. Goodall and my daughter, then about three years of age, seated on a cushion in a bay, or rather oriel window. Her mother was represented as explaining the willow-blossom, which is used as the emblem of power. It was a picture that attracted a good deal of attention when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Mrs. Goodall in the picture was burnt irreparably. She was dressed in black—there was a great amount of varnish used with the black—and the flames got hold of it immediately, apparently with delight, and frizzled it all up. I regretted the loss of this picture very much; it had been a true labour of love to paint.

I remember perfectly well Watts came up to me at the Royal Academy and complimented me very highly upon it, and added "that he should like to know them"—meaning the two sitters. This was the only picture of mine that Watts took particular notice of, and as I had a great admiration for his work, I valued his opinion on that score highly. Indeed it was a great sorrow to lose the picture; there were most pleasant associations connected with it.

In the oak sideboard there were a number of interesting engravings, and some touched proofs by Rosa Bonheur, and many of them that were not burnt were injured by smoke, staining them

dreadfully. In the room where the fire broke out there were many fine specimens of Nanking blue-and-white, which fortunately were not injured in the least; these stood mostly on brackets and in cabinets. Some years after this I sold my collection of blue-and-white.

I was once lunching with Mr. Montague, and happened to notice in niches of his sideboard two very fine blue-and-white beakers of large size.

"Those are very fine."

"Yes," he answered; "I bought them at a sale of an artist's collection at Christie's."

"Would you mind if I examined them more closely?"

"Do so, by all means."

Then I found my initials pasted on the bottom of each of the beakers.

Another fire took place in my London house, and on that occasion I very nearly lost the picture I was painting for the Royal Academy. I called it "Misery and Mercy," the one that Colonel North bought of me at a supper given by Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre, as already described. It was then in a half-finished state, and had it not been for Mrs. Goodall's courage and energy in directing the servants what to do, the large room, which was then full of smoke, would have been completely burnt out. One of the servants went

on her knees and crawled on the floor to a French window, which she opened, and then my wife helped to carry the picture into the garden. Of all this I knew nothing until I returned home, for I had been to the National Gallery in company with the Old Masters. When I got to the house I saw, to my astonishment, a number of firemen in the front garden, and the room I had been painting in during the early part of the day filled with firemen in their helmets, and the place deluged with water.

A grand piano had been in flames, and hanging over it was my large picture, "The Flight into Egypt," which fortunately was saved by my kind neighbours, the Lumleys, who threw over it buckets of water. But the laying-in of a head, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was blistered all over and ruined. The insurance folk had it taken to an expert, who said it was none the worse for the blisters, which could be pressed down and touched up. I would not hear of such preposterous talk.

The grand piano was restored as far as the makers could do so, and there it is to this day, still a fine instrument, and yielding good music under the touch of a musician. On this piano, Beatty Kingston used to charm me and my wife by the hour together; he had a true soul for music. In early times he had played to Mendelssohn.

After the fire he often played upon it, and pronounced it to be still an excellent instrument.

Another fire took place in this same house, but it was at the top of the house—we have telegraphic communication with the Fire Station—and it was put out before the engines came. It commenced in the same way as so many fires do: by airing linen in front of a fire. There had been an unusually large fire that evening, and as the grate was very imperfectly set, the fire soon found out its deficiencies, and caught the lath and plaster work of the wall. As soon as the fireman arrived —he fortunately had his hatchet with him, as I suppose they always have—he cut a hole, which created a draught, and the smoke and fire came through; and then he poured buckets of water upon it. There was nothing of great value burnt, but of course much damage was done by the water.

Mr. Cory-Wright, at his house called Northwood, in Highgate, has a great collection of pictures, and amongst them two important works by Leader, and many of my very finest works, "Laban's Pasture," the "Gilded Cage," "The Isles of Loch Lomond," which latter is unfortunately not in a very favourable light. The other two pictures are beautifully placed and lighted.

My good friend Mr. Wightman has moved to a house in Portland Place, which is adorned with

some of the most beautiful marble mantelpieces of the Adams' period. It is an admirably-lighted house, and he has given my picture of "The Ford from the Village" an excellent position for light and every other respect. I am proud to say he has added another picture of mine to his collection.

When staying once at Dunrobin Castle along with Mrs. Goodall the late Duke of Sutherland asked me to go into his writing-room, as he thought that I would be interested in seeing the drawings made by his grandmother. I was amazed at their great artistic power: they looked as if she might have been a pupil of De Wint. Her water-colours were most admirable. The drawings by this lady occupied me the whole of the morning, the Duke himself being delighted at the interest I took in them.

After luncheon I walked with his Grace through an avenue of fine old Scots pines, and I asked him what age they were.

"Well," he said, "they were planted by the lady whose drawings you have been looking at this morning—my grandmother."

He spoke to me about the different artists for whom he had a great admiration. Landseer's work he admired, but he had no picture by him, to his deep regret. There were several by Lawrence, and he said, "When next you come to Stafford House I must show you the portrait by Lawrence

of my mother." There had been a big shooting-party, or rather deer-stalking, for he took me in to see some grand stags that had been shot; they were hanging up in what he called his "butcher's shop."

I remember many years before having been introduced to his Grace by the Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company. He had been asked to take the chair at a dinner in honour of De Lesseps. During dinner we were all grieved to hear that there was a possibility of war between France and Germany, for the people in Paris—so the news came—were parading the streets, calling out, "À Berlin!" And it was not long after this that the war actually began.

In the month of September of that same year I was on my way to Egypt, and had to pass through Germany, and there, for the first time in my life, I witnessed the horrors of war—train-loads of wounded soldiers, train-loads of prisoners. At one station I saw a French soldier in the waiting-room attended by a Sister of Charity, giving up his last breath, a crowd watching him. And when we came to Darmstadt a train was expected full of French prisoners of war, and I stopped and saw the preparations for refreshing the prisoners—cans of water and baskets of bread. Soldiers were placed a few yards apart all along the line, and I could not help being surprised at the hearty laughs in

which some of these captives were indulging, and at their making fun of the refreshments. I must say they all looked as though they did not care much about being prisoners of war. At the hotel, several French officers were living on parole, looking very miserable. There was a *fête* going on in the town and all kinds of amusements, and the German soldiers who were wounded were being wheeled about on invalid beds to see the fun of the fair. A very curious sight, and to them a most amusing one, was the making game of the French soldiers. Amongst the crowd were several tall French artillerymen on parole, who did not seem particularly amused at the ridiculing of their own comrades.

There were real art patrons in those days, and even since then, and some up to the present time. I need only recall the many whose names have already adorned these pages, such as the late Mr. Thomas Blackwell, and his two sons, Mr. Thomas and Mr. S. J. Blackwell, Mr. Knox d'Arcy, Mr. MacCulloch, Mr. Cory-Wright, Mr. Wightman, Sir Frederick Mappin and the late Mr. John Newton Mappin, the late Mr. Grant Morris, Mr. Wernher, Mr. H. J. Allcroft, Mr. Frederick Gordon, Mr. Sternberg, Mr. Woolf Harris, and her Grace, May Duchess of Sutherland.

The annual dinner-parties which were given by

Mr. Henry Blyth were an event of the art year. At the table were usually seated sixty guests, including most of the Royal Academicians. After one dinner the Duke of Cambridge asked me to sit near him to talk about Egypt. "It is a country," added His Royal Highness, "of which I am very fond," and he complimented me on having caught in my representations of it the atmosphere and scenery. It was at these dinner-parties I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of that delightful American, Ambassador Bayard.

I met him on another occasion at a luncheon-party at Sir James Blyth's, at Stanstead, where a large party had assembled to see the farm and stock—the beautiful dairy, the process of butter-making, and Sir James's magnificent herd of Alderney cows, over thirty in number, all perfect specimens, besides cart horses and sheep. At the luncheon-table I had the good fortune to sit beside a charming lady, with Mr. Bayard sitting opposite to me, and I could not help remarking to the lady, "What a beautiful head Mr. Bayard has!"

To my surprise she did not echo the sentiment. So I asked, "Don't you think so?"

"I have every reason for thinking so, for he is my father."

CHAPTER X.

LORD LEIGHTON OF STRETTON.

My first introduction to Fred Leighton—S. C. Hall's prophecy—Leighton's accomplishments—Remarkable oratory—His manifest destiny—His mansion in Holland Park Road—A page of the *Arabian Nights*—His last reception by the students—The election of President of the Royal Academy—His peerage—Last illness and death—The lying-in-state—Buried in St. Paul's—Unveiling of the memorial—Sir Edward Poynter's appreciation.

My acquaintance with Lord Leighton began when he was about sixteen years of age. He was brought to my father's studio and introduced to us both by Mr. Samuel Carter Hall. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Hall whispered to me that he "would one day be President of the Royal Academy." Young Leighton's appearance was most attractive in consequence of his remarkable beauty. His accomplishments were far beyond his years, which one could tell from his conversation and his rare endowment of speech. He was in every respect a most prepossessing youth.

The next time I saw him was at a dinner-party, where I sat next to Alfred Elmore, with young

Leighton opposite, and the favourable impression already created was more than confirmed. Shortly afterwards I met him at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the occasion of the anniversary dinner on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund. Young as he was, he was called upon to reply to a toast, and showed, even at that age, a fluency of speech that astounded every one. There was a prolonged burst of applause when he finished. This fine oratorical display revealed another side of his genius, of which I was afterwards to witness many exemplifications. Bearing in mind some of the qualifications usually looked for in a President of the Royal Academy—quite apart, I mean, from his gifts as a painter—it scarcely struck me as surprising that it became "the thing" to predict with easy confidence that young Fred Leighton's manifest destiny would place him at the head of the Academy, and these forecasts were made even before he had joined the ranks of the select.

As soon as he was elected an Associate of the Academy he began his duties as Visitor to the Schools, and took the greatest possible interest in those students who were far enough advanced to benefit by his sound advice; and when he became full Academician and Member of the Council his worth was speedily apparent.

After he became President, he set an evening apart to entertain once a year, at his house in

Holland Park Road, the members of the Royal Academy, beginning, naturally, with the senior members. When he was at his post as President he was always extremely dignified; but as host in his own house he was most genial, all reserve being thrown off. After dinner we used to adjourn to the beautiful Oriental vestibule, with the walls covered with the most valuable Persian plaques and tiles, a lovely marble in the centre, with the fountain playing—the whole scene suggesting a bit of the *Arabian Nights*. Then later in the evening he took us to his studio, and showed his works in progress for the next Academy.

On the last occasion when he distributed the prizes to the students of the Academy Schools, he was suffering the acutest agony, which he relieved from time to time by inhalations. During the interval he begged to be left alone. When he took his place on the raised platform, followed by the members, there was such a burst of applause and clamour as I think can never have been heard in the Academy before.

When the prize distribution was over, we all had to adjourn to the Council-room to re-elect our President, in accordance with the annual custom of the Royal Academy. This is the *routine* of that function. The then President—Lord Leighton on this occasion—has to take off his badge of office and retire to another room, when the re-election com-

mences. A slip of paper is handed to each member to place any name he likes upon it. This done, the Keeper, who occupies the Presidential chair in the meanwhile, reads them out aloud. Of course, every name written was "Leighton." He was called in to take his place again in the chair, which I have always understood is the one used since the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Shortly after his promotion to "another place," I met Lord Leighton at a private view of Old Masters in the first week in January. Mrs. Goodall, who was with me at the time, says that she will never forget his reply to our congratulations on his being made a peer.

"My dear Goodall," he said, "I do not look upon it as an honour to myself so much as to my brother Academicians. We are all peers now."

The next news that came to us was a shock: it was about the health of the President. In the morning he had set his palette and began to work upon his picture as usual, which was to be his last, when cruel spasms set in. In two or three days the climax was reached and the great painter was no more. His lying-in-state in his own painting-room was an ever-memorable scene, his unfinished work placed around. On the morning of the funeral, and during the lying-in-state at Burlington House, the wreaths were artistically arranged round the coffin, which was covered with a rich piece of

golden embroidery, and at the head was placed Brock's fine bust of the departed master.

At the funeral I rode in the carriage with Sir John Millais, as I had done some years before at Sir Edwin Landseer's funeral. When we arrived at the central porch of St. Paul's Cathedral the voices of the choristers began to the accompaniment of the organ, and we passed up the aisle through the double line of the Artists' Corps of Volunteers, of which Leighton was the Colonel. They were perfectly motionless with bowed heads and reversed arms, and their grey uniforms made it a most impressive scene. At the grave stood Sir John Millais, who held the Queen's wreath for a short time over the grave in the crypt, as if he hardly liked to part with it, and dropped it on to the coffin below, and then all was over.

No more fitting tribute could be paid to the memory of our great President than the one I am about to quote by the present President, Sir Edward Poynter, who, accompanied by Lady Poynter, unveiled the memorial which has been erected in St. Paul's by the friends and admirers of Lord Leighton. Placed in the nave, under the shadow of the marble tablet to the soldiers who fell in the Crimea, the memorial is an impressive and beautiful addition to the glories of the Cathedral. It is the work of Mr. T. Brock, R.A., and consists of a bronze sarcophagus, on which is placed a recumbent figure of

Lord Leighton. The sarcophagus stands on a pedestal of white and green cipolino, the front of which bears a brief inscription, and the back a shield with the arms of the late President. At each end is a female figure in bronze, one representing Sculpture and the other Painting. Sculpture holds in her hand a small reproduction of Lord Leighton's statuette "The Sluggard." The base is of polished black marble. A short dedicatory service was conducted by the Dean, and Sir Edward Poynter, in committing the memorial to the care of the Dean and Chapter, delivered the following Address:—

"I am permitted by the Dean to say a few words in memory of the great artist and beloved President of our Royal Academy, on the occasion of the uncovering for the first time of the beautiful monument which the enthusiasm of his friends and admirers has erected to his memory. That the monument has taken so important a form as you will presently see, is due greatly to the interest which his Majesty the King took in the project from the very first. Entering most warmly into the movement, his Majesty, at that time Prince of Wales, with a generous appreciation of the great qualities and character of Lord Leighton, took upon himself the Presidency of the Committee for organising the memorial and deciding what form it should take. By the liberal contribution in money with which he

headed the subscriptions at the first meeting held at Marlborough House, he set an example which was eagerly followed, with the result that it became possible to dignify our President's memory with a work of art adequate in skill and in other respects worthy of so great an artist and so distinguished a man. I am commanded by his Majesty to give expression to the interest with which he has watched the progress of the work, and with which he now views the fulfilment of the task which, as President of the Committee, he inaugurated, out of his high regard for one whose talents he held in such high esteem, and for whom personally he had a warm affection. It is in his Majesty's name that I now unveil this lasting memorial to Lord Leighton's fame.

"We are happy to think, and I am sure every one present will agree with me, that the monument which you now see before you, and which by permission of the Dean and Chapter occupies this important position, is one which cannot but add a lustre to the memory of the illustrious artist whom it commemorates. It will stand for all time in this glorious cathedral as worthy of its surroundings, and as a proud example of what English art can achieve. Mr. Brock, to whose genius this consummate work is due, was intimately associated with Lord Leighton, and his work has been a work of love. Besides affording a lasting source of pleasure and admiration as a production of the finest art, it presents to the

world a record of the man in a portrait, which I may venture to say has never been surpassed for vivid resemblance, for beauty of expression, and for tenderness of feeling. Mr. Brock has spared no time, trouble, or cost to perfect the work beyond what was provided by the limits of the funds subscribed, and I think it would be found if the truth could be known, that in his disinterested desire to honour his departed friend, Mr. Brock has been the largest contributor of all.

"I remember that even in the very beginning of Leighton's career, at the time when I first knew him in Rome, when he was only twenty-three years old, and was beginning that picture of 'Cimabue' by which he sprang at once into fame, we used to call him an 'Admirable Crichton' from the variety of his accomplishments, and the perfection to which he brought everything that he undertook. Young, handsome, and fair, full of life and energy and buoyancy of spirits that I never saw equalled, he seemed born for a life of enjoyment, and his brilliant gifts appeared only a part of the general exuberance of his nature. But underneath his joyous light-heartedness lay a passionate love of his Art, with a depth of perseverance and patient determination to assail and to attain to the highest mastery in its practice, which was the basis for his soaring aspirations. And this was the more remarkable because the usual stimulus of necessity was wanting. He had

means which would have enabled him to live a life of ease, in which his art might have taken a secondary place as merely one out of many brilliant accomplishments. The difficulty was one which might have paralysed serious endeavour in a nature less bent on excellence. He had, moreover, the wisdom to wait until years of assiduous study had made him sure of his mould; so that it was as no crude beginner induced to display his talents, but as an accomplished artist that he took the world by surprise.

"When a youth of twenty-five he exhibited that first great work, which was as successful as it was ambitious in aim, and it was brought into special prominence by being bought by her Majesty Queen Victoria. I was in the happy position to witness the beginning and progress of this work, for with that generosity to beginners for which he was conspicuous throughout his whole life he invited me to his studio, and allowed me to spend day after day with him, drawing from his models and watching his method of work, an invaluable and never-to-be-forgotten guidance and example to me for all my life. This was but the first instance of that inexhaustible kindness which he never failed to show to all young students who went to him for advice and assistance in their studies, and which can be testified by many who have since made a name for themselves.

Leighton's Versatility

"It would be impossible to convey to those who did not know him any adequate idea of Lord Leighton's many-sided nature or achievements. I only touch on his love for the kindred art of music, because he made it a source of so much pleasure to his friends. His gift of languages was celebrated: he spoke most European languages as freely as his own, and in his own he was an acknowledged master. In his public speeches especially, he entranced every one by the purity and elegance of his diction, and the easy flow of his style. Cosmopolitan as he was by his education and early surroundings, and his wonderful linguistic achievements which made him everywhere at home, if he had a passion which rivalled that of his art, it was the love of his own country, and his high ideal of the duties of a citizen.

"It is well known to many how he threw himself into the volunteer movement at its inception, and was with others a leading cause of its success, and how to the efficiency of the corps which he was mainly instrumental in forming, he devoted himself with an ardour as great as if it had been the business of his life. In all these matters his brilliant natural gifts and ambition to excel were no doubt an advantage which he possessed beyond the ordinary, but it is not to be supposed that to these qualities alone was due the exceptional position to which he attained.

"I do not know that Leighton loved pleasure less

or work more than most men, but he had his guiding principle from the beginning to the end of his illustrious career: a fixed determination to do to the utmost what he conceived to be his duty, which, as he conceived it, lay in the commission of a thousand obligations beyond what the exercise of his art laid upon him in the first place. No care for self, no thought of either pleasure or gain disturbed him from his high ideal needed in the conception of his duties. He was chivalrous almost to excess, and would freely give to public objects, and to the honour and advancement of his art, and to his beloved Academy, time and work for which he might with propriety have been liberally compensated. He was indeed generous and liberal to an extent that made serious inroads upon his income, and cases of individual distress found him always open-handed to public demands. No one will ever know how largely and freely he gave privately of his means, and crowded as his life was beyond that of most busy men, he always found time to listen to a friend, or help a beginner, or relieve affliction. I may cite as merely one example of his public spirit and generosity in these respects, the beautiful monument close to which we now stand. In his desire to do justice to the great work of Alfred Stevens, and to the hero whom it commemorates, he guaranteed the cost of its removal from the obscure place where it was first erected to its original distant position under

the arch of this nave; and the sum required falling far short of the subscriptions given, he defrayed it from his own purse.

"Gifts and qualities such as these pointed long beforehand to the place which he must ultimately occupy, and when the time came it was by the unanimous vote of his colleagues that he was chosen President of the Royal Academy, and it is in that capacity that he is best known in later years. The brilliancy and energy of his career in that responsible position are within the memory of all. If he was successful in raising the Royal Academy to a higher place in the estimation of the public than it had ever occupied, it was because in his mind the interests of the Academy and the interests of the higher arts were identical, and because he illustrated this view in his own person by his own devoted and noble example, and by his exalted aims in the practice of his own art.

"To what perfection of accomplishment, of beauty of form and colour, of lofty design and exquisiteness of rendering this practice had attained, no one I believe had a full idea until after his death, when his life's work was united in one collection on the walls which he had so continuously adorned. It came I know as a surprise to me, who had had the advantage of following his career from the first touch which I saw put on his first picture, to the last work which he left in glorious incompleteness, that picture of

'Clytie,' where the flame-setting sun seemed symbolic of his own departing career.

"Constant and incessant energy such as his, if it brought with it a splendid reward in the esteem and admiration of his colleagues, his friends and the public, brought with it also its sacrifice, for no one could doubt that his life was shortened by the excess of his energy and his determination to abate nothing of the practice of his art, in face of the hundred other occupations which his position of President entailed. He died, if one may say so, in the plenitude of his health and vigour, working with more than his normal brilliancy till the last moment, when the spasms seized him which brought on the end. Those who witnessed the prolonged and painful struggles of that end, say that his courage and his sweetness and his cheerfulness never deserted him. He was as unselfish in his death as always throughout the course of his life.

"In Lord Leighton's memory I commit this work to the charge of the Dean and Chapter of this Cathedral."

I have ventured to reproduce Sir Edward Poynter's dignified tribute *in extenso*, with his permission, because it expresses in more adequate phrases than I can pretend to my sentiments about my late chief, who was alike the pride and the glory of the great institution which he served so loyally, and which he loved with such steadfast devotion.

Photo[illegible]

Frederick Downer & Sons, Watford.

FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME FINE OLD STAGERS.

A.R.A.—Stanfield brings the news to my father—My election picture—Stanfield's kindness to me—Macrone the publisher—Anecdotes of Wilkie—Stanfield's funeral—Sir Francis Grant's strange narrow-mindedness—Hepworth Dixon—R.A.—My promotion picture—An amiable delusion—Mulready's death—David Roberts in Edinburgh—His fondness for the Scottish accent—Two great scene-painters—Roberts on pre-Raphaelitism—A trip to Tring—A paper-stainer—Roberts's paintings of architecture—Harrison Ainsworth—Daniel Maclise—No feeling for Turner—Claims to be of Scottish descent—"The Death of Nelson"—Fine draughtsman—Etty's *oie*—A painful tragedy.

In 1852 I was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and Stanfield was so delighted that he called at my father's house on his way home, knocked him up, for it was very late and he had gone to bed.

"Fred's in."

My father, in his nightgown at the window, bawled, "Fred's in! What do you mean?"

"Why," he said, "we have just elected him an Associate of the Royal Academy."

"All right; I'll come down as quick as I can, for we must have a drink."

How is it that when anything out of the common takes place, an Englishman's first impulse is "to have a drink"? The habit seems ingrained, for it is as customary in these opening years of the twentieth century as it was when I was a boy in my teens.

Stanfield wanted to come on to my house and knock me up, but my father persuaded him not to. "I shall tell him about the election to-morrow morning."

Of course, when my father came the next morning, my delight may more easily be imagined than described. The picture that secured my election was "Raising the May-pole" at the return of Charles II. As far as I can recollect, there were a hundred figures in it. I believe it was one of the most popular pictures I ever painted.

Stanfield was closely associated with a little incident of my very early life—my fifteenth year, for I had the pleasure of knowing him when I was a boy. He had such an opinion of my sketches that, when he heard that a wealthy Polish gentleman wanted a young artist to accompany him to Scotland to make sketches for him, he thought of me immediately, and gave me a letter to Sir Charles Eastlake, who knew the Pole well. I called at the hotel where my future patron stayed, my heart bounding with joy, only to learn that that very morning he had already engaged a young artist.

I could scarcely help sobbing even in his presence, and I really had a good cry on my way home. Stanfield had asked me to call and tell him the result. I suppose he saw tears in my eyes, and when I told him tears came into his own.

"Never mind, Fred; there's something better in store for you than that, don't be down-hearted."

But it took me a long time to recover the disappointment.

My father was on such very intimate terms of friendship with Macrone the publisher, of St. James's Square, that the latter used to send him proofs of "Sketches by Boz" before the book was printed; they were afterwards forwarded to Stanfield, who read them with the greatest delight. At that time he was unacquainted with Dickens, although afterwards he became one of his closest friends.

On one of the touching-days at the Royal Academy, Stanfield asked Wilkie what his picture wanted.

"Weel," said Wilkie, "it wants dirrt; it's ower clean."

Stanfield was horrified at the idea of putting *dirrt* on one of his brightly-painted pictures. If I remember rightly this was one of his Swiss Lake scenes.

The members of the Hanging Committee usually

lunch together in the middle of the day, but on one occasion Wilkie did not join them. When they returned from the luncheon-table they found all his Scottish friends hung in splendid places. One of the members of the Academy thereupon remarked, "Dear me, there's all 'Scotland Yard' here."

Edward Cooke, Maclise, and myself were the only artists at Stanfield's funeral. But his friend Dickens—who never got over the loss of "Stanny" —was there, and I was in the same carriage with him when we drove to the cemetery after service, which was held at a Roman Catholic Chapel. Sir Francis Grant, I remember, would not enter, which shocked me greatly. Dickens said to me as we rode to the burial-ground that it was not an impressive service, and that the only touching part of it was when his son George sobbed and shook all over with excitement and grief as he looked towards the altar and kissed the coffin. Maclise felt the death of his old friend most keenly.

What trivial things arrest attention, even on solemn occasions! At another funeral my companion in the carriage was Hepworth Dixon. As we passed along, a weather-cock caught his eye, with the compass-points duly marked. "Did you ever notice," he said, "that the compass letters spell NEWS?"

Dickens, Stanfield, Maclise, and Macready were the greatest of chums, and often took short excursions together to different parts of the country. They were all interested in the stage. Dickens, I need not remind the reader, had great dramatic power, and what the Theatre lost in him the Novel gained. But he, Stanfield the scene-painter, Macready the illustrious, and Maclise have all joined the great majority.

To my picture of the "Palm Offering," from one of my studies made in Egypt, representing an Arab carrying a nude infant on her shoulder, and in her hand a palm branch, which she intended to put upon the grave of her husband, I believe I owed my promotion to full membership of the Royal Academy in 1863. It was the custom after being elected to go round all the members of the Royal Academy and pay them the compliment of supposing that every one had assisted in one's advancement. As a matter of fact this is an amiable fiction, for there is always a difference of opinion.

After thanking Creswick, the landscape-painter, I told him I was going to call upon Mulready.

"Don't you know that Mulready died last night, immediately after he got home from the Royal Academy?"

I was so shocked that I could only mutter that I was not aware of it.

"Ah!" he answered, "it's only too true. We came home from the Academy in a cab together, and when we parted he seemed very well." He told Creswick in the cab that he had voted for me, and this has always been one of my most cherished memories.

David Roberts, who gave me several letters of introduction when I first went to Egypt, used to tell the anecdote which I am about to relate with the greatest gusto and in the broadest Scottish accent, which I believe he cultivated. It was soon after his return from Egypt and the Holy Land. A public dinner was arranged by his fellow-townspeople of Edinburgh in his honour. On the morning of the dinner, he thought he would like to make a sketch of the old castle, from the Grass Market—a favourite subject with many painters. The castle remains proud and regal as ever, but the street has been stripped of much of its picturesqueness, from the artist's point of view, by the demolition of many a quaint building. Roberts placed himself against the door of a shop and a crowd began to assemble. Thereupon the owner of the premises came out, and told David Roberts in a very angry tone that he "maun gang awa'." The tradesman went on to protest against a "parcel of idle fellows scartin' on pieces of paper." Then he repeated his kindly "Be aff, or I'll throw a pail o' water ower ye."

When Roberts came to reply to the toast of the "Health of Wandering Davie," though it was rather "Davie Returned," the incident of the morning recurred to him. When he repeated the story of his adventure, there was a commotion and a general cry arose of "Name! Name!" Condign punishment was in store for the shopkeeper. One said "It must be Jock this," another opined "It was Sandy that," but Roberts begged that the incident "might be buried in oblivion," though I think it too good to be left unrecorded.

I was once with David Roberts at one of the great International Exhibitions in Paris. He never cared in the slightest degree to learn the proper pronunciation of the names of the French artists, but always pronounced them just as they were spelt in English.

"Weel, Frederick, what d'ye think o' Decamp?"

"Oh, I am perfectly delighted with his powerful work."

"Weel," said Roberts, "in my opinion it is too forced. It's just like a man bouncing through a trap-door on the stage, and firing off a pistol in your face."

His imagery, it will be seen, was borrowed from the theatre. For many years he had been scene-painter at Covent Garden, while Stanfield held the same position at Drury Lane. The latter was so generally identified with his then calling that, when

he exhibited an easel picture, a favourite remark in those days was, that "Stanfield, the scene-painter of Drury Lane, has perpetrated another easel picture." But he lived it down, and became one of the most popular and most distinguished artists of the day, patronised by all the greatest collectors.

At the Royal Academy Exhibitions of times past, David Roberts was ever prominently represented with his fine pictures of the interiors of celebrated churches and cathedrals, amongst them a very magnificent one of "The Cathedral of Vienna," "St. Mark's at Venice," "Giovanni e Paolo," and, last but not least, "St. Peter's at Rome." He was the greatest architectural painter of my time, as Stanfield was the finest marine painter, always excepting Turner.

Stanfield, when he was painting against time for the pantomimes, used to work at a stretch for forty-eight hours. The pantomime in those days was preceded by a moving panorama—at Drury Lane by Stanfield, and at Covent Garden by Roberts. Stanfield's most popular one represented a trip from London Bridge down the Thames to the Nore, and then on to Portsmouth, then by the Biscay to Gibraltar and Malta, calling at Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar Bay and other noted spots on the way. Another panorama took the spectator from the Thames to Calais, and then up the Rhine to Switzerland.

A Favourite Excursion

Stanfield, like Roberts, was a near neighbour of ours, and came constantly to Grove Cottage along with his good lady, to play their favourite game of *vingt-et-un*. When I had some pretensions of being a painter he always called to see my pictures in progress, and kindly helped me with his sound advice.

My father was constantly employed in engraving some of his pictures; and so it was with David Roberts, who gave me most admirable counsel about art, or about my painting. I have never forgotten what he said at the time when Ruskin was urging young artists to paint grass, and opening flowers, and the pebbles on the sea-shore. His words were engraven upon my heart. In his broadest Scots he declared, "It is to me a maist melancholy thing to see a young artist fancying he is makin' himself a penter by sitting for sax months in front o' a grozet (gooseberry) buss."

When the London and North-Western Railway was finished as far as Tring, it was a favourite excursion for Londoners to go there. My father made up a small party, including David Roberts and his beautiful daughter, and Thomas Campbell. The poet was greatly interested in seeing a locomotive for the first time in his life. He likened it to a "monster in agony," while it was panting and groaning at Euston Station. They also met Mr. Franks of the British Museum, who asked per-

mission to join the party. I rather think Christine Roberts was the attraction there, for he said to Campbell a little time afterwards, "Is she not beautiful?" Campbell's answer was, "She is more than beautiful; she has a sunny face." Mr. Franks asked the poet, "What is Mr. Roberts's profession?" His answer was, "A paper-stainer." Campbell called frequently at Grove Cottage, my father's house, while engravings were in progress from Turner's drawings for his poems.

I used to see Harrison Ainsworth at Macrone's, in St. James's Square. The illustrations for *Rookwood* were some of the best work that my friend George Cruikshank ever did, especially those dealing with Dick Turpin's ride to York.

My father, being an engraver, came professionally in contact with Stanfield, Roberts, and Turner constantly, but his relations with the former two members of the Academy soon became those of cordial friendship, which I know were as heartily reciprocated. He engraved from many of their pictures, and executed a large plate for the Art Union of London, from Stanfield's celebrated painting of "The Castle of Ischia."

When I was once in Scotland along with Daniel Maclise, we visited the house of a gentleman who had a remarkably fine collection of pictures. Amongst them was a Turner, at which "Mac" found me always gazing.

"Well, Goodall," he said, "what do you find to admire in that? There is no drawing in it whatever." In my opinion it was full of the most beautiful and most refined drawing of trees and buildings, with the light of the early morning on the dewy grass.

Shortly afterwards we went to Edinburgh together. As we were looking out of the hotel window, we saw the fine old castle against the sky, with a considerable amount of mist rising from the valley. He took me by the shoulder and pushed me to the window, and said, in his Irish accent, "*There's* a Turner for you."

"Yes," I acquiesced, "and none else but Turner could render it."

"Well," he rejoined, "to my feeling, it looks simply a smudge." Maclise had not the slightest feeling of the beauty of Turner, whilst I was wrapped up in him.

By-and-by, changing the subject with a vengeance, Daniel said, "I am always taken for and talked of as an Irishman, but I am not Irish. My real name is Macleish, and my father went over to Ireland during the Rebellion of 1745."

Daniel Maclise was the warm friend of both Academicians and Associates, and when he had finished his picture of "The Death of Nelson"—now in the House of Lords—all the members of the Academy subscribed to buy him a beautiful

crayon-holder made of gold, and presented it to him in honour of the completion of that grand fresco. Stanfield told me that Maclise used to go down to the dockyard at Portsmouth to study all the details of blocks and ropes, making the most wonderful drawings of them before he painted his picture. He certainly was, in my estimation, one of the finest draughtsmen that England ever produced; but he was not a colourist.

Maclise used to imagine that when he grew old and could not see, he would paint broadly like old Etty.

"I know perfectly well I could draw an *oie*," he declared, "but upon me soul I never could make one see. Now, there is Etty; he can't draw an oie at all, but he always makes the oie as if it could see. The fact is, I have such powerful vision that I can see almost every hair on a man's head across the street."

A very sad, and I may say the most painful reminiscence of my life occurred in 1843. It relates to a young painter of high promise who went to Egypt as a travelling companion and artist to a wealthy gentleman, who wished the scenes and incidents of his tour illustrated. David Roberts had recommended the young man. I knew him perfectly well, but need not mention his name. I and many others in the same profession looked forward to seeing him at the top of his calling.

Roberts's Recommendation

As I recall the tragic story, I can understand David Roberts's mysterious remarks when I called upon him for advice about Egypt, and letters of recommendation. He made use of these words—I must tell you he had known me from childhood—"My dear Fred, I cannot say I am delighted that you have made up your mind to go on a sketching tour in Egypt. It is a land where misfortune has attended most of my recommendations."

He then related the sad history of this tragedy, which I myself was acquainted with. The principal actor was a student of the Royal Academy, where he had gained prizes in the schools. He exhibited a charming picture before he went to the East, called "Dancing on the Yellow Sands." Then Roberts added, "You are not a strong fellow like myself"—he uttered this in broad Scots—"so pray take care of yourself. I will with pleasure send you my letters of recommendation, some for Alexandria, and others for Cairo; they may be of use to you."

The young artist referred to went up the Nile with the gentleman he had agreed to accompany. I never heard anything to make me think that anything was amiss with the former. But when I learned of his return to London, I called upon him, and found him in some respects eccentric. (I forgot to say that in my interview with David Roberts, he particularly desired that I should on no

account sit sketching in the sun without some protection, such as a sketching-umbrella or portable tent.) The first thing I noticed in a picture this artist was painting was, that all the living objects in the picture—human figures and camels—were all laid in with a bright purple. When I asked the reason he answered, "It is my principle," which I thought very strange.

I told this to some of his friends. They said, "That is nothing; don't you know he had sun-stroke in Egypt?"

This was news to me.

"Well," said one of them, "I will tell you what happened to me when I called upon him and knocked at the door of his room, which was locked. He shouted out from within, 'Go away; you are the devil,' and thrust a large-bladed knife under the door. I thought it was then time to leave."

Now, the father of this young artist would not believe that there was anything wrong with his son's brain, notwithstanding that David Roberts had advised him to be put under restraint. The father would not hear of it, and his son grew gradually more eccentric in his behaviour. At last it was arranged, at the earnest request of some of his friends, who had grown very anxious, that he should be taken away to some quiet place in the country. The place chosen by the son was a very retired spot, where there was only a small

country inn, close to a wood. After they had dined, the son persuaded his father to take him for a walk by moonlight, and they entered the wood. They never returned to the inn, and at last a search-party went out and found the father at break-of-day lying amongst fallen leaves, quite dead; there were signs of a struggle having taken place.

Nothing was heard of the son for many days, but at last information reached Scotland Yard that a person had been found travelling in France who answered, as inquiries proved, to the description of the missing man. He had been on the verge of another catastrophe. It appears he had taken a dislike to a traveller in the diligence they were travelling in, and had suddenly sprung on him with the intent of strangling him. When in the court he was accused of murdering his father, he said, "No such thing; I have killed the devil." Of course, he was put into an asylum.

Some years afterwards I was at the Chalcographic Society's meeting, and saw a remarkable collection of drawings. I was told whose they were; they showed that the poor fellow had retained some part of his artistic knowledge, but mixed up with curious freaks of fancy. One of these drawings, I remember, he had called "The Difficult Path." The scene was a rugged mountain-side; a zigzag path was cut in the rock, and a knight in full armour was trying to find his way.

Some of his artist-friends went to see him, and sat down to a meal with him and other inmates. He knew his friends perfectly well. Without a word of warning he jumped up to one of the inmates near, seized him with both his hands, held his head, and turned round to the artists who had come to visit him, and said, "Hasn't he got a capital head to paint?" He seemed perfectly sensible in all matters of art. I never saw any other drawings but those I have mentioned, though I felt curious to see all he did in the asylum.

I remember well the anecdote told me by a medical man who met this artist at a party. He was so enraged at the attention paid by another young man to his lady-love, that he felled him as a butcher would an ox. The doctor remarked that he was one of the most powerful young fellows he had ever seen. He threw the unfortunate man with such violence that, as the latter fell, he struck a folding-door and cracked it.

I thought of him constantly when I was in Egypt. I remember asking whether he had been able to work in the terrific heat.

"Oh dear yes! I used to think nothing of running from Cairo to the Pyramids and back, and I found it very exhilarating."

This could not have been true, for it is some sixteen miles there and back. He showed me in his pocket-book numerous remarkable sketches

of heads—Arabs and negroes—studied in pencil, done quickly from nature.

There is no doubt but that he would have become a very great artist had his mind remained sound. I was thunderstruck when I first heard of this tragedy from my friend Mr. Topham, when he joined me at North Wales on a peaceful sketching trip. It was, indeed, a pitiable and painful illustration of the truth of the poet's lines—

> "Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

CHAPTER XII.

MY OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

The Water-Colour Society—Famous members—David Cox's prices—Sir Frederick Burton—Story of his knighthood—Etty's pictures—What foolish people said—C. R. Leslie—Daniel Maclise—Examples of his extraordinary gift for drawing—Mulready—His fondness for *The Vicar of Wakefield*—Sir David Wilkie—His pictures of manners and customs—Creswick's landscapes—Sir Edwin Landseer again—"Spanish" Phillip—J. C. Hook—P. F. Poole—Maclise's beautiful self-denial—Millais—Frith's three greatest paintings—Augustus Egg—Danby—Sir William Ross's miniatures—The blanks caused by the deaths of Leighton and Millais—Fred Walker—Duncan—Walks with William Müller—The haunted house in Highgate—Sketching at Hever—Queen Amelia—Sir John Gilbert—His marvellous facility—George Cruikshank's genius—"H. B."—Dicky Doyle—The wrapper of *Punch*—Sir Edwin Landseer as a caricaturist.

Briefly I will now place on record my reminiscences of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and of several of the well-known works of painters whom I have met or had dealings with. The Water-Colour Society was established about the time I was born, and I was not acquainted with the works of the exhibitors until I was fifteen. In the year 1837 I went for the first time to the Exhibition, the principal works I can remember being those of

Copley Fielding, De Wint, David Cox, J. D. Harding, G. Cattermole, John Lewis, W. Hunt, Samuel Prout, Cotman, Nash, and some others. These were succeeded by George Fripp, Alfred Fripp, Frederick Burton, Holland, Burne-Jones, E. Duncan, Fred Topham, Walter Goodall, Palmer, and Fred Walker. All these artists are dead, but many of them have left a great name and beautiful pictures. Nor have their works at this distance of time diminished in value in the slightest degree; in fact, they have gone on increasing as the years have rolled by.

I can call to mind some drawings of David Cox's that were probably bought for five guineas, which would now realise at least a hundred guineas; whilst some of his more important ones, which he considered himself lucky to dispose of for ten or fifteen guineas, now reach at sales in some cases a thousand guineas, and even a great deal more. The same is true of De Wint, Copley Fielding, John Lewis, Burne-Jones, and Frederick Walker. But there are still many big names connected with the Society; but as I prefer to refrain from naming surviving members, I omit mention of some who, like Carl Haag and others, worthily carry on the traditions in this essentially native art.

Frederick Burton produced few works, but they were all highly wrought and beautifully drawn.

He was elected Keeper of the National Gallery, and assisted the Trustees of that institution with his valuable advice in the purchase of pictures. While occupying this post the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. In a sort of roundabout way I had a hand in it. I was asked at the time by Mr. Gladstone to name the artist amongst the members of the Royal Society of Water-Colour Painters whom I considered most worthy of knighthood. I felt it was an invidious thing to make a selection, but at last I hit upon a sort of "rule of thumb" mode of choice. I ultimately took three names, which I arranged in threefold order. I put down first of all John Gilbert, Frederick Burton, and Fred Walker. Then I started with Frederick Burton, Fred Walker, and then John Gilbert. Then Fred Walker, John Gilbert, and Frederick Burton. Somehow it seemed to me that of the three the last-named was the one to select, no doubt partly in consequence of the official position he filled, and of the important and responsible duties he had to discharge in that capacity. I recognised the compliment which Mr. Gladstone paid me in inviting my assistance.

Of the pictures that attracted my attention in early life, my memory recalls first of all Etty's works, for which I had a great admiration, and which, I may say, remains unshaken. He was

always magnificent in colour and fine in composition. I loved him as a man, although people used to say, "Oh! that dreadful man Etty." Some of his finest works are at the National Gallery in Edinburgh, which owns no less than five grand works by this great master, including "Combat" and "Mercy interceding for the Vanquished." Nor must I forget the splendid copy he made of Titian's "Venus" at Florence, which has all the qualities of Titian with something of Etty thrown in. It is a most beautiful thing, but it is not seen by the general public, as it is kept in the Council-room of the Royal Scottish Academy. There are many other pictures of Etty's that live in my memory—"The Greek Dance," "The Rape of Proserpine," "The Bathers with the Swan," "The Sirens," "Samson and Delilah." But although I might continue to catalogue many other works that delighted me, I shall go on now to C. R. Leslie, another painter whose works had a great charm for me. He was father of G. D. Leslie, a member of the Royal Academy.

I used to look forward year after year to seeing C. R. Leslie's works. His greatest and perhaps finest picture was "May Day in the time of Queen Elizabeth." Another picture of his called "Coach and Horses" was extremely popular, the horses being represented by children, the anxious driver,

mounted upon an arm-chair for a coach-box, patting one of the horses on the head, and a girl with a doll personating a lady in the carriage, which was part of a sofa.

Another picture, "Who can this be?" represented a dandy of the time of Charles I. taking his hat off to a stern-looking elderly gentleman, with a very beautiful young wife, the husband just touching his hat to the young man. The expressions, which still linger with me, were very fine. The lady is represented as turning her head away and pretending to be attracted by her little dog. She is supposed to be saying "Who can this be?"

Other fine pictures of Leslie's are "Sancho Panza and the Duchess," from *Don Quixote*, "Uncle Toby in the Watch-box," "Sterne and the Grisette," "The Rivals," "Hunt the Slipper," from the *Vicar of Wakefield;* a most charming picture of "Sancho Panza at the Feast," "Dulcinea del Toboso," "Tom Jones and Sophia Western at the Looking-glass," and "A Mother with her Child on her Lap," the mother kissing her child—a most beautiful picture.

Another artist of great eminence—perhaps the most popular man in the Academy—was Daniel Maclise, the intimate friend of Charles Dickens. I had an unbounded admiration for his power of drawing, although his colour did not fascinate me.

The first picture that I ever remember of his was a very large one, with an enormous number of figures, called "The Bohemian Gipsies." This was followed next year, I believe, with two pictures of a much smaller size, painted—if I remember rightly—for Queen Victoria. Without professing to recite his pictures in chronological order, others of Maclise's delightful works were "Midas"; "Gil Blas," where Gil is being taken in by the knowing one; the "Banquet Scene from *Macbeth*," where the ghost appears at the banquet, the ghost so wonderfully and poetically rendered that you positively saw through it. This sounds an equivocal sort of compliment, but it is not meant to be so.

"Robin Hood and his Merry Men" was a very fine work, showing marvellous power of drawing, especially the two men stripped to the waist playing at quarter-staff, Friar Tuck with his venison pasty, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Little John, and an immensely powerful man carrying a dead stag on his shoulder. All these impressed me as being well observed. The scene is laid in a forest of old Spanish chestnuts. The scene of "The Ordeal by Touch" was placed in a cathedral, the dead body of a murdered man lying near the altar. At the period depicted, it was supposed that if a murderer touched the body and the blood should flow, then he was the

guilty person. This picture attracted crowds while on exhibition. The man who is about to touch the body seems to shrink from doing so, and his expression, although his face is turned away from you, is finely suggested; the other personages in the picture are watching his face intently. There was remarkable dramatic power in all Daniel Maclise's work. His "Play Scene in *Hamlet*" was once widely known from the engraving, and the original painting is now in the Tate Gallery. Another picture that I remember well is one I used to see constantly at Redleaf—"Gil Blas being fitted out by a Tailor in a Smart Dress." He is turning his face round to look at himself in the looking-glass, and the old Jew tailor is putting his hand over the velvet assuring him that it is "the pest material, sho help me, and a pewtiful fit."

Mulready exhibited some of his most charming works in my time, and several of these pictures, commissioned by good Mr. Sheepshanks, are now in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. The first ones that attracted my attention, and indeed the notice of everybody, were called "The Whistonian Controversy" and "Choosing the Wedding Gown," both from the *Vicar of Wakefield.* These were painted before Meissonier came to the front, and I am sure he must have admired them when they were

exhibited at an International Exhibition in Paris, where they were appropriately awarded the gold "Médaille d'Honneur." Then there were "The Sonnet," a most charming little picture, and "Cherry Bob," a boy shooting cherries into the mouth of a girl with her eyes shut. "Haymaking," another subject from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, was a beautiful picture. Goldsmith's immortal story appealed to the artist with particular force. He seemed never to weary of going to its pages for subjects. "The Seven Ages of Man" was the first picture I remember of Mulready's before those I have just mentioned, and it was a fine example of composition. In Mulready's "The Wolf and the Lamb," a bully of a boy domineers over a gentle lad, who certainly looks cowed if not a coward.

Sir David Wilkie exhibited in those days, but the only pictures of his at that time which struck me as being very fine were "Napoleon and the Pope" and "The Death of Tippoo Sahib at the taking of Seringapatam by Sir David Baird." Why Wilkie ever departed from his earlier style I never clearly understood, but who shall account for the predilections of painters? His paintings of homely scenes, full of rich character and marked by fine drawing, will always rank with the best examples of British Art.

Thomas Creswick's landscapes always had a cer-

tain charm and grace about them, and as a boy I admired them immensely. The exhibition at South Kensington, early in the 'seventies, of pictures by him and John Phillip—an admirable blend—served to bring out in full splendour the enormous capacity and unrealised strength of the latter.

Sir Edwin Landseer was invariably safe and sound. His pictures with stags and dogs always ranked among his very best works—"The Monarch of the Glen," "At Bay," "The Sanctuary," and perhaps the most poetical one he ever painted, "Coming Events cast their Shadows before," the two pictures of "Night" and "Morning," and the "Drive of Deer." I cannot tell you what a treat it was to see his pen-and-ink drawings and cartoons in pastel at Christie's after his death. They fetched fabulous prices, every scratch he put upon paper with his chalk or pen-and-ink bringing a large sum. Rosa Bonheur used to say to me that his chalk and pastel was the finest material he used. On re-consideration I think I was wrong in saying that his picture of "Coming Events" was his finest poetical picture; probably his lovely picture of "Bottom the Weaver" in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and "The Relics of Franklin" were the ones most entitled to be so described.

Another truly strong man who came to the front was John Phillip, after he had studied the works of the chief Spanish painters. He had drank

deeply at the source of the inspiration of the great works of Velasquez and Murillo, and a fresh feeling of power, of dexterity of handling that he had not shown before, became very apparent in his work. He certainly was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the British School. He was unfortunately cut off by death in the very height of his power and success.

J. C. Hook at that time was one of the great names in British art. His pictures, mostly of seafaring life, had a strong imprint of reality. His figures were finely drawn, always with fresh and breezy backgrounds and rolling seas, strong in handling, and fine in colour.

Paul Falconer Poole's pictures have left upon me a strong impression of his sense of poetry. One from "The Last Days of Pompeii," with a blind girl in the boat by moonlight, was in Daniel Maclise's estimation so beautiful that he gave up the place which the Council had awarded him—a centre in the large room of the Royal Academy,—and proposed that Poole's picture should fill it. He painted many poetical pictures from Shakespeare, but founded his reputation on the Plague of London. The painting was entitled "Solomon Eagle's Exhortation to Repentance," a very fine picture, but an unpleasant subject.

Then came Millais to the front with "The Huguenots," "The Order of Release," "Midsummer

Eve," "Effie Deans," "The First Sermon," "Sleeping and Waking," "The Vale of Rest," his charming "Cherry Ripe," "Cinderella"; his portraits of Gladstone, of Salisbury, of Holden, and Sir Henry Thompson, Mrs. Chamberlain, the Duke of Westminster, and many others. And I must not forget to mention his Scottish landscapes and "Chill October."

Frith's three finest pictures were "Ramsgate Sands," "The Derby Day," and "King Charles II.'s Last Sunday." If he had painted nothing else but these three pictures his name would live as long as British Art lasts.

Augustus Egg was another artist of eminence, who unfortunately died in the full zenith of his powers. He had painted some very fine pictures; perhaps the one that is fixed most upon my memory, and impressed me much, was "Peter the Great sees Catharine, his future Empress, for the First Time," besides one or two drawn from Thackeray's *Esmond.*

I must not omit the name of Danby, for if he had painted nothing else but "The Evening Gun," "The Painter's Holiday," and "The Upas Tree of Java," he would rank as one of our true poetical painters.

Sir William Ross's miniatures will compare favourably with any painted in former times. Certainly the fashions of his period did not lend

themselves favourably to the picturesque treatment of women, as in the bygone period of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough; for the powdered hair and the costumes of the Georgian epoch gave these artists an advantage that the painters of the Victorian Age had not. *Modistes* and other designers little think of artists when they introduce their new fashions. Pork-pie hats, chignons, bustles, crinolines, and all the rest—what *is* a painter to make of them?

There is no doubt that the Academy Exhibitions of the present time have lost a great deal by the death of Lord Leighton. His pictures, to my mind, gave a dignity to the Show that few contemporary works ever lent it. When all his pictures were brought together after his death and exhibited in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, we saw then the extraordinary power of this distinguished artist.

And so it was with Millais's works when they were exhibited after his death. It was a marvel to most people that it was the work of a single artist's life. He was always original and daring in his treatment of the subjects he chose. One instance of his power is mentioned in the "North-West Passage," an old seafaring man, surrounded with maps, discussing with his daughter the project of finding the North-West Passage. But of course I do not mean to say that was his finest

work, for I think it will not compare with his "Midsummer Eve," or with his "Vale of Rest," which I cannot help saying I feel was his *chef-d'œuvre*. It is now in the Tate Gallery and one of the last pictures that Sir Henry Tate purchased.

Before I am done with the pictures that live in my memory, I must not forget Fred Walker's "The Harbour of Refuge," which proved to demonstration that he was one of the poetical painters of the day. It was purchased by Sir William Agnew and given to the nation. He was another artist cut off ere he reached his prime.

Another picture by a Scottish artist, Duncan—then comparatively little known—reminded one almost of Sir David Wilkie. It was "Prince Charles Edward entering Edinburgh after the Battle of Prestonpans."

I used to visit the country districts around London along with William Müller the artist, who, sad to say, died just when he had made his great name. Hampstead Heath was a very favourite sketching-ground of his, when the whole heath was a blaze of yellow gorse, and when the sandpits were in full work, a most brilliant golden-red, varying to pale yellow. These were always picturesque incidents in the drawing. I do not suppose that a more beautiful heath is to be found throughout the whole of England. This has been the

favourite sketching-ground of artists from the time of Constable, old Linnell, Mulready, George Fripp, E. Duncan, and many others.

On the road running through Kentish Town to Highgate you used to pass many curious old buildings, the first being the "Castle Inn," which I believe was as old as Henry VIII.'s time. At the top of the hill stood the "Assembly Rooms"—a big old inn. It is scarcely possible to think that half-way to Highgate, where there is nothing now but bricks and mortar on every side, there were two of the grandest elm-trees I ever saw, one on each side of the road and meeting in the middle. These were close by an old Elizabethan house, which was said to be one of the hunting-lodges of Queen Elizabeth, and was called "The Haunted House." I remember when it was inhabited, but what I am about to relate dates from the time when it had actually gone to rack and ruin. The fact of its being haunted did not deter me, at the age of fourteen, from getting permission from the owner to go in and make sketches. The house he kept locked up, and he locked me in. When I began to sketch I heard all sorts of strange noises over the house, which it was difficult to account for. Gradually but surely I got into rather a nervous state. The man who owned or rented it was a farmer who was a great breeder of pigs, and in the basement there was a huge copper of boiling

bones, which wash was for his grunters. This concoction yielded anything but a savoury odour; in fact, I may say that the smell it gave off was a dreadful stink. The house was in a most deplorable condition; the lattice-windows were swaying to and fro on their rickety hinges, lumps of plaster were constantly falling, rats were running all over the place, attracted by the stewing bones. Even now I cannot help thinking it was very plucky of me to be sketching in the midst of such surroundings. Rickety as the stairs were, I climbed up them and on to the roof, the timbers of which were in such a bad state that with the little effort put forth to mount them the whole structure shook, and the tiles rattled. Every now and then I came upon an erratic cat, which startled me. It was time to be gone, and I looked out of the window for the man to let me out. But, although I saw him once or twice, he could not or would not hear me. Was it possible that I should have to spend the night there? At length to my great joy I saw a large tub, which I rolled to a door, and by that means reached a bolt in the top of the door in the bone-cooking place; in the twinkling of an eye I obtained my liberty and never went sketching there again. All this is as clear as if it were only yesterday. I wonder where are those sketches now?

Another curious reminiscence hovers round Hever Castle. I was making a very careful study of the

building of the back part of the castle, reflected in the moat, when suddenly the remarkable stillness was disturbed by at least thirty French ladies and gentlemen all gabbling together. They had come over from Tunbridge Wells to see the house where Anne Boleyn was born, and to which Henry VIII. used to ride from London to woo her. Our French folk were a most merry company, making all sorts of funny remarks about the place. When they caught sight of me, an elderly and most refined-looking lady came up to me and spoke to me in broken English. There was no mistaking her for any one else but the Queen Amelia, who said, "You have a very fine subject." And the Duc d'Aumale and his beautiful daughter spoke to me. When the whole company was about to start back to Tunbridge Wells, a hue and cry was raised that two of the party were missing—a lady and gentleman. They eventually turned up, having had a little walk round by themselves, and took their places in one of the dozen carriages.

The only time I had ever seen Queen Amelia before was while she was saying her prayers in a side-chapel of a church at the château of Eu, between Abbeville and Dieppe. And I knew well the engraving of her Majesty.

While I was staying with the acting-engineer of the Thames Tunnel—Thomas Page—at Rotherhithe,

I often went on the Thames hoy belonging to the Tunnel Company, loaded with bags of clay to fill up the holes made in the river when an irruption took place. This work was frequently done by the light of "devils," as they were called, well supplied with coal, which gave a most lurid light for the men at work. One day it made a most effective picture; the tower of the old church was lighted up with a red glow from the light from the fires. I often walked to Greenwich, which was good sketching-ground, and where I heard at the same time some interesting yarns from the old sailor pensioners.

John Gilbert lived close by, at Blackheath. He was a prolific designer and rapid draughtsman—for years he worked for the *Illustrated London News*. He had to produce pages and double-pages of all sorts of public ceremonies and functions without the aid of photography, which lightens the labours of the "black-and-white" men now. I consider that the artists of to-day have a tremendous advantage over their predecessors of half a century ago. John Gilbert was a giant in his day, and his illustrated edition of *Shakespeare* in my opinion is a wonderful work. He was for some years President of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, was knighted, and became a full member of the Royal Academy some years before he died.

When a very important event had taken place,

a messenger from the *Illustrated London News* was sent to Blackheath with a note from the editor saying that the bearer would wait for the full-page drawing and then take it to the wood-engraver's. Nowadays the photographer does a lot for the engraver, and wonderfully well the illustrations of passing events are done. But still there was a good deal about Gilbert's work that has never been excelled. He had a delightfully flowing line, and his feeling was most remarkable. Few men have ever possessed such fertility of invention, and his work seldom fell below a high level.

But the man who made the greatest mark in illustrated work of the early part and the middle part of the nineteenth century was George Cruikshank. His "Fagin in the Cell" will always hold a high place in early Victorian book illustration. George's illustrations of some of Harrison Ainsworth's works contained much of his finest drawing. His services to the cause of total abstinence were considerable. Some thought him fanatical on the subject, but this is by no means certain. "H. B.'s" political caricatures were also esteemed very highly in the days of my youth. His son, Dicky Doyle of *Punch* celebrity, was another great gun. He retired from *Punch* on account of some dispute about the Roman Catholics. He was a Roman Catholic himself, and very properly did

not like any fun to be made of his religion. The wrapper of the present day was designed by him and has never been altered, for the simple reason probably that its fantastic humour can never be excelled.

Sir Edwin Landseer would have been a great caricaturist had he ever turned his attention to it. There was enough in the Scribblers' Book at Redleaf to convince me of his power of art-caricature. It was wonderful what he did with a few hasty lines. There is a Life of Landseer by Mr. James A. Manson in "The Makers of British Art" series, which may be recommended to all who are interested in this many-sided painter.

CHAPTER XIII.

PORTRAITURE.

Mr. Gladstone and Sidney Cooper's pictures—Making notes of the statesman—Portrait of Mr. Gladstone—What Sir William Agnew thought of it — Herbert Gladstone's criticism — Sir Richard Temple's reminiscences of the great orator—A red rose for a field-night—Mr. Henry Blyth—Portrait-painting under difficulties —Murillo's "Saint Francis"—Dulwich Gallery—Sir Anderson Critchett—A beautiful lady in a Greek dress—Sir Oscar Clayton —Beatty Kingston—Mr. Deverell—A gifted carver of oak—Lady Dorothy Nevill—Mr. and Mrs. Barrow—Difficulties with some lady-sitters—The portrait of a Mahommedan and what came of it—Malcolm at the Khedive's review.

EVER since I had the honour of being introduced to Mr. Gladstone at the Royal Academy dinner in 1866, I used to go round with him and Mrs. Gladstone at the private view, the last time being in 1892. When he came upon two of Sidney Cooper's pictures and expressed his admiration of them, he turned to Mrs. Gladstone and said, "And to think they are painted by a man of ninety years of age."

Mrs. Goodall said to him, "Will you allow me, Mr. Gladstone, to tell Mr. Cooper what you have said about the picture?"

"Most certainly," was the answer; "and pray

tell him that I would esteem it an honour to be introduced to him." A search was made all over the Academy, but he was not there. When Sidney Cooper heard Mr. Gladstone's speech about him, the tears came into the old artist's eyes, and he shortly afterwards sent Mrs. Goodall a most charming pencil-drawing of some sheep as a reminiscence. Mr. Gladstone could not forget about Sidney Cooper's pictures, and arranged a meeting with him at Dollis Hill.

While I was going round the Academy, I had my note-book with me making character sketches of him from time to time without his knowledge, as he told me "he was not going to sit for any more portraits." I had got his portrait without a sitting. The result was such a portrait that Sir William Agnew, who was a great friend of Gladstone's, sat in front of it for more than half-an-hour without uttering a word. Then he paid me the compliment of saying, with a little tremble in his voice, "How wonderfully like it is!" He arranged with me to have the portrait exhibited at his Galleries in Bond Street. While it was there I had the high privilege of being commanded to send it to the Prince of Wales, now His Majesty King Edward VII., at Marlborough House, where it remained two days. This portrait is still in my possession, but is now at the Corporation Art Exhibition, Leeds, on loan.

Mr. Gladstone

I had just finished my portrait of Gladstone when the illustrious statesman died, and I asked his son Herbert to favour me with his criticism. He was much struck with the likeness, and the only thing he could suggest was "a little more whisker, and the slightest degree more colour in the flesh." In my recollection of him he looked, as a rule, the colour of ivory, but of course this gave rather a death-like appearance in the picture, and the faintest touch of colour here and there removed this impression. It was all done while Mr. Herbert Gladstone was present, and he was delighted with the result.

Whilst the picture was in progress I had constant visits from Sir Richard Temple, who, too, has joined the great majority since I began to write these fugitive memories. He had a very considerable knowledge of art, and practised it himself with success. He used to sit by me and tell me all the interesting points about the great man's countenance. He watched him closely in the House of Commons. It was Sir Richard who advised me to put in the rosebud, for this denoted that he was going to fight, and his button-hole was always placed in his coat by Mrs. Gladstone. When he came to the House of Commons with a red button-hole, members knew there was going to be a strong debate. Sir Richard Temple was an immense help to me in putting in some of the

finishing touches, as I had only my pencil-sketches, hastily done from nature, to paint the portrait from.

In my experience in portraiture, I have encountered difficulties at times. I began a portrait of a gentleman well known to all—my friend, Mr. Henry Blyth, who had agreed to sit to me a certain number of times, to enable me to complete it for the Royal Academy of 1898. In the month of April he decided to go to Monte Carlo, but assured me that he would return in time to give me six sittings just before the Sending-in-day. Unfortunately he had a very severe attack of gout on his way home. I had letters daily from him, saying that the doctors would not let him out. At last a letter came: "Whether the doctor will or will not allow me, I intend to be with you and give you two sittings of five hours each." He really did come, but was obliged to be carried in a chair from his carriage to my studio. Still, suffering as he was, he sat to me for five hours, the doctor coming to see him in my studio. I have never witnessed such pluck and determination before in carrying out a promise at all costs. I never had a more delightful sitter, and I was gratified to find the portrait was considered a success by all his family.

I made a copy of it to please my wife and daughter, for they were very fond of him. And there

it is while I am writing, in close proximity to a very fine picture by Murillo, which has been in my possession since 1870 or thereabouts, and has never been shown to any one here until a fortnight ago; for ever since I left Graeme's Dyke and came to my present house, it has been kept in my picture store-room. It is a grandly-conceived figure of Saint Francis, half-length, with cherubs hovering round him. It is in his early style, very quiet in colour, principally in different shades of brown, about the time of the pictures now in Dulwich Gallery, by the same master, before he took to strong blues and reds, as in after-life. The hands of this picture are remarkably fine, so is the head of the saint, and the painting of the eye is wonderful. Perhaps I may add that it is a pity that the Gallery in the pretty hamlet of Dulwich is not more frequented. It contains several remarkable pictures, and is within easy access of London. Besides, had not Mr. Pickwick associations with it?

While on the subject of portraits I must mention another sitter who gave me great pleasure; it was Sir Anderson Critchett, the well-known oculist. He sat to me at a seaside watering-place, where he was enjoying his holiday. It was fortunate that I met him during his vacation, for he would never have found time to sit in London. It was a delightful experience for me, as he was a brilliant talker, and had a fund of anecdote which he related

in the most graphic manner. He did everything in his power to help me to make the portrait satisfactory to him and his friends. I went through with it, day after day, without any check of broken appointments, which so often occur when the artist has set a special palette. There was nothing of that sort with Critchett. He kept every appointment he made, for he was anxious that the portrait should be a success. So considerate was he in all respects, that it would have been my own fault had the result been other than satisfactory. When I had secured to a certain extent the likeness, and Lady Critchett had expressed her approval, I gave my whole attention to the hands, which I thought very important. In addition to their fine form and muscular development—the thumb, he told me, had often served him well—I tried to give at the same time the sensitiveness and delicacy of touch of his fingers, for they were as soft as satin. These qualities had in some degree helped him, I may say, to the exalted position he held in his profession. When the portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1898, I am proud to say it met with the approbation of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) and his charming Princess.

I shall next describe painting a portrait of Mrs. Charles Kettlewell, a beautiful lady, in a Greek dress. I first saw her at a fancy-dress ball, and she was so attractive in appearance that I asked

to be introduced to her. The next time I met her, I told her that I should like to paint her portrait in Greek dress. In answer to which she said, that if I would call upon her at an appointed time she would wear the same dress. She kept her word, and it was arranged that she should be painted for the Academy. Her face, arms, and hands would bear comparison with those of the finest Greek sculptuary —she was really beautiful. Her feet were sandalled, and on her arms she had sapphire and diamond snake-armlets high up between the elbow and the shoulder. She took immense interest in the portrait, from the very commencement of charcoaling it on the canvas; and while the picture was in progress and she was resting, she used to sit in front of the portrait and study it curiously.

"Am I as beautiful as that?"

"No painter can do you justice."

It was a wonderful chance for a painter, an opportunity that seldom happens. The Greek dress was a pale apricot colour. The background was the Mediterranean Sea, a dark blue, which set off the yellow dress. Mrs. Kettlewell stood on a marble terrace, and there were orange-trees in full fruit.

Sir Oscar Clayton sat admirably for his portrait, and entertained me with his conversation incessantly during the sitting. He was most animated, and this enabled me to get his expression. It was only when I wanted his hands, resting on his stick, to be

always in the same position that I found any difficulty; and he would not allow me to use a professional model for them. He wanted his own hands painted in the picture, as he was rather proud of them; and whenever my sitters wish it, I always encourage them to sit for everything. When I got every finger quite rightly placed he used to say, "Oh! just so: I see what you want." And he lifted up both hands, and, as he thought, put them back again exactly as I wanted them; but unfortunately my work of placing the fingers had to be done over again. He reminded me that his friends knew he was proud of them, "and," he added, "they must be like mine." Of course he was quite right, for there is great character in the hands. After all my trouble he was satisfied and I was not; I did not get them quite as perfectly as I wanted. He was very particular about having the exact shape and design of the scarf-pin, the handle of his walking-stick, and a ring upon his finger, for they were all Royal presents. He paid me a great compliment when it was finished by sending me a silver cigarette-case, with the following inscription, "From O. C. to F. G. in remembrance of eleven most pleasant hours spent in the studio." It just took me eleven hours to paint head, hands, dress, walking-stick, pin, and ring.

Beatty Kingston was also a most delightful sitter and conversationalist. He smoked cigarettes in-

cessantly the whole time he was sitting; and while resting during the sittings he would go to the piano and throw his whole soul into his playing. It was divine. As I painted, he would relate anecdotes connected with the Franco-German war that would have filled volumes. He was war-correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, and spoke most warmly of Prince Frederick of Prussia, and of his kind thought and consideration for the French artists who were living outside Paris in the line of the Prussian investments. No artist's house was desecrated in any way, but left untouched by the military. Rosa Bonheur's house at Fontainebleau was held sacred by the soldiers of all ranks. All this I knew from Gambart, who also used his influence to obtain the protection given to the painters of France. Although Rosa Bonheur was grateful for the indulgence shown to her, she said she could not "make friends with any German." I do not suppose that such a thing was ever done before, as to protect the houses of artists in the time of war.

My portrait of Mr. Deverell—one of the handsomest men I ever met with—was painted in circumstances that rendered the commission unusually pleasurable. His family arranged that I should paint his portrait, but as he lived at Dorking he would have found it difficult to come to town and give sittings in my studio.

"You shall have any room in the house you like to choose for your painting-room," he urged, "if you will come here to do it, and the room shall be considered your own; no one shall be admitted into it without your wish."

This was such a kind offer that there was no choice but to accept it. I used to go down to him for several days at a time by arrangement. He used to sit from nine o'clock in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon; then we took a stroll round the beautiful grounds and then luncheon, and perhaps he would sit for another hour after luncheon. So the picture progressed rapidly, and I had the enjoyment of the beautiful air of the sunny Downs. He was in shooting-costume, for he was a great sportsman, and was longing for the time when he could go to Scotland and fish for salmon. He had a splendid bull-dog that he was very fond of, as gentle as a lamb, which he called by the name of "Clowie." I offered to paint him in the picture, which gave Mr. Deverell great delight, and lent a certain amount of originality to the portrait.

He was a very talented carver in oak, and spent much time in this branch of applied art. His house was filled with the most beautiful carved furniture and fittings, executed by himself from his own designs. The consequence was that his right hand—from the manual labour—showed a certain difference in the form: the muscles were more

developed and the bones were rather larger. This difference I felt it was important to carry out in the picture; as I have said, I always try to give the characters of the hands of my sitters, when they feel inclined to sit for them. The left hand looked a perfectly different hand, but his children will always be able to declare in times to come, "This is the hand of my father, who did all these carvings in the house." The left hand was delicate in form—I may say a gentleman's hand—and the right was the hand of a horny-handed son of toil; and there the distinction will remain as long as the picture lasts.

Another delightful sitter was Lady Dorothy Nevill; she was charming, and most amusing when she was telling the anecdotes of the past and the present. I was very sorry when the sittings were over, as she was so entertaining, and there was no difficulty about the sitting: she sat perfectly.

I painted two portraits in Scotland of Mr. and Mrs. Barrow at their shooting-house in Scotland—Dornoch Castle. Mrs. Barrow fitted up a perfect studio for me, and sat to me when there was no shooting going on and no luncheons to prepare for the sportsmen; when there was, I was taken away from my work at midday to join the shooting party. I found it a most enjoyable holiday, and I have never forgotten their kindness. If shooting

were "off," the party used to adjourn to the golf links close by. When the Highland games were in progress, Mrs. Goodall and myself were driven over to Dunrobin Castle and entertained there.

As a contrast to all these pleasant remembrances connected with portrait-painting, I must say I have experienced great difficulties when some of my lady-sitters have thought it necessary to go to the hairdresser's, on their way to me, to "have their hair done," for it so happens that it is never done twice exactly alike; and occasionally the complexion has been slightly changed. That makes the work of the artist doubly difficult, especially when he wants to secure a good portrait and not a fancy one—one to be made simply as beautiful as possible. I have known a lady who never could keep one position for more than half a minute together. But these are the exceptions to the rule.

While I am about portraits, I may as well say that I painted a portrait of Sadi Effendi, the Mahommedan gentleman in Egypt who had been very kind to me. When I went a few years afterwards to Cairo I said to him, "Have you got the portrait hanging in the house that I painted when I was last here?"

"No," he said; "my father, in a fanatical mood, took a stick one day and smashed it all to pieces."

It is against the Mahommedan creed to paint anything living. Even in their architecture they

never have anything living carved in stone or wood for any of the mosques or holy places.

Another portrait I painted in Egypt of John Malcolm in uniform, watching the Khedive's, or the Sirdar Pasha's troops at the review which has already been described in connection with my sojourn in the land of the Pharaohs.

Portraiture is a most fascinating pursuit. Every figure-painter practises it at least occasionally. It is a department in which British artists have always been strong, and never more forceful than to-day when they derive no assistance whatever from costume. This throws them back upon drawing, character, and colour. In this line there are no greater names than those of Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., and Sir George Reid.

CHAPTER XIV.

MODELS.

Importance of models—Anxiety for fellaheen in London—New clothes for old—The risk of infection—Hasman and his family—The original of Mr. J. R. Herbert's "Moses"—Pain of a long sitting—John Tropp—Don't drug the baby—Imprisonment worse than want of opium—"The Painter's Daughter"—The model who fainted—Hagar—The finest posing of my life—One of Sir David Wilkie's models—"The Rosebud"—"Up in the morning early"—The Black Brunswicker—Mendicant models—A splendid sitter—German broom-sellers—Sidney Cooper's "Poacher"—B. R. Haydon's sad fate—Sarcastic Chisholm and "Gentleman Roberts"—Shaw the Lifeguardsman.

No one but an artist knows the supreme importance of procuring the right model for a principal figure in a composition. Sir John Millais always seemed as if he secured his model before beginning the picture, as a rule, and sometimes the model suggested the subject.

When I returned from Egypt from my seven months' visit to that most delightful country, so full of Biblical and historical associations, with my numerous sketches packed in a case—which, the gentle reader will perhaps remember, were

nearly lost on my return from Austria, at the time when war with France had just been declared in 1859,—my anxiety was very considerable lest I should fail to obtain the best models for the olive-skinned and other-hued natives. Then another important point was the disposition and wearing of the dresses, of which I had brought home an enormous selection that had been worn and exposed to the sun, which makes the colour, in the artist's eye, so much more beautiful. A perfectly crimson cloth, when wound round the head, gets the strong colour taken out of it by the sun, and this toning-down is of incalculable value.

I remember requiring my dragoman to buy a new dress in the bazaar, and that soon afterwards I saw a man walking by with the very costume that I needed, only old and worn. I begged my dragoman to try to get the garment from him, offering to exchange the new one for it. The man looked surprised, and thought there must be some trap for him, so before exchanging he got two witnesses to the transaction, and actually had a paper signed to show that it was an honest and straightforward bargain. I was pointed to as a madman!

I have very frequently thought since of the danger I encountered in buying old clothes, for it is a common practice in the East to sell the clothes of a deceased person, even of those who die of the plague, and to dispose of them in the Bazaar.

I may add that it was a not uncommon spectacle to see a man in the greatest grief, with real tears rolling down his cheeks, telling everybody in the Bazaar that he had lost his brother. The selling of the clothes reminded me very much of the magician in "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," who called out in the Bazaar old lamps for new. Now my dragoman called out new clothes for old. But I began this chapter about models, not about old clothes, so *revenons à nos moutons.*

I found an old Arab in London who knew all about winding turbans and putting on Oriental dresses. He was powerfully made and very thin, not an ounce of fat upon him; this was Hasman. He had a daughter with well-shaped arms and hands of the right colour, and a very powerfully-made young fellow, his son, luckily also of the right colour.

Old Hasman sat to Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., for "Moses bringing down the Tables from the Mount," the great wall-picture in the House of Lords. You will see by looking at that picture the exact character of his arms. Once I wanted him riding on a camel, so I had to improvise one, made up with boxes, pillows, and bedding. This I placed upon the top of a table, and it answered capitally. He said he was very comfortable—indeed, so much so that he went fast asleep and fell off my dummy camel; "without hurting himself

in the least," he assured me, although I think he must have been bruised.

He sat to me a great deal when I first came from Egypt. He could sit an amazingly long time in one position for drapery. Whenever I wanted to make a very careful study of drapery, I always chose him, as I knew he would keep still as long as ever he was wanted. When I thought he deserved a rest, I used to ask if he thought he could keep the position a little longer. "Yes, sir," he said, "as long as you like." It was worth a good deal to me, as the study I was making in chalk was for a figure in the foreground of my picture of "An Arab Encampment at the Wells of Moses." When he had been sitting an hour or longer on the ground—for the "sitting" was a lying posture—I said to him, "You have been sitting an hour. Can you sit still longer? If you do so, I will double your pay." He sat for another hour, and when I had finished I said, "Now, Hasman, you can rest." The answer I received was, "I can't move, sir, I am so stiff." I had to help him to move gradually, for he evidently suffered real pain.

I am sorry to say he has been dead many years. The last time he sat for me was for my picture of "The Rising of the Nile"—the people escaping from a village surrounded and inundated by the rising water of a high Nile. Hasman was at that

time far from well, but not actually ill: he was glad to sit to me for a sick man being carried on a mattress by two men from the village to the high ground; this was a thing I actually saw.

Then there was John Tropp, who had a baby drugged to keep it still. Of course, I would not have allowed him to do such a thing if I had known what he was about, much as I prefer a still infant. This was the incident.

I was painting a sleeping infant on the lap of its mother, in one of my pictures. The baby was brought asleep to me, but after it had been asleep for a couple of hours I suddenly saw the mother looking anxiously into its face, and tears drop from her eyes. At last she exclaimed, "I think John has given it too much sleeping stuff."

That made me feel alarmed.

"I am afraid it won't wake any more," she said to me. But to our delight it did wake, squalled, and happily proved none the worse for the dose John had given it.

This John Tropp was often in prison for begging in the streets. But he did not mind going to prison so much as the punishment of going without his opium. He always kept a supply under his finger-nails, in case he were locked up for a fortnight. He had a boy who also sat, or rather stood, to me for Ishmael.

My daughter sat to me for her portrait. She

wore a white satin dress. I painted the entire drapery from her, and she sat splendidly, or I should not have been able to carry it out as I did. I exhibited it in 1898, calling it "Rica, the Painter's Daughter."

Once a professional male model fainted right off without any warning, and hurt himself considerably. I could not employ him again, for he gave me such a shock; I feared he might be subject to fits, and that I might not escape so luckily on another occasion. It is very seldom that such accidents occur, however. The female models are not allowed to remain long in one position, although some do stand admirably for drapery. My "Snake-Charmer" model, for instance, stood the whole of the time for the drapery in that picture. It was painted in one sitting.

It will be remembered that when painting in Egypt an Arab girl crawled over the flat roofs of some houses to get the bribe of half-a-Napoleon which I had offered if she would sit three times. The difficulty was not to get Arabs to sit once, but to get them to sit more than once; that is the reason I proposed a strong inducement to tempt her to sit three times. I was horrified at the treatment which she received at the hands of her brutal brother, but she would sit, and I was very glad I had made three studies of her head, for she was perfect for Hagar.

An Italian model also sat wonderfully well for a drawing I made for the drapery of the figure of Christ in my picture "By the Sea of Galilee." He stood upright in the blanket-robe of the Bedouin, who have a marvellous way of making an entire dress from a single blanket. To my amazement he stood for two hours and a half, constantly assuring me that he was very comfortable, and "You needn't trouble about me." Though I urged him frequently to take a rest, I was glad to find that he could still continue the position. He never moved one of the folds of drapery the whole two hours and a half. It was the finest posing that I had ever experienced, and I kept increasing his pay to keep him in spirits.

Drapery painting is very serious work. It never comes twice alike, or anything near it. Arms and hands they can rest whenever they please, for they can always be put back in the same position; so can an infant; but with the folds of draped clothing it is obviously altogether different.

Christie was another favourite model of mine, so punctual and patient. He was a retired Lifeguardsman, but had begun life as a model. He had sat when quite young to Sir David Wilkie for his picture, painted for the Duke of Wellington, of "The Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo." I think he must have begun his life as a model the year I was born. He sat to me when I was over

forty, and he was then quite an old man; he sat also a great deal to John Lewis, R.A., for his Oriental pictures.

One of the best non-professional models I ever had was Mr. Deverell, whose portrait I have already mentioned.

From very early life I was fond of cultivating flowers, and was known by some of my friends as "The Rosebud," a funny kind of nickname to give a man. I was always a very early riser. In the summer-time the sun came into my painting-room in the afternoon and made it stifling; so I asked some of my models, particularly one who had been in the 13th or 14th Light Dragoons, and another in the Life Guards, to come to me at six o'clock in the morning. When they came they found me gardening, having been at work since five. They said they would tell this to some of the young artists they were sitting to. Both men sat to many of the artists in London whenever they could—to Millais, amongst others. The light-dragoon sat to him for most of his pictures. He was a finely-made man, and of perfect proportions. The Black Brunswicker in the celebrated picture was almost a portrait of him. Millais never began his picture until he was perfectly sure of getting the right model for it and even the dress.

I found some of the most capital models in Venice, particularly one I used to call "Thirty-six"

in Italian, the number of his gondola. He was a good model, although a great blackguard, who had no compunction whatever in swindling travellers out of much more than their proper fare.

A whole family of beggars used to come and sit very well indeed. When one came, the whole lot of them had to come—they would not be separated. As mentioned in the chapter containing my reminiscences of Venice, they were all represented in my picture entitled "Alms on the Lagune." They used to paddle about in an old boat and waylay ladies and gentlemen in the gondolas.

When I went to the island of Chioggia to paint, my models there were almost all mendicants. There was a charitable shopkeeper who used to have a whole string of beggars, numbering some thirty or forty, one day in the week, to receive a trifling bounty which he had been in the habit of giving them. Whenever I wanted a model, I used to watch them go up in a line one after another to receive their little bit of money, and I had a very large choice of men, women, and children. Thus I soon became acquainted with the principal beggars of Chioggia.

A very splendid model, I think quite the finest model I ever had, was an Italian woman. She was tempted unfortunately by higher pay to sit at the Empire Theatre, in Leicester Square, and ruined her health by doing so. She told me she had been

painted all over with some colour that closed the pores of her skin. She became a wreck, and returned to Italy.

Some of my models in early life were a man, woman, and boy, engaged in the then common occupation of selling brooms. The man sat to me often for my first pictures. In those days they used to go about with little bundles of brooms made out of willows. They were Germans and could not speak much English, although able to call out, "Buy a broom!" The first time the man came he very soon ran out of the house when he caught sight of the skeleton, hanging on the wall of my studio, which my father bought for me when a boy. He got over his first fright, however, and sat again afterwards.

I must not forget that my sisters served me as models, for as a youth I never had a professional model at all. Our servants sat to me; so did the watchman who shut me in his box, and the turn-cock; in fact, any one I knew, including a young brother, who was very useful to me and posed well.

Dear old Thomas Sidney Cooper painted from my watchman, in the character of a poacher riding on an old grey horse—a good picture of his early time. The poacher was looking round with a frightened expression on his face, as if pursued. It was at the British Institution in 1839, the year

I had my picture of the soldier defeated—"The Draught Players."

The only drawing school I ever went to was in Leicester Square, in the room where Miss Lindwood's exhibition of needlework or tapestry was held in times gone by. There was a fine collection of casts, and poor Haydon—a sad memory—used to come round as visitor and give the students the benefit of his advice. He had a very fine head, and looked a most distinguished man, worthy of better fortune than he experienced. He had a determined character in his face, the under-lips slightly protruding. He was truly a disappointed man, and, I have been told, inordinately vain. He had a huge picture exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. In another room in the same building, Tom Thumb the dwarf was being exhibited, attracting thousands of people daily, and being kissed by many ladies who drove up in their carriages to see him and fuss over him. Haydon was utterly neglected, hardly any one coming to his exhibition. This preyed upon his mind to such an extent that he was found dead by his own hand in front of his picture.

I remember Chisholm, who constantly came to my father's studio, a very irritable and disappointed man. His works although always clever lacked beauty, where beauty should have been—namely, in the female faces. My father made him a

present of the head of Clytie to study beauty. He came one day after this, and almost the first question my father put to him was, "Well, Chisholm, how is the world using you?"

"Bad, sir, bad; but I have been taking your advice, Mr. Goodall. I have been looking at all the barbers' blocks as I was coming along." This was a very sarcastic speech, as most of his speeches were.

At another time my father advised him to be particularly polite to a dealer in oil-paintings of the name of Roberts, who was called "Gentleman Roberts." On his next visit to my father he said, "Again, Mr. Goodall, I have taken your advice, and was very civil to that man Roberts."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He asked me if I recollected that drawing of mine which he had bought of me, and when I told him that I did, he had the infernal impudence to say that if I knew of any one wanting to purchase it, he might have it at half-price. With that he took off his hat, bowed very politely, and wished me 'Good-day.' Would you believe it, sir, I was struck all of a heap?"

Before my time, a well-known model in connection with the Royal Academy was Shaw the Lifeguardsman, who was killed at Waterloo. I remember his being talked about by the students of the Life School, then at Somerset House. He was a very

powerfully-made man, and at Waterloo his prowess was so remarkable that it attracted the attention of his officers. He was a Yorkshireman. When the Life Guards crashed into the French Cuirassiers he called out to his men in broad Yorkshire dialect, "Prick them at the necks, lads," meaning that the neck was the most vulnerable part to aim at, for they wore helmets and breastplates. It was told by some at the schools of the Academy at that time that Shaw not only cut through their helmets, but their heads as well.

Etty for one painted frequently from him, and Hilton used to describe him as the most perfect model he had ever seen. I have often heard Landseer speak of him as a splendid model. There was great grief at the Academy when news came of his death. He received nine wounds before he was killed.

CHAPTER XV.

TOWN AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Graeme's Dyke, my house at Harrow—Designed by Norman Shaw, R.A.—Roman remains—Well adapted for gardening—Finds in the fosse—My Egyptian sheep—Their native land—Fond of dates—Pictures of the Harrow time—Return to town—Charles II.'s statue—Mr. W. S. Gilbert in possession—62 Avenue Road—Why the fancy-dress ball had to be postponed—The gunpowder explosion—Sir John Tenniel's cartoon—Gounod and the first representation of *Faust* in London—Roused by croquet—Gambart's villa at Nice—Nadaud's songs—Gillott and Turner—Colonel Mapleson—A description of my house—The reception-room—Studio—Drawing-room—Billiard-room—My daughter's pictures—A plant from Dunrobin—The advantages of Regent's Park—Incidents at the Zoo—One of Sir Edwin Landseer's subjects—A gazelle on loan.

In 1856, a short time after he had sold Bentley Priory, I purchased from the Marquis of Abercorn, Graeme's Dyke, a hundred acres of freehold land, forming part of the Harrow Weald Estate. I longed to live in the country, for I am particularly fond of gardening and flowers, and I intended to make it my home.

From 1856 till 1868 I made nurseries of choice conifers, having them moved from time to time to

prepare them for their final planting. The reason I did this was that the land had been let to Mr. Charles Blackwell for twenty-one years, and his lease did not expire for some years after I had purchased the land; but some years before his lease expired he relinquished it to oblige me.

Then I built a house from designs by Norman Shaw, R.A., upon which he bestowed much thought to make it as picturesque as he could. My two very dear friends Sir John Rolt and Edwin Field came down on several occasions to help me to fix the spot for the house, and while the structure was in progress a number of young architects came down to study it. The part of the land upon which it was built contained thirty acres, which had originally been part of Harrow Weald Common.

Through this portion of the estate an earthwork ran, supposed to be an ancient British fortification, which was also at some time occupied by the Romans. This was shown by the coins which were found from time to time, together with Roman pottery of the time of Hadrian. Only a few hundred yards from Graeme's Dyke a Roman jar containing fifty Roman gold pieces was discovered, which was claimed by the Marquis of Abercorn. The name of this earthwork was called in the Ordnance Survey map Grime's Dyke. This is the true name, but Norman Shaw begged me to alter it to Graeme's

Dyke, as the other title gave one the impression of its being dirty!

The fosse, about the third of a mile in length, was dammed up at one end so that the water from the high parts of the common should not run away; consequently it provided a charming piece of water between the high banks of magnificent bracken.

After the house was finished, I then laid out the gardens for fruit and flowers, and moved the conifers to their final place. All this gave me the greatest delight, having graduated in the work of gardening from a very early age, followed up in later years at Redleaf.

The soil was admirably suited for gardening. In the woods there was the finest leaf mould, not disturbed for at least a couple of centuries. Then under the mass of bracken peat was found in plenty, and the finest loam, and in fact almost every kind of soil for a garden. Rhododendrons and hardy azaleas throve to perfection, and all conifers.

After I had resided there for a few years, I had the fosse cleaned out, and several curious things were found, amongst them a small copper bottle engraved and inlaid with gold. It was sent up to an expert at the British Museum, and singularly enough he described it as possibly of Indian manufacture of the fifteenth century. There was also a portion of a cooking utensil—which looked like a fish-strainer—of copper inlaid with gold, like the other piece.

Another find was a huge thigh-bone, perfectly black, and in size and form very like to the remains of the great elk discovered in the bogs of Ireland. The little bottle I gave to Mr. W. S. Gilbert to keep as a curiosity.

Many of my colleagues of course ran down to see me, amongst them Alma Tadema, Calderon, Val Prinsep, Edward Cooke, Herbert, Horsley, Hodgson, Herkomer, and Armstead.

When I went to Egypt for the last time in 1870, Norman Shaw sent me many letters telling me about the progress of the house. Before I left I purchased a small flock of Egyptian sheep, which were sent to Harrow Weald to the care of my good friend, Mr. Charles Blackwell. They arrived in England safely, along with a brown lamb which had been born on the vessel. Only one of the sheep was the worse for the journey, but it soon recovered.

The soil where the garden was laid out was very gravelly, and a quantity of it had been dug and sifted to make the paths and roadways. There were great heaps of it about the land, upon which the sheep delighted to lie, thinking, I daresay, it was like their native Egypt. They were marvellously tame and would follow folk who tempted them with dates, of which they were remarkably fond—not only the fruit, but the leaves also. There was one palm-tree in a pot which I had reared from a date-stone. It had been quite a

dozen years in growing, was taken out of the greenhouse and placed in the kitchen-garden for the summer, when my Egyptian sheep smelt it, found their way into the kitchen-garden and devoured it right down to the mould.

Norman Shaw had made me a grand painting-room, where I painted some of my most important pictures, beginning with "The Head of the House at Prayer," in which the little brown lamb was introduced; followed up with the "Subsiding of the Nile," a picture twelve feet long, in which I introduced my Egyptian sheep.

My patrons in those days thought nothing of coming down to see my work whenever they came to London. Sir William Agnew looked me up frequently. Grant Morris, of Alerton Priory, Liverpool, was a constant visitor; and John Newton Mappin, from Sheffield, often called to see how his pictures were progressing. The largest picture I painted for Mr. Grant Morris was "Rachel and her Flock," and my Egyptian sheep were all introduced in that picture. I knew when I was in Egypt, and before I purchased the flock of sheep, that one of my first pictures should be that subject. In Mr. J. N. Mappin's picture, now at the permanent Art Gallery at Sheffield, they were painted in, as well as some Egyptian goats which I had sent over at the same time as the sheep. The title of this picture was "An Intruder on the Bedouin

Pasture,"—that is, the land they claim as their own on the borders of the desert, where the Nile meets the sands, which the water fertilises to a certain extent, but not sufficiently for cultivating from an agricultural point of view.

The first vegetation that occurs is the reed, the young leaves of which give fodder for the cattle, camels, sheep, and goats (as soon as ever a bit of green shows it is nibbled off); and the iris, a most charming delicate species of a rosy-pink colour, more like an orchid, appears next. I tried to bring some roots with me, but I suppose it was the wrong time of year for transplanting, for they perished on the way.

Some of the last pictures I painted at Harrow were commissions from Mr. Thomas Blackwell, who had his house enlarged specially to hang many of them, my most important ones being "The Water-Carriers of Egypt," "On the Road to Mecca," "Ploughing," "Watching for the Boat on the Nile," "Site of Ancient Memphis"; the view of his place at "Oxhey," with his red Devons; a picture called "Glencoe," in which some of his Highland cattle figured. I also painted his portrait, and the portraits of his grandchildren, some in the well-known wood close by, called the Bluebell Wood, others with a background of the porch and steps of Graeme's Dyke, with pigeons and peacock and peahen in the foreground.

While I was laying out the grounds at Graeme's Dyke, Mr. Thomas Blackwell sent me down the old statue of Charles II., which was for a long time in Soho Square, placed there I think in the time of the king, for the square was originally called King Square. When it arrived I was puzzled to know where to place it; at last I decided its proper position was in the widest piece of water of the Dyke. I had a concrete foundation made with gravel and Portland cement; upon this the statue was placed—not an easy thing to do, of course, for it was the size of life. In twilight it looks very mysterious and weird with its reflection in the water. It is very considerably dilapidated, but it stands on an artistically-carved pedestal—the original one that was in Soho Square.

After I had been living at Harrow nearly twelve years I found the difficulty about models and other things a permanent drawback, and concluded that it was a disadvantage for an artist to live entirely in the country; but I enjoyed it extremely while it lasted. Mrs. Goodall, too, found it inconvenient with regard to the education of our daughter; and we both decided to come to London and part with the house and grounds, which withdrew too much of my attention and time from my profession.

It was purchased by Mr. Heriot, the banker, who after living there for some years sold it to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who is still there and thinks it the

most beautiful spot near London. I shall never forget his saying, when he met me at a garden party, "I am so delighted, Goodall, to have stepped into your shoes at Graeme's Dyke."

"How do you like the place?" I said.

"I think it is most beautiful. Tell me if you had any fault to find with it."

I was taken by surprise, for at the moment I knew of no drawbacks. I said, "Oh, yes! there are no gas-lamps and no policemen"—a state of affairs which did not trouble me, as you may imagine.

"I can do without either; is there anything else?"

"Yes," I said, "there is something else: it is a white owl that used to sit on the ledge of our bedroom window and tap with its beak on the glass and then fly away, making that noise so peculiar to owls, which frightened Mrs. Goodall."

"Ah, I hope the white owl is still living, and that it will come to tap at my window."

To me it was a beautiful object when it flew so noiselessly across the lawn, with the background of a dark wood planted about thirty years before by the Marquis of Abercorn.

I made a thatched owl-house when there, in which I placed a white owl that lived very happily for some years. Then, unfortunately, I introduced a brown owl, as I thought, for company's sake; they seemed to get on very well for a time,

but eventually they quarrelled, and the brown owl settled the white one.

Mr. Gilbert made a beautiful lake in the grounds, which must be a charming improvement.

The house I am living in at the present moment —62 Avenue Road, Regent's Park—had a history before I purchased it from Colonel Mapleson. It has a very large room, which Mr. Gambart added to the original house, and which served him as a picture-gallery, concert-room, and on occasions as a ball-room. Here I had the pleasure of hearing Titiens and many other celebrated vocalists sing.

While it belonged to Mr. Gambart he gave many musical entertainments and balls; the last one he arranged was a fancy-dress ball. A large tent was erected in the garden at the back of the house, and the day before the ball the gasfitters were fixing the gas to the tent, when by some oversight a gas-burner was left turned on in a room of the basement. Consequently, when a domestic went into this room with a lighted candle very early next morning, a terrific explosion took place, bursting up the beautiful parquet floor of the ball-room. Bad news travels fast, and it was not long before some one came and told me of the disaster. In the room intended for the ball a charming picture by Clarkson Stanfield was blown through the skylight and picked up in the next garden, luckily not much the worse for its aerial flight. But a picture by Tadema was

crumpled and scorched and blistered with the heat. The walls of the room in which Mr. and Mrs. Tadema were sleeping were cracked and opened sufficiently in one corner to allow of the admission of daylight. A very fine collection of artistic antique earthenware in a cabinet was broken, almost every piece being injured. It was insured for £1500, the price Mr. Gambart gave for it. It was a well-known collection of earthenware. The Insurance Office made a compromise with Mr. Gambart, partly at his request, that the sum should be reduced to half, but that he was to have all the pieces, broken or unbroken, which turned out to be a very good bargain for Mr. Gambart. He got half the insurance money, and after the pieces were cleverly put together and mended, the ware brought more than he had originally given for it.

I called upon Mr. Gambart, who had gone to a house in the neighbourhood for the time being, and then he told me all the incidents connected with the explosion. The woman who went in with the candle was instantly killed, and their handsome parlour-maid was for a long time in Middlesex Hospital terribly burnt about the face and neck, and her hair destroyed. "I am going to see how she's getting on," he added; "would you like to accompany me?"

I saw nothing but a face and head smothered with oil-lint, and a place left for the eyes. In

answer to questions put by Mr. Gambart asking very kindly after her, whether she had everything she wanted, a very faint, or rather a squeaky, voice came from the bed. It was a sad sight, which I shall never forget, and very glad I was to get away from it.

I was rejoiced to find Alma Tadema and his wife had not been injured by the explosion, though they had had a dreadful fright.

Strange to say, Tadema took a house opposite the Regent's Park, just a little beyond the end of Avenue Road—almost opposite the north gate of Regent's Park. A terrible explosion which roused all London took place close by, on the Regent's Canal, on board a barge laden with gunpowder—an event commemorated in *Punch* by one of Sir John Tenniel's classic cartoons. Fortunately, Tadema and his wife were not at home at the time; every pane of glass in the neighbourhood was broken, and considerable damage done to Alma Tadema's and other houses. It was an extraordinary coincidence that within a very short space of time he should have been in two explosions.

The fancy-dress ball eventually took place at Willis's Rooms in King Street, St. James's. Some of the dresses were choice and admirably made, especially those that were worn by Fred Walker and his sister, of the time of the French Revolution. Tom Taylor was there as a nobleman of the time

of Henry VIII., very splendidly got up from one of Holbein's pictures. Perugini, too, was capitally dressed.

Mr. Gambart gave many dinner-parties at 62 Avenue Road, at which I often met Rosa Bonheur, and other celebrated French artists—Troyon, Édouard Frere, Biard, amongst them—as well as many famous musicians, including Gounod.

The night of the first representation of *Faust* Gounod was brought to 62 Avenue Road in almost an unconscious state from the effect of the disappointment. Strange to say, it was considered only a partial success. He was put in a chair on the lawn at the back of the house, and eventually was aroused from his lethargic state by seeing some young ladies playing at croquet.

Soon after this Mr. Gambart moved to Nice to his beautiful marble palace, which took several years to build. The marble of it was quarried at Carrara, where all the necessary carving was done, and sent by boat and landed on the shore of the Mediterranean close to Les Palmiers, as he called his villa.

There he accumulated a fine collection of pictures, including many of Tadema's and Rosa Bonheur's most important works. It was really a show-house, and all visitors tried to see it. He became Spanish Consul at Nice.

Gambart built Rosa Bonheur a studio, but she afterwards built one for herself at Nice. When her

first one was vacant, he most kindly offered it to me, but I could never find the opportunity of using it. Gambart was a true lover of Art, and always acted towards artists in the most generous manner. Mrs. Goodall and myself enjoyed the hospitality of Les Palmiers for a fortnight, and Mr. Gambart did his utmost to make us comfortable, and invited many of his friends to meet us. He also occasionally gave musical functions. Nadaud often sang his favourite songs, the words of which he had written, and accompanied himself on the piano; it was a perfect treat. One of his songs was most touching and brought tears to the eyes of many visitors; it was called "Cousin Charles."

The grounds of Gambart's villa were most exquisitely laid out, and palm-trees grew to a great size. The gardens in the spring-time were covered with anemones, and there were many plants in full bloom that are only reared in greenhouses in England. The camelias blossomed out of doors and the orange-trees were laden with fruit.

My old friend paid the debt to nature whilst these chapters were being written. His uniform kindness to me laid me under a heavy obligation. Few patrons were ever so considerate and so thoughtful to the whole fraternity of artists.

Gambart sold the house before he went to Nice to Mr. Gillott of Birmingham—the pen-maker,—who was fortunate enough to possess many of Turner's

works from his gallery. Gillott's interview with the great painter, I may say in passing, was remarkable. He was received by Turner very civilly. After Gillott had gone round the gallery, he said, "Yes, they are very fine; but we have some effective things in Birmingham, which I would not mind exchanging for some of yours."

"Well," said Turner, "I should be glad to see them."

Thereupon Mr. Gillott brought out of his pocket a roll of bank-notes. "These are my Brummagem pictures," said he.

The pair very soon got to business, the bank-notes changed hands, and the pictures went at such prices that Gillott could afterwards afford to sell them at a handsome profit. Gillott had the taste and knowledge of a great connoisseur. Remarkable as were the prices which his Turners commanded, they were nothing compared with the sums which they afterwards fetched at Christie's sale-room, especially, as I have already pointed out, the Turners in Sir John Pender's collection.

But to resume, number 62 Avenue Road passed from Gillott's hands into those of Colonel Mapleson —I think it was after the death of Gillott,—and from Colonel Mapleson I purchased it.

When I was elected a full member of the Academy in 1863, Mr. Gambart gave a dinner in my honour, inviting all the Academicians who he knew were

friendly with me—namely, Stanfield, David Roberts, Maclise, Tom Faed, and others. Hepworth Dixon was of the party. I was glad to find him there, for he was a good friend and true; in fact, they were all splendid fellows.

I believe it may prove interesting to the inquirer of some future, if not present time, to place on record a description of the rooms and contents of my house in Avenue Road, Regent's Park. To begin with, there is the large room which I have already written about in reference to the fire that took place many years ago. It contains a quantity of finely-carved oak furniture, mostly of the Jacobean period, and some Elizabethan; and also a very large cabinet of German Gothic, in the centre of which is a compartment six feet long, where I keep all my Egyptian costumes in sliding trays. The steel hinges are very fine, and I should think rare; they are eight in number, with the date on their escutcheons of 1380, and a very fine original steel lock and key. There are six unusually fine high-backed chairs of the time of William and Mary. The grand oak mantelpiece of large size is of Flemish carving of the time of James I. Two bronze figures bought at the first great Paris Exhibition stand on carved oak pedestals, on the other side of the doorway leading to the balcony overlooking the studio, which is seen through an Egyptian *Musharabea* lattice-work at the head of the stairs. In this room I show

my pictures when finished and a few sketches of subjects for pictures. Some family portraits, especially those of my wife and daughter, hang upon these walls; and in the cabinets lie books of reference on Egypt, ancient Greek history and mythology, and many Scriptural works.

My studio is entirely hung with my Egyptian sketches painted on the spot—studies of camels, sheep, buffaloes, landscapes, fellaheen; the Bedouin spinning wool and weaving carpets and rugs; and a number of studies of heads in oil-colours of the women of the tents, besides several water-colour sketches of palm-trees, villages, and the customs of the natives. There is also a number of studies made in Venice and on the Island of Chioggia of gondoliers, fishermen, and beggars. The *Mush-arabea* lattice-work, as seen in the studio, is just as it appears in the houses of Cairo, with the original little windows or doors which the ladies of the Harem look out of occasionally into the street, or from which they drop a coin into the hands of a mendicant. Two very fine Egyptian doors—rare, of course, in England—are beautiful pieces of work, one inlaid and dovetailed, the other an exquisite design in lattice-work, and four ornamental carved and plastered windows, with stained glass let in. All this I bought from a house in the Mameluke quarter that was being pulled down when I resided in that locality.

My drawing-room is entirely hung with cartoons for important pictures, and chalk drawings of heads, arms, and draperies studied from nature. In this room are all the studies of heads and hands for my pictures "By the Sea of Galilee," "The Infant Moses in the Arms of Jochebed" (for which I made use of the wonderful "find" in Seven Dials already related), "Hannah and Samuel," "Sarah and Isaac," "Hagar and Ishmael." I have many studies of my daughter from the age of ten days and upwards; and, in short, of every picture I have painted in the last five-and-twenty years, and some even before that—I may say with truth forty years ago, including a most carefully-finished cartoon for my picture of "Susanna." In fact, the whole room is filled with black-and-white drawings.

The billiard-room, which is called my daughter's room, is hung with an interesting collection of water-colour drawings of her early life when we lived at Graeme's Dyke. On one of the walls is a large picture, eight feet long, which I gave to her as a present. It is called "The Day of Rest at the Old Home, Harrow Weald," known as The Kiln, where the late Mr. Thomas Blackwell was born. The picture shows the Kiln chimney and all the picturesque sheds around it, in which the tiles and pots are dried, and where his own children and grandchildren have played at hide-and-seek from generation to generation, and where my

children, too, have often enjoyed a game; it is a wonderful place for hide-and-seek. It is represented as it appears on Sunday, without the work going on, and when the fire of the kiln is allowed to die down for the burned contents to cool. In the foreground is a horse, which had done duty in Soho Square, enjoying the day of rest drinking at a pool. This picture is a true source of pleasure to my children, and even to myself, although I never played there, for it gave me the greatest delight to paint it. A robin redbreast on a rail watches the horse drinking. The cat and dog in the picture are both dead.

The walls of this room—that is Rica's room—are hung with forty water-colour drawings by myself, all, as I have said, depicting her early life at Graeme's Dyke. She is represented at one time in a high-backed chair seated at the table—this chair I designed and had made for her purposely, covered with blue velvet,—at another in the arms of her mother, and at a third looking at a suit of armour in the hall and wondering what *that thing* was. Perhaps one of the most attractive pictures is one representing her as concerned about a big black doll that she is covering with fur and putting in a little waggon. In another picture she is shown feeding some doves on the staircase, and so forth. Some day, I hope, these sketches may be considered very interesting. Some of them, indeed,

formed subjects for finished pictures; for instance, "The Time of Roses," where Rica is plucking the flowers from a standard rose-tree. My daughter has another picture of herself seated in the bay-window of Graeme's Dyke, with pencil in her hand and sketch-book, and a little kitten keeping her company.

In this same room there is a picture in the centre wall over the mantelpiece, a picture of herself which I exhibited at the Royal Academy, and called by the title of "Artist and Model." It was her first attempt at the drawing of her pet pug, and she is holding up a biscuit for the sitter as a reward for keeping still. On the same wall, one on each side of this portrait, are two studies in oil of the grand flower *Medinella magnifica*, from nature, actual size, the blossom when it hangs down being quite a foot in length. The portions of the walls that are not covered with my pictures or sketches are occupied by photographs of many friends.

The hall of this house and the staircase are hung entirely with sketches in oil-colours, some from nature, and many sketches for designs for pictures. There are first ideas for "The Flight into Egypt," "The Betrayal of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," and "The Shepherds watching their Flocks by Night," besides studies for my pictures of "Misery and Mercy," and principally for the background of "Christ blessing Little Children." There are also

two life-size heads in water-colours of my daughter and son, a life-size portrait of my daughter in a blue dress, and the study of her for my picture of "Puritan and Cavalier." For me special interest must always attach to the portion of the picture which was saved from the fire, and which represented my daughter as a child holding in her hand the willow blossom, the picture being called "Palm Sunday." The water-colour sketch for it gives some idea of the picture, and hangs in my daughter's room. On the staircase is a study of my daughter seated in the arm-chair covered with blue velvet; it was done for a picture, never finished, which was to have been called "In Grandmother's Chair."

When I was at Dunrobin Castle there was a hardy plant in the gardens that attracted my attention, a plant I had never seen before. I spoke to the Duke of Sutherland about it, and he was good enough to inquire whether Mrs. Goodall would care for a root. On my better-half's behalf I ventured to say that she would be delighted. To our gratification, a month or two afterwards his Grace came, carrying the plant himself that Mrs. Goodall had admired at Dunrobin Castle. It was planted in our garden and has flourished ever since, although not with the luxuriousness and beauty which it displayed in the lovely air of Scotland. It has often struck me as strange that tourists seldom visit the extreme

north of Scotland. Sutherlandshire scenery is mostly remarkably beautiful, but only sportsmen seem to appreciate this county.

Once while painting, wrapped up in thought about my picture for the next Royal Academy, I was enthralled by the most delightful pianoforte playing I had ever heard. It came wafting through the *Musharabea* lattice-work in the balcony of my studio. I had never heard the music before, and am not likely to hear it again unless the same gifted interpreter chooses to play it. It was perfect enchantment, and my paint-brush moved in unison. I learned afterwards it was a piece by Abanesi, and that the enchantress was Mrs. S. Beddington.

Londoners will not need to be reminded that amongst the advantages of living in immediate proximity to Regent's Park is the use of the magnificent park, probably the finest sheet of natural woodland in the metropolis. It becomes, so to speak, part of one's estate. Moreover, the park is so capacious that it not only contains acres of pleasaunce and flower-beds and delightful lakes, but also gives lodgment to the Royal Botanical Society's Gardens and the celebrated Gardens belonging to the Zoological Society. Many and many an hour have I spent there studying the animals.

A sad scene occurred at the Zoo while I was sketching in the lion-house—not the grand lion-house that is in the Gardens now. It was when

there was not such good protection from the beasts as now exists. A school of boys came in and soon crowded round the cages. One little fellow was pushed against the bars of a panther's cage. The animal seized his arm instantly and began lacerating it with his claws. The lad's heartrending cries brought the keeper to his help; but not before the boy was so terribly hurt that he was carried away in a fainting condition.

Another gruesome scene took place in the bear-pit, with which there communicated a cage in which a sickly bear was shut up alone. He accidentally put one leg through the iron bars at the bottom of the pit, and it was instantly seized by one of the big bears and so dreadfully mauled that the keeper had to take the animal away on a barrow.

The elephant is a most troublesome beast to draw. He seemed to know that I wished to take a front view of him, but persistently stood with his back to me. It was only by coaxing him with bits of bread that I could get him to turn round. When this was finished he thrust his trunk out of the stable into the yard and gathered up a quantity of gravel, which he threw at me in anger because I would not give him any more bread.

I made many sketches in the reptile-house, the keeper of which lost his life by handling a cobra that had been brought from Egypt by an Arab. He used to handle it with impunity. The fact is

that when it was first of all brought over it had had its poison-fangs extracted, which, however, as already recorded, grow again in three months, together with the bag of poison at the roots.

When I was leaving the Gardens one day I saw a keeper running very fast towards the gate I was making for, and calling out "Stop it." Then I saw a little animal about the size of a fox-terrier running through the long grass near the gate. I ran down the embankment and stopped it, holding it with my thumb and fingers, and pressing its head against the ground; but it struggled violently, trying to effect his escape, when fortunately the keeper came up. It was a young wolf.

One afternoon the Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington were pointed out to me in the Gardens. Lady Blessington looked charming and was most beautifully dressed, and still like Lawrence's portrait of her. Certainly the Count was a dandy, and I can say with perfect truth that Tree's representation of him in *The Last of the Dandies* was remarkably good, and reminded me forcibly of the real man.

The Ojibbeway Indians paid a visit to the Gardens while I was sketching there. I should have liked to sketch them, but dared not do so. Why my presence of mind failed me at the moment I cannot explain.

One Sunday I met Sir Edwin Landseer and strolled round with him. He was attracted very

much in the monkey-house by a mother with her sick child hugging it. This incident formed the subject of one of his most touching pictures. He caught to perfection the expression of the mother with tears in her eyes. He called the picture "The Doctor's Fee," the doctor being represented by a black monkey with white whiskers sucking an orange. I do not wonder that Rosa Bonheur should have called Landseer "The animals' poet-painter."

It was not a common occurrence for a monkey to escape from his cage, and they are generally soon caught; but one was a long time absent, and he was at last found living upon the fruit-trees in St. John's Wood—before any railway had spoiled the neighbourhood. When the winter came he could not get fruit, so he wisely returned to the Gardens.

Many monkeys in the monkey-house got to know me well, for I was very fond of drawing them, and of course always brought with me some little treat; in fact, I may say that before I was fifteen I had drawn most of the animals in the Zoo.

Occasionally I visited the birds, and after my return from Egypt I went to make studies of the sacred ibis, which, it may be remembered, I introduced in my picture of "Memphis."

I knew intimately Sir William Flower, President of the Zoological Society, and when I told him that

A Gazelle on Loan

I wanted a gazelle to paint from, and invited his influence to have one sent to my house in Avenue Road, he immediately promised to speak to Mr. Bartlett about it. Sure enough next day the gazelle was sent, with a lot of wire-netting to make a cage in my studio. I painted it in my picture "The New Light in the Harem," and kept it for several days.

"But," Sir William added, when I thanked him for his courtesy, "I hope you won't ask me for a lion next."

CHAPTER XVI.

"LOOSE ENDS."

The Princess Victoria—At St. James's Palace—The French Gallery—The Wilkie Exhibition—The Duke of Wellington and Sir David—Wilkie watched—Protected by railing—Mr. W. P. Frith's brilliant successes—The Third Napoleon at Windsor—Marshal Soult—Wellington's funeral—Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee—The old English line-engravers—Their treatment by the R.A.—Why the art has vanished—Samuel Cousins—His plates at eighty years—John Pye—Hogarth—Not accustomed to his carriage—Turner's "Liber Studiorum"—John Pye's discourses—Doo and Sir David Wilkie—John Burnet—Raimbach—The case of George Kissel—My recreations—The "artist gardener"—The Redleaf gardens—Landscape gardening—The tending of sheep and keeping of owls—Wood-carving—Pyrotechny.

WHEN I first saw Queen Victoria I was only a small boy, and she was Princess Victoria. I had gone to the inner circle of Regent's Park along with a schoolfellow of mine for the express purpose of getting a look at the future queen, and there, sure enough, I saw the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent seated in an open carriage coming from a flower show. The Princess was dressed in the fashionable bonnet of that time, of a very gauzy character that hid nothing of the face, which I

saw distinctly. I remember her Majesty looking delicately fair and beautiful.

The next time I saw her Majesty was at St. James's Palace. She was walking along the passage to the Chapel, holding Prince Albert's arm. Many years afterwards, in company with Daniel Maclise, I was requested by Mr. Gambart, the owner of the French Gallery, to receive her Majesty on the opening of the exhibition. The Queen and Prince Albert walked round the gallery slowly, examining every picture most carefully. I watched the various beautiful expressions as her Majesty looked up into Prince Albert's tender face, for he was much taller than the Queen. The young Prince Alfred reminded me of his visit to the studio at Cairo in company with John Malcolm.

The year after Wilkie's death all Sir David's pictures that could possibly be got together were exhibited at the British Institution. The Duke of Wellington came to see the show, and I not only had time to examine his features, but to hear his voice. The most important picture of all belonged to his Grace. It was Wilkie's masterpiece, "The Chelsea Pensioners." It was commissioned by the duke, and occupied the distinguished artist many years.

The Duke of Wellington was standing along with a group of friends in front of the picture. Presently he said in a loud voice, "It is the finest picture here," and so it was.

There is a story, possibly familiar, connected with this picture, which I will repeat. When the picture was finished, the duke sent for Sir David, intending to pay him. His Grace was counting out very carefully the notes and sovereigns to make up the 1200 guineas which Wilkie was to receive.

Sir David said, "Your Grace, it would save you much trouble if you would write me a cheque."

"What!" retorted the duke. "Let Coutts's clerks know what a damned fool I have been to spend 1200 guineas on a picture?"

This very picture was exhibited some years after Wilkie's death at the French Gallery. I asked Mr. Wallace, who then owned the gallery, what he thought it was worth.

"I have offered the present duke 20,000 guineas for it."

That is a rising price and no mistake. What would the duke say now?

Just above this picture was "The Interview between the Pope and Napoleon." Looking up at the picture the duke said to his friends, "We know something about him, don't we?"

I never had the pleasure of seeing Wilkie, but I was told that he stood behind me at the National Gallery, watching me copy his "Village Holiday"; but it was not until he was gone out of the room that I heard he had been looking over my shoulder.

This painting of the "Chelsea Pensioners" was

the first picture at the Royal Academy that had ever been protected with a rail. The crowd was so enormous that the people were pushed against the picture, and Sir David Wilkie begged the Council to have a rail put round it. Such a thing had never been done before. Since then, however, W. P. Frith has had several of his pictures thus protected, with a policeman to regulate the crowd in front. He enriched the funds of the Academy by the enormous number of visitors who went to see his pictures. The subjects of Frith's pictures were "Ramsgate Sands" and "Derby Day." There never was such a popular painter as Frith, and most deservedly so. No man could wear his laurels more modestly than my old friend and comrade.

One of my early reminiscences of a Royal pageant was when the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie came to England and paid a visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. A grand review took place on the occasion in Windsor Park. After the review I remained in the park, where I thought the Royal procession might pass on their way back to Windsor. I was anxious to study the Emperor's face. He was riding on horseback, and I watched with the greatest interest the expression of his eyes, which were very restless, looking quickly from right to left and from left to right without moving his head, as if watching for some one. The Empress rode with the Queen in an open carriage.

The most important procession I ever saw was that on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Victoria. A grand fair was held in Hyde Park and a brilliant display of fireworks, which were not so common as they are now.

An interesting personage was watching the review—Marshal Soult. The mob found him out and crowded round him, pressing to shake hands with the great veteran General. He was very gracious, and grasped every palm he could reach, my brother being one of the lucky ones. I frequently saw him afterwards—once when I was at work at the British Museum drawing from the Elgin Marbles, and at the National Gallery, when I was copying an Old Master. He also came to the Thames Tunnel to see the great work of the French engineer Sir Isambard Brunel. I happened to be there busy with the six drawings which I had been commissioned to make.

Of all the military processions I have ever seen, I think the greatest of all and the most solemn was the Duke of Wellington's funeral, which I witnessed from the roof of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square.

I saw Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee procession from Bath House, Piccadilly, and it was certainly a wonderfully fine military display. Bath House contains many admirable works of art, amongst them an excellent Watteau and a superb

Turner, "Throwing up Blue Lights in a Storm to warn Vessels off the Coast." Two of my pictures—"Sowing the Dhurra" and "Water and Fodder for the Camp"—are in the collection.

It is curious how one thinks of things at unexpected moments. Not the slightest connection is there between those memoranda about royal pageants and the art of engraving, yet there flashes across my mind a reproach that, though I am the son of an engraver who held one of the chiefest places in his art, I have said very little, save incidentally and *apropos* of other matters, about this art, of which the English exponents occupied so prominent a position. I will therefore proceed to rectify this omission.

Approaching the time when George III. came to the throne, English engravers were much honoured and appreciated, not only in England but all over Europe.

Sir Robert Strange, one of the very finest line-engravers that ever lived, was corresponding member of most of the Continental Academies. Strangely enough, the Royal Academy did not consider him worthy of being a full member, partly, I believe, from the fact—as told to me by an authority—that in his young days he engraved in Scotland a bank-note for Prince Charles Edward the Pretender. That was the reason why no engraver, however eminent, was considered worthy of the full honours

of a Royal Academician. It seems too childish a cause for such a gross injustice, and I decline to attach any importance to it. But I give it as it was given to me.

All the most distinguished engravers of the early part of the nineteenth century signed a document that they would never put down their names as candidates for the Associateship until that law was rescinded, and somewhere about the middle of the century the stigmatising clause was wiped out. Samuel Cousins, the greatest of mezzotint engravers, then became a full Academician.

After this regulation was altered, Doo and J. H. Robinson were also elected. But my father, who had many friends in the Academy, and was repeatedly urged by them to put down his name, refused, very much to my grief at the time. I thought, not without reason, that it might tell against my election; but my foreboding was not justified by the event.

Since then there have been no engravers educated in the art sufficiently worthy of the honour; Barlow and Stocks were the last. Now it is a dead art, the process being too slow in these days—commercially. The fact is it had its death-blow when photographic processes came in for reproducing pictures. But nothing can ever take the place of the fine engravings of the past, as is shown by the extremely large prices given now for proofs of the

mezzotints after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others.

Samuel Cousins I knew intimately; he was quite a near neighbour of mine for many years. I valued his friendship and criticism upon my pictures when in progress most highly, as I also did that of John Pye, the line-engraver. I never sent a picture to the Royal Academy without having the advice of both these distinguished men. Their opinion as to light and shade was most valuable, for it was their custom to consider a picture from that point of view, and their impression as to its appearance in black and white was to be depended on always.

Samuel Cousins, when he approached towards eighty years of age, gave up engraving and sold his valuable tools. But the demand for mezzotints from Sir Joshua Reynolds was so great that Cousins was induced by the publishers to resume his unrivalled art, and actually, when nearly eighty, he began again. Indeed, some of his remarkable latest plates were executed after he had attained to this great age. He bequeathed over sixteen thousand pounds to the Royal Academy when he died, for the benefit of artists in distress.

John Pye was often invited by Landseer to look at his pictures for a similar purpose, before sending them to the Royal Academy. There was no man in our profession so indebted to the engraver as Landseer. He often had very small prices

for some of his pictures, especially from Royalty. But the copyright more than made up for it. I have known him paid a hundred pounds for a picture, and receiving fifteen hundred pounds for the copyright from the publisher. Jacob Bell was always his right-hand man in the business part of the transaction.

At the time of Hogarth line-engraving in France was at its zenith, and he himself was as fine an engraver as he was a painter. Hogarth combined a commercial instinct as well, for he was the publisher of his own engravings, and the author of the stories which he painted. There is rather an amusing anecdote told of him, but I cannot undertake to vouch for the truth of it.

He was present at a Lord Mayor's feast—and it *was* a feast in those days—and when it was time to leave it rained very hard, but he buttoned up his coat to brave the inclement weather, and trudged all the way to Chiswick, where he lived. It was not until he got home that he was reminded by his wife that he had ordered his carriage to wait for him. He had clean forgotten that he had recently set up a carriage—his memory having played him false after the Lord Mayor's wine!

His portrait of himself with his good-natured but ugly dog by his side makes one feel what a generous fellow he was. It hangs in the National Gallery.

He got into very bad odour with George II. for

having ridiculed the Foot Guards in the famous picture, "The March to Finchley," now at the Foundling Hospital, placed there, I believe, by himself. All or most pictures there were donations, which I think originated the notion of a public exhibition, for a charge of one shilling for admission was made for the benefit of the hospital. When the show was first opened it was most fashionably attended. Some excellent pictures by Hogarth are at the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields in London.

Turner's "Liber Studiorum" shows him as a black-and-white artist of the very highest order. Colourist as he was, he seems to lose nothing in black and white. My very dear friend, John Pye, owned a very fine set of these now most valuable works. They were sent out in numbers, and these numbers were never—or very rarely—perfect sets, containing first impressions of the plates. But there were private marks made by Turner himself, which the connoisseurs got to know, John Pye amongst them, and his expert knowledge enabled him to procure the best proofs.

I often used to go of a Sunday morning, as did many other artists, to listen to Pye's discourses, not upon religion, but on the painter's theory of art. He always made my visit to him a most pleasurable one. I came away with the feeling that I had learned something. Pye was a most excellent

describer and talker, and was one of the most devoted admirers of Turner's work, whether in oil or water-colour, or black and white.

John Pye weeded from his collection from time to time any impressions that were not exactly "tip-top," and replaced them with others, until his collection became one of the most perfect in existence, and is, I believe, at the present time in the print-room of the British Museum.

All Turner's pictures translated most exquisitely into black and white. Some "Liber Studiorum" prints were outlined by Turner himself with the etching-point before the engraver touched them with the mezzotint ground, which, however, soon began to wear away during the printing process. Talking of a plate wearing away reminds me of an anecdote that Doo used to relate.

A distinguished line-engraver engraved Sir David Wilkie's "John Knox preaching to Mary, Queen of Scots." The publisher was sending out prints that were so worn that Doo, the engraver, was offended, and called upon Sir David to expostulate. Wilkie listened to him very patiently without saying anything. When Doo wound up with these words, "The plate is so worn, Sir David, that the purchaser will hardly recognise your intentions," said the painter in his wonted broad Scots, "I think it will show that the plate has been very popular, and I think also the publisher is justified

in making as much out of it as he possibly can." Doo promptly took his leave after that.

Even pocket-books were illustrated by line-engravings, and John Pye engraved many, some after Turner. Then came the Christmas annuals, followed with works of the chief engravers from the best pictures of the time—"The Amulet," "Winter's Wreath," "The Keepsake," and many others, all illustrated with fine line-engravings. Then came the illustrations to the poems by Campbell, Walter Scott, Moore, Rogers, and Milton, all after Turner. And then came the England and the Coast work, all line-engravings. It was a rare time for the engravers and publishers, and will never come again.

John Burnet was an engraver of the highest order. He also engraved from his own pictures, the most important one being "The Anniversary of Trafalgar," a scene in Greenwich Park, with the pine-trees that were in existence then, and a distant view of the hospital.

Raimbach was also a fine engraver of this time. His engraving from Sir David Wilkie's "Parish Beadle" will show this. This picture is now in the National Gallery. Then there was Watt, who engraved Leslie's picture of "May Day in the Time of Queen Elizabeth," a very fine engraving indeed. And one of "Princess Charlotte," after Lawrence, by Golding, was considered a very

perfect example of line-work. About this time, too, my father produced a large plate of "Tivoli," after Turner.

There is one anecdote about my father's lovely vignette-engraving of "The Distant View of Florence," with the three cypress-trees in the foreground, which I distinctly remember seeing in my father's studio when I could not have been more than seven years of age. His pupil, who died when I was eight, asked me to sit or to stand to him in order that he might correct the drawing of a naked foot in Turner's picture, as he was making the reduction in pencil to be run off on the plate. It must have been nearly fifty years after this time that I saw the same drawing in the collection of Sir John Pender.

A year after I sat for the foot he was taken very ill, and my mother I remember took me to see him; he was really on his death-bed. He was a half-caste Indian, but a very clever artist. I shall never forget the look of his face against the white pillow; he gazed most kindly at me and my mother, who brought him some oranges to suck. His name was George Kissel. It was the first grief I had ever felt, and I have never forgotten it.

Perhaps enough has now been said about the professors of an art "as dead as the Dodo," albeit one that was practised until comparatively speaking quite recently. From work one naturally passes to

play, and I heartily subscribe to the good old maxim that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Although no other artist could be more wrapped up in his profession than I was, or take greater delight in his work, I did not deny myself relaxation, provided it was of such a nature as to employ my hands. My first and foremost recreation was gardening and the cultivation of flowers.

The large field in front of my father's house, which was often filled with grazing cows, and where the pugilistic encounters so frequently took place, was afterwards turned into a nursery-garden for cultivating flowers for Covent Garden Market. It was here I first learned the practical part of gardening, especially the budding of roses, for which I had a special aptitude. In due time I became known among my brethren as "the artist gardener." I was reminded of this a short time since by G. D. Leslie, R.A., who recalled to my memory the fact of his meeting me at Edwin Field's, in Hampstead, when I was budding choice roses on the wild briar. It was a healthy and amusing occupation after a long day's work at the easel.

I had my own garden, first of all, to attend to at my father's house, Grove Cottage. Afterwards I became a member of the Royal Botanical Society, and constantly visited the gardens at Chiswick,

taking a great interest in the working part of it. At the age of seventeen I went to Redleaf repeatedly, spending some weeks there at a time. The gardens had a world-wide reputation, not only for the beauty of their arrangement, but for the choice flowers that thrived in the perfect soil. Mr. Wells's Dutch garden, his Italian garden, and the herbaceous garden, were perfect of their kind. It was in these gardens I acted as showman to Lady Peel, whom I recognised from Cousins's beautiful plate, after Lawrence's portrait. I was there in the fruit season, too; I mean the summer out-of-door fruit, which, in my opinion, especially strawberries, excels all other fruit of the kind. I gained considerable knowledge and love of flowers from my numerous excursions to Redleaf.

Mr. Wells used often to speak of Capability Brown, a distinguished gardener, who, with his two daughters, came down to see the Redleaf Gardens. The daughters remarked that their father had no gloves on, and that his hands were very brown. To which he replied, "If my hands had not been brown, yours would never have been white."

The greatest spell of relaxation I ever enjoyed was laying out thirty acres of ground as a landscape garden at Graeme's Dyke. As I bought the place with a lease granted to a former tenant by the Marquis of Abercorn, I had to obtain

permission to make nurseries of the choicest conifers, in all their varieties, which the soil of Graeme's Dyke suited to a nicety. There was peat and leaf mould, and also loam of the best kind possible for roses. These nurseries were made for the purpose of rearing the stock of young trees every year or two, to get the roots closely bound together for the first planting of good-sized trees. All this answered perfectly, and the younglings I speak of are now flourishing forest trees. I treated rhododendrons and hardy azaleas in the same way. The reader will excuse my repeating these and a few other details. They are introduced here to "round off" the subject of recreation.

I also reared my Egyptian sheep and goats as models from which to paint. The original sheep and goats I imported did not have very long lives in England, owing to the richness of the pastures compared with their natural food on the usually dry soil in Egypt. They were fonder of dried dates than of any other food, and would follow me all over the grounds if I carried a handful of dates with me. I found it very convenient to have my models close at hand whenever I wanted to paint them.

I also cultivated owls, and had a most picturesque house built for them, until the brown one killed the white one, to my great grief.

I also reared many Guernsey cows as the nearest approach, in point of shape, to the Egyptian cattle,

although in the latter the horns are differently placed, and the shoulder has more of a hump.

My next relaxation was wood-carving, especially in oak, to enable me to make good parts of some ancient work in my possession. I became unusually successful, and had a complete collection of tools for the purpose—all kinds and sizes of gouges, some straight and others curved, and chisels, etc.

Another relaxation was the art of making fireworks, especially the coloured fires, in which I took great delight. This included the making of the cases for the rockets and Roman candles, the charging of the rockets, constructing the coloured balls that were discharged from the rockets, and so on. It was a dangerous amusement, however, and although I was lucky enough to escape accident, I would not advise any one to take it up as a means of recreation. I had one explosion; but it did no harm, beyond filling the house with sulphurous smoke.

I remember preparing for a grand display in Mr. Edwin Field's garden at Hampstead. My *pièce de resistance* was a rocket that discharged a travelling ball of fire; but it was only partially successful, though not one of the spectators knew that it was not up to the perfection I had hoped for. My great fear was lest I should set a too close haystack on fire.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ROYAL RIVER.

Changes on the Thames—The colliers—Hoys and hulks—The pines in Greenwich Park—Turner's Thames pictures—The Embankment—Cleopatra's Needle—A fatal fall from a barge—"Murphy's Winter"—Temperature of the Tunnel—Billingsgate—The Lord Mayor's water procession—Westminster Bridge—Old and new London Bridge—Edward Cooke's drawings—The mud-dredger—Sketching on the upper Thames—Edwin Field—"Father Thames"—A sad end in his own element—Summer outings—Great conflagrations—The burning of the old Houses of Parliament—Adornment of Sir Charles Barry's palace—The Royal Exchange destroyed—Fire at the Tower—The Thames on fire—Fire at the Crystal Palace.

MANY and important are the changes which I have witnessed in the aspect of the Thames, from London Bridge down to the Nore, including, on the way, Tilbury Fort on the one bank, and Woolwich Dockyard on the other.

In 1836 I was constantly on the river, and always had my sketch-book with me. The Pool at that time was very different from what it is now. The river was crowded with innumerable colliers at anchor, laden with coal, which supplied the wants of the huge town. This was discharged into barges

by manual labour—a slow process when you think of current methods. When we go down the river as far as Mr. Cory-Wright's derricks, built on a kind of island, with enormous stationary machinery —so vast, it looks as if only giants could work it —for unloading vessels and loading barges, we begin to realise something of the romance of invention, and to understand how, even in every-day processes of industrial life, truth may be stranger than fiction. The amount of work these great engines get through in a day is prodigious. I dare not venture to guess at the quantity, it is so tremendous.

I was very fond, while I was making drawings in the Thames Tunnel, of going on to the hoy or barge that guarded the bed of the river, to prevent vessels from anchoring near the works. A little farther down we came upon a most picturesque man-of-war, the *Dreadnought*, used as hulks, from which my subject for studying anatomy came. Then, a little farther down still, we encountered a grand old East Indiaman being broken up; a copper sheathing I distinctly remember as being of a wonderful green (verdigris). The Thames, no doubt, was most picturesque in those days. Even the Woolwich yards were constantly supplied with fine old oak-trees for building the wooden ships. All Greenwich Park is wonderfully changed and destroyed by the smoke from the numberless

steamers plying up and down the river. In those days I remember the grand pine-trees that have almost, if not entirely, disappeared. The Park (in 1836, or earlier) was a singularly appropriate *mise-en-scène* for John Burnet's "The Anniversary of Trafalgar," a well-known picture which the artist both painted and engraved. It was painted as a companion to Sir David Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners," called also "The Anniversary of Waterloo." Samuel Prout—the celebrated water-colour artist—made the most beautiful drawings of the breaking up of the old wooden man-of-war.

Turner's grand picture, now in the National Gallery, of "The Fighting *Téméraire*" being tugged by a little steamer to her last berth, and then "The Guardship at the Nore," one of the finest things he ever painted, were kindred subjects. And local charm is equally manifested in his little drawings of "Greenwich Hospital" for Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory*. The old pensioner with his telescope in the foreground, and the shipbuilding yard of Woolwich with a gigantic oak-tree being dragged to the yard, are excellent, faithful touches. Both these pictures were engraved by my father. Sir Augustus W. Callcott also painted some very fine pictures of the Thames and the Medway.

In my very young days I searched all the old inns about Holborn and on the southern side of the Thames for subjects, some of them even then

being most paintable. Between Charing Cross and Richmond were many most interesting spots, the first being Lambeth Palace. The crowd of factories, associated with the names of Doulton and Stiff, were picturesque objects as seen from Millbank, the spot where the Penitentiary stood, upon which now rises the Tate Gallery. Then there was Putney Bridge, a wooden structure of which almost every artist made sketches of, and which Whistler himself immortalised in his charming etchings. And at Chiswick was the villa where Hogarth lived and died, the house having been purchased as I write, in order to forestall the jerry-builder, that arch-enemy of all buildings that are either of quaint and picturesque design or of interesting associations historically.

Turner, Stanfield, Harding, Prout, and many others of my contemporaries painted much on the Thames. Turner's pictures of "Mortlake" and "Richmond" and "Pope's Villa," the last named engraved by John Pye, are well known, and also a small drawing of the same subject and of the "Tower of London," engraved by my father for the *Pleasures of Memory*.

There is no doubt the Thames Embankment has added a great beauty to London. It was made on banks of mud, upon which hundreds of barges used to lie at low water. From a sanitary point of view it must be regarded as an inestimable blessing.

Cleopatra's Needle

I am thankful Sir Erasmus Wilson was not beaten in his determination to bring Cleopatra's Needle to the metropolis. Many years before it was removed from Egypt I used to see it lying on the sea-shore near Alexandria. I little thought I should see it as one of the monuments of London, though I agree with Lord Leighton's opinion that it was not erected on a suitable site. It is a pity it was not put up in front of the British Museum.

This monument was presented to Great Britain by Mehemet Ali, and at the same time he presented the colossal figure of Rameses II., which was lying face downwards in the mud at the village now called Metrahine, and which I made the subject of my picture called "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi." At very considerable expense Sir John Pender had it raised from the mud, still keeping it horizontal, and placed it upon two pedestals, to my mind taking away in some respects the poetry of the scene, although no doubt it will help to preserve it. Sir John Pender and his friends also built a wall round it, with a gate for visitors desirous of seeing the statue, which will never again be covered, as it used to be annually, by the waters of the Nile at the time of the overflow.

On Easter Sunday, 1837, I remember being on the Adelphi Terrace overlooking these mud-banks of the Thames, when I heard the terrified screams of a poor little lad who had been playing among

the barges and had fallen into the river. A waterman in his wherry pulled as hard as he could to rescue the boy. When he reached the spot I saw him jump on to the barge and look for the place where the boy was last seen. By-and-by I saw him hold up both hands, expressing as plainly as possible that all was over. He stripped immediately, and it was not long before a limp figure dripping with water was carried to his home not far from the shore, with the mother behind wringing her hands in an agony of grief. I have never forgotten the incident, and remember all the details as if it had occurred but yesterday. This was at the time I was much on the Thames, owing to my going backwards and forwards to the Thames Tunnel.

Well do I remember seeing the Thames at London Bridge packed with ice right across the river, the blocks being piled up against the piers to an immense height. It was the severe winter, afterwards known by the name of "Murphy's Winter." At Redleaf I remember many choice, ornamental fir-trees were lost, and in many places the ordinary Portugal laurels were killed. The Thames was skatable from Hammersmith Bridge to Teddington, and so transparent was the ice that you could see the vegetation in the river-bed. The number of gulls that frequented the Thames was amazing, even surpassing the vast flocks which patronise the river during a bad winter of the present time.

The Lord Mayor's River Show

In the Thames Tunnel in this winter I was so warm when I went down to sketch that I used to take off the overcoat which I put on even over the waterproof dress which I had to wear. In the summer it was the very reverse, for it felt cold after going out of the sun.

The scene at Billingsgate at that date was quite remarkable, most of the fish coming to London being brought up the Thames. This spot has changed as much as the Pool of London, when all the coal was sea-borne and brought by the Newcastle colliers. It is now unloaded, as I have said, at Mr. Cory-Wright's derricks, a long way down the river.

One of the sights of London then was the Lord Mayor's procession by water, with the watermen, in scarlet uniforms, rowing the really beautiful barges of antique design, which had been used for ages. That was one of the spectacles, when old Westminster Bridge was standing, which the present day with all its wealth and push has never replaced, as David Roberts's picture will show. Yet it ought not to be impossible for an enterprising *impresario* like Imre Kiralfy to revive a pageant which might easily be rendered as unique as it would be gorgeous.

When my old friend Thomas Page was building the new Westminster Bridge, partly designed by Sir Charles Barry so as to harmonise with his design for the House of Lords, I used to visit the works

periodically. Sometimes he sent out cards of invitation to tea and other refreshment, to see Nasmyth's steam-hammer driving in the piles. On one of these occasions I had the pleasure of shaking hands with T. P. Cooke, the celebrated actor who created the part of William in *Black-eyed Susan*, wherein he used to bring down the house, and, I have heard my father say, fill every eye with tears. The Thames at that time was covered with wherries, all pulled by experienced hands — the watermen of Dibdin and the poets.

I just remember being taken on to the new London Bridge, and looking through the balustrades and seeing the old bridge in the process of demolition. The shooting of the old bridge, as it was called, was an art known only to the watermen. When the tide was running down, many an accident happened from inexperienced watermen not knowing the art of guiding the boat through the rush of water.

My friend Edward Cooke, R.A., made the drawings for the book descriptive of the old and new London Bridges, which were engraved by his father, George Cooke, the celebrated engraver. These drawings represented the building of the new bridge and the pulling down of the old one. He worked at them the whole of one winter, and told me that his fingers became so numbed he could not cut a point to his pencils. But, strange to say,

he managed to draw with his numbed fingers, and used to take two dozen pencils with him having their points already cut. His drawings were urgently wanted by the publisher, who seems in all ages to have wished everything done immediately. Cooke must have suffered severely, as his lips in after-life showed how much they had been blistered with cold—the top lip was cut through with a deep line. But these were grand works, and the plates were splendidly engraved by his father—the finest things in their way, without doubt, that George Cooke had ever done.

Edward Cooke was one of the most earnest art-workers in those days. Then strenuousness was a more general note than it is in these times. There are more amusements and distractions nowadays, for which, I suppose, the young artists are none the worse, perhaps possibly even better.

The picturesque old mud-dredger at London Bridge, of which Stanfield made a fine picture, was a great attraction to me, and the number of Dutch fishing-boats also gave me real pleasure. In fact, in those days I wanted to sketch everything, either on land or on water, which I thought picturesque. With such feelings I fancy I ought to have done more than I have. My father used to say, "The highest motive you can have is to draw the human figure well; get skill in that, and you will be able to draw anything." Edward Cooke had

a remarkable facility for drawing most things, but he was not an accomplished figure draughtsman.

I never went on a holiday without a small sketch-book in my pocket. It is filled with very fine pictures, mostly of old houses, some of which are still to be found in many parts of England, especially Warwickshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, where they used to abound.

They say that Stothard used to make most careful drawings of fruit-trees in blossom, a thing uncommon in those days, but not so now, for the apple-blossom has for many years past enlivened the walls of the annual Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

At the time I was on the Thames making studies for my picture, "The Happier Days of Charles I.," I hired a house-boat, so as to have a shelter, at any rate, from the rain. My friend on board was Samuel Evans, son of the drawing-master at that time of the schools of Eton College. It was he who kindly undertook to go to Oxford and bring the house-boat down to where I was painting, between Streatley and the small village of Stoke. But my constant companion was Edwin Field, the celebrated Chancery solicitor, a very accomplished amateur artist.

He taught me a great deal about the movement of water and reflections, as he had studied so very much on the river. He pointed out many things

that might have escaped my notice, especially the form of the movement of the water from the rudder of a boat in smooth water. He was a marvellous swimmer and diver. Having expressed a wish to have some water-lilies, he volunteered to get me some, and dived down under water a long time. I watched with some anxiety the bubbles rising to the surface, but at last he appeared with his face covered with mud. The water-lilies were difficult things to pull up, but he succeeded in bringing up two handfuls of roots, which I took back to London with me and planted in the water of Graeme's Dyke, Harrow Weald, where, I dare say, they still are, though I have not seen the place for some years. I never knew a man so perfectly at home in the water as Field was. He would jump into the foam of the weir and come up like a seal a hundred yards farther on. There was not a hidden post, left to rot from some weir, that he did not know. The dangers of the Royal River were no dangers to him. He was always called by his intimate friends "Father Thames." He greatly enjoyed sailing his American boat, and I was to have been with him on the sad occasion when he lost his life, I grieve to say, in the river (near Stoke) he loved so well. No one could have believed it possible that such an expert swimmer should lose his life by drowning. His favourite clerk, also a magnificent swimmer, was with him on that sad day. The last thing that

was seen or heard of him was his throwing up his arms in the air and crying out, "There goes ——," mentioning his clerk, whose name I have forgotten. It was supposed that the sudden prospect of his friend's danger had momentarily paralysed him, and that he then went under. Both men were drowned; but another clerk, who was of the party and who could not swim at all, was saved. Field's loss was felt by an enormous circle of friends. A statue was erected, I believe, to his memory at the Law Institution in Chancery Lane. His sketches were so good they would have done honour to a professional artist.

Edwin Field was a true lover of art, and interested himself in everything connected with it. Every moment that could be spared from his own profession he devoted to working from nature, and especially the Thames scenery. He was very fond of organising sketching expeditions, inducing several artists to accompany him. I was very often a guest, and Carl Haag and George Fripp were constantly of the party. On one occasion Field took us to that most interesting spot, Stonehenge, where we all diligently sketched the Druidical remains. At another time we went to Swanage and the New Forest. Yet one more excursion was by boat to Lechlade, about forty miles above Oxford—rather a rough journey for boating, as there were no locks, only weirs, and these we had to shoot on the return.

Often we went to his friend Sir John Rolt's place in Gloucestershire, called Ozleworth, where I spent many happy days getting up private theatricals and painting the scenery for the stage. Sir John Rolt was very fond of the theatre, admired Robson particularly, and could imitate his voice and manner to perfection. But he was even more entertaining when he went through some of his remarkable cases, especially "The Tichborne Case."

The transition from water to fire should not be difficult, especially to one who, like myself, has happened to witness many conflagrations.

One of the first great fires I saw was when the House of Lords was burned down, although I was about three miles away, in the north of London. A brother of mine, three years older than myself, went to the spot and took his place at the pumping. I saw immense patches of the ruddy glare from the fire when I was near the Albany Street Barracks. The glow of red was tremendous and spread for miles, while it reached high up in the heavens. I went afterwards to see the ruins, and many persons collected portions of vitrified glass, melted and mixed with refuse from the building, as keepsakes.

There is a saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and so it was in the case of the destruction of the House of Lords, for it gave Turner the subject for a grand picture, and another

Royal Academician, Sir Charles Barry, was selected by the Government to rebuild it. His palatial pile adds immensely to the beauty and magnificence of Westminster, as the Thames Embankment has done in later times.

I was much interested in Sir Charles Barry's buildings because of my father's acquaintance with Welby Pugin, who made the drawings of the details of the design and brought them to show my father before the building was commenced. I happened to be in the studio and saw them also.

The encouragement for art began with the Government's offering prizes in competition for historical designs in chalk. The prizes were large sums of money for the best. I have forgotten the exact sums, but I know they were large. Edward Armitage got a first prize, and Watts another. Armitage's subject was "The Landing of Julius Cæsar in Britain," and Watts's, "The English Prisoners in Rome."

Then came the commissions to Maclise for his two grand pictures of "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo" and "The Death of Nelson" at the Battle of Trafalgar on board the *Victory*.

Welby Pugin, it will be recollected, was the son of Augustus Pugin, the great authority on Gothic architecture. The name of Welby was the maiden name of his mother, a most strict Roman Catholic.

Augustus Pugin was, I believe, a French Protestant of a Huguenot family.

J. R. Herbert, R.A., executed a very fine work for the robing-room of "Moses bringing down the Tables from the Mount," and E. M. Ward, Cope, and others painted historical subjects for the corridor, pictures which must have been seen by every visitor to London,—for who comes to London without seeing the house of the legislators?

The members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, notwithstanding all the known appliances for ventilation and health, still find it far from perfect, partly due to the accumulation of dust and dirt, with insufficient time to the cleaners to sweep it away. What must have been the state of the older buildings, when nobody had heard of microbes, and when drains were not flushed?

The next great fire I saw was when the Royal Exchange was burnt. It occurred on one of the frostiest nights that had been known for a great length of time—not since the year, I believe, of Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia. The firemen who were handling the hose had their fingers frozen, and the water froze on their clothes and helmets. I remember reading in the papers the descriptions of their sufferings.

And even this calamity has another side to it, for the present building is a much finer one than

the one burnt, and also afforded an opportuni y of encouraging art. Sir Frederick Leighton was the first to paint a fine picture to fill one of the panels. A good many compartments have already been filled, and some are still left for the artists of to-day to execute. Seymour Lucas has already done one, Mrs. Ernest Normand (Henrietta Rae) and her husband have each done one, Mr. Chevallier Tayler has one in hand. So had it not been for the fire, this encouragement would not have been possible. Speaking professionally, therefore, some good came out of it, and it certainly adds beauty to the City of London.

The next big fire was at the Tower of London, when a large number of stands of arms were destroyed, but fortunately the old armour and the ancient part of the building were saved.

Another great fire took place on the Southwark side of the river—in Tooley Street. A vast pile of warehouses, containing an enormous amount of jute and other inflammable substances, was destroyed. The conflagration lasted for several days, the ignited materials floating on the water. This fire was the cause of many smaller disasters. I remember taking a cab to look at it; it was a most extraordinary sight, the light from the fire being brilliant. It was the first time in history, I believe, that the Thames was on fire.

Fire at the Crystal Palace

The last big fire I saw was from the railway as I was returning from Brighton. The fire was at the Crystal Palace, and an important part of the building was destroyed, including, I think, one of the water-towers.

All these conflagrations proved the truth of the old saw that "Fire is a good servant, but a bad master." As a rule, few disasters occur in the principal cities of the United Kingdom, but the risk is ever present, and it behoves the municipalities who are responsible for the public safety to leave nothing undone to increase the adequacy and discipline of their Fire Brigades.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEN AND NOW.

The street-keepers—Bumble—Peelers—The prize-ring—Ducking an apple-tree robber — Domineering bobbies—The first 'buses—Four blind musicians—The trumpet-calls—A bent towards military subjects—No cricket for me—Jack-in-the-Green—May-day revels—The little sweeping-boys—The vanished street-craftsmen—The bun-boy—The travelling tinker—The match-seller—The cat-skinner—Peripatetic showmen—Artisans' societies—Guy Fawkes's day—J. R. Herbert's broken English—The waits—The last milkmaids—Murders—"Beware of traps and spring-guns!"—Copies of pictures—The silhouette artist—"Silly Billy"—Beating the bounds—Volunteers at Primrose Hill—Duels at Chalk Farm—Dick Steele's cottage—Regent's Park—The Colosseum—St. James's Park—The Guards in the Mall—Politics in St. Pancras—Dick Tater—Lamps and lucifers—The muffin bell—Good old-fashioned Christmas—Art in the City—Suburban theatres.

It seems strange to me that my memory goes back to the time when there were no policemen, and the old guardians of peace were the street-keepers, as they were called with their gold bands round an ordinary top-hat as their sign of office. Of course constables were sworn in, and carried a very small staff—the magical staff of office—with the head of a lion in bronze. I remember a great row going on when I was a boy, and a huge crowd.

When a constable, an ordinary tradesman, made his way through the crowd, showing at the same time his staff of office, immediately the people fell back and yielded the place to him.

There was, of course, the parish beadle, made immortal by Charles Dickens under the historic name of Bumble. His costume was gorgeous: a huge cocked hat edged with gold lace, a long coat down to his ankles, an undercoat with many layers, each one edged with gold, crimson velvet knee-breeches, a scarlet waistcoat, and huge buckles on his shoes. The boys in the street feared him.

Then, when I was still a boy, came the policeman, known by the name of "peeler," after Sir Robert Peel, the founder of the force, afterwards changed to "bobby," also out of compliment to the illustrious statesman. Sir Robert stopped with a strong hand the pugilistic encounters that constantly took place in the suburbs of London, and the combatants felt that the days of their pastime were numbered.

Some of these fights were arranged to take place in a field which the windows of my father's house overlooked. Consequently, in my childhood, I saw many of these encounters — men stripped to the waist, their chests and faces soon streaming with blood. There was a pond in this field, which I believe was one reason why these fellows resorted to it, as it afforded water to wash their bleeding

faces and bodies. One of the party always kept a sharp look-out for the gold hatband of the street-keeper.

When there were no policemen, many people took the law for minor offences into their own hands, and my father was one of those who did so. His engraving-room overlooked the back-gardens of the houses in Mornington Crescent; in those days, whatever may be the case now, fruit-trees, laden with both pears and apples, were common objects in these gardens. While my father was at work he noticed two young rascals climbing the wall of one of these back-gardens; the tempting fruit was on a large apple-tree, and they soon began filling their pockets, when to their utter astonishment my father, assisted by a pupil of his, laid hold of one. There being a convenient pond, my father and his pupil were determined to give the culprit a ducking. They commenced swaying him over the pond, calling out "One, two, three;" but before the "away" came the young thief freed his hand, caught hold of the pupil's clothes, and did not let go until both were in the pond. The street-keeper was sent for, who proceeded to take the rascal off to prison, but my father, on second thoughts, said he had been punished enough, and let him off—I believe partly to prevent any subsequent inconvenience.

The first policemen of the new force behaved in

a very domineering way to the people—at least it was considered so by many,—and it was some time before they settled down to the admirable body of men that we know now, showing intelligence in their manner of dealing with a crowd, and controlling traffic as to the manner born. Then I recollect the first omnibuses—sixpenny fares for short or long distances. The first one commenced running from the New Road—now Euston Road—to the Bank. There were no penny fares in those days, and no railways—at least not in London.

The next thing that attracted my special attention was a group of blind musicians dressed in tartans. The poor fellows had lost their sight in the Egyptian Campaign under General Abercrombie. A woman was with them to guide them about the town and collect the pence. The four fellows were very picturesquely dressed. They had all lost their sight from ophthalmia, which is a terrible complaint if not carefully attended to when it first shows itself. I myself had it in Egypt, but with the remedies I had at hand it was soon subdued; in fact, it disappeared in four-and-twenty hours with careful attention. Some of the poor people in Egypt purposely invited the complaint to avoid serving in the army; and for the same reason amputated the first finger—that is the trigger finger—which unfitted them for service.

From the upper windows of the house built by my

father a portion of the barrack-yard of the Life Guards in Albany Street was in view. I could see the soldiers drill, and soon knew all the trumpet-calls well enough to whistle them. I attended most of the funerals of the Life Guards, as I have said before.

I suppose the fact of seeing so much of the military from my bedroom-window gave me a leaning towards subjects with soldiers in them. When I first began to paint, my military subjects were principally French soldiers. The first oil-colour picture I exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839 was "French Soldiers Playing at Cards in a Cabaret." My second picture, in 1840, was called "A Soldier Defeated at a Game of Draughts"; and in 1841 I painted "A Soldier of the Old Guard Describing the Battle of Austerlitz in a Farrier's Shop." The fourth was "A Tired Soldier on Furlough at the Well at Brittany," now in the Vernon Collection; the fifth, in 1843, "A Wounded Soldier Returning to his Family Visited by a Sister of Charity"; and the sixth, in 1844, "The Soldier's Dream" from Campbell's poem. In my imagination I made the soldier like one of the Highlanders under Abercrombie in Egypt, showing the Pyramids of Ghizeh in the background in the distance.

I never became proficient in any games, and do not think I ever took a cricket-bat in my hand.

In the years of my childhood May-day was a bright day with me; it seemed in early life as if

The Sweeping-boys

May-day was generally associated with sunshine. I was immensely attracted with the arrangement of Jack-in-the-Green, as it was called, one of the frivolities which ushered in the month of flowers: a wicker, or rather a cane, foundation made of hoops and covered with ivy, in which Jack of my fancy resided and spent his time in twirling round and round; but occasionally he showed his face covered with soot through a small hole in the ivy structure, when some kind friend would hand him a pot of beer, for it must have been thirsty work. "My lord" and "my lady" then entered, covered, in my imagination, with the most costly dresses, made glittering with tinsel bows. "My lord" had a cocked hat, and "my lady" was afflicted with no sense of false pride, for she carried in her hand a very large soup-ladle, which she handed up to the people on the first floors of the houses to drop in pence. Those were the days of the Old Nobility.

The boy-sweeps with their black faces, their heads enlarged to an enormous size with a mass of artificial roses, begged from their customers. The little sweep-boys always met with much sympathy from every householder. I have a distinct recollection of my mother's present of bread and jam, which got pretty well mixed with soot before it entered the little sweep's mouth, and I wondered how he could eat it. And how they danced! A man in the Green rattled in time to the music, and they were

all heedless of their brooms or wooden shovels—the happiest people in the world. But we know now that they were very badly treated by their masters. This May-day revel is one of the children's sights that has gone for ever.

And the charming young ladies on stilts have also gone. Where now is the one-man band, who played the pandean pipes with his mouth, jangled with a shake of the head the several tiny bells that hung from his tin hat, with a drumstick fastened to his elbow played the drum, and with his feet the cymbals?

On Good Friday morning, before one had risen from bed, it was the custom of the bun-boy to call out in a loud voice to all whom it might concern, his well-known reminder that it was necessary for all good Christians to eat hot-cross buns for breakfast. His appeal was in these words, "Hot-cross buns! one a penny, two a penny, hot-cross buns!"

The travelling tinker of London has done his work, and is scarcely ever seen now. He used to carry about with him a very smoky pot of fire and call out, "Any tins, pots, or kettles to mend?" This he did in a very business-like way.

And the umbrella-mender also has disappeared, and the knife-grinder, and the hot mutton-pie vendor. But the baked potato can and the whelk-stalls are still with us.

Perhaps the most picturesque figure whom I

remember and whom I used to try to sketch was a match-seller, and, if my present recollection of him may be trusted, he might have sat to Adrian Ostade or David Teniers.

Nor is the professional cat-skinner ever seen now. If he were he would probably be skinned himself. The humaner treatment of domestic animals is a sure sign to me that we are really getting on. But in my very young days he was pointed out to us as a really cruel cat-skinner. Appropriately enough, this specimen of his tribe had a villainous face, and his dress was filthy in the extreme. Hanging in front of him was a canvas sack with a huge pocket, into which he put all the valuables he found.

The travelling camel and the performing apes have vanished too; so has the Indian juggler, who was once a common feature in the streets of London. But the travelling bear has come to life again.

The different clubs with their bands and banners marching through the suburbs to their favourite place of entertainment was, I thought, in those days a sight worth seeing. Their favourite place of amusement was Chalk Farm, near Primrose Hill, where most of the duels were once decided. The "Castle Inn" at Kentish Town was also another favourite resort of the clubs.

Guy Fawkes's Day was the anniversary for all good Protestants to remember and keep up, and

very amusing some of the effigies were that were carried through the streets. This ill-feeling to the Roman Catholics has given place to more tolerance. Not many years ago, especially when I lived in the country, it was considered the right thing to have a display of fireworks, without any idea of connecting it with the arch-plotter, Guy Fawkes. I distinctly recollect asking a very kind friend, who was a strict Roman Catholic, to come over and help us in the display. He consented, but seemed rather tickled at the notion that I should have asked him to come on the 5th of November.

J. R. Herbert, R.A., a strict Roman Catholic, called upon me one Shrove Tuesday, and with some affectation of speaking English in a broken French accent, said, "You have had pancakes to-day?" I replied, "No, they were forgotten, but I will have them to-morrow." "To-morrow!" he exclaimed. "To-morrow it will be ashes all over the world."

The first year I was on the Council of the Academy, just after I had been elected full member, one of the members asked me if I knew where Herbert was. I informed him that he had gone to Egypt. The same member—Boxall—then said, "I wonder what tongue he will speak when he returns?" Then J. P. Knight cut in, "Gum Arabic to be sure."

Charles Dickens said to me that Herbert had

"once stopped a short time at Boulogne, and tumbled down and broken his English."

Many of the London street cries were simply unintelligible noises, such as the dustman's call-bell, the muffin-boy's bell, both of different sizes and quality of sound, but from use and wont always distinguishable as belonging to dust or muffins. Of course, the watchman no longer calls out the time of night or the state of the weather. Even the waits' music is without the charm it used to have for me. I suppose their art is not sufficiently appreciated to meet with much encouragement in the way of Christmas-boxes. Perhaps, too, the cornet or the trombone has been refreshing himself too freely even to play "The Mistletoe Bough."

There is still a milkmaid in London, or there was a short time ago; but she no longer carries the yoke from which her two pails of milk were suspended as she moved from house to house.

A horrible murder used often to be made known by professional criers in that branch of news, and the details of the felon's execution, which in those days was a public one; and his "last dying speech and confession" were published in the same way. I think the last public execution was that of Mr. and Mrs. Manning—thanks to the wonderful pen of Charles Dickens.

The earliest recollection I have of a murder that made a lasting impression upon me was the murder

of the Italian boy who carried about white mice, whom I remember seeing alive. I believe the murder was committed by the two wretches Burke and Hare, now in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's.

Greenacre and Courvoisier were the murderers of Lord William Russell, whose nephew I used to meet at Redleaf with his wife. Lady Russell was remarkable for her beauty, and in fact was considered the most beautiful woman in London. She sat to Sir David Wilkie for the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the picture of "John Knox."

The notice to trespassers is no longer seen nailed to a tree, as it used to be in plantations near London—"Beware of traps and spring-guns!" At Caen Wood I was tempted to run the risk of being shot by one of these mysterious guns, by picking up some beech-nuts that were lying on the ground, very handy and within reach.

When I was little more than a boy I had the honour of being invited by Sir Walter James—my earliest patron—to meet a man of Mansfield, whose father purchased from Wilkie the picture of "A Village Politician," or a picture of that period of Wilkie's art. Very soon afterwards Sir David painted his "Blind Fiddler," which was one of the first pictures I ever copied. I have not copied many pictures in my life, and the last was "The Miracle of St. Mark," by Tintoretto, which I could

not resist doing. I thought in 1857, and am of the same opinion still, that it is the grandest picture ever produced for colour, composition, light and shade. The copy is still in my possession. I was looking at it quite recently, feeling that it reminded me forcibly of the original.

The pavement artist was unknown in those days, but the artist who with scissors cut out in black paper portraits of the sitters was very much the fashion, and met with considerable encouragement. So did a man who went by the name of "Silly Billy," who could draw with pencil a very good profile from nature, for the small charge of sixpence. Having missed him for a time I made inquiries as to his whereabouts, and found he had died in prison. His offence would not now be considered a very dire one. He had attracted a crowd of admirers, which led to a breach of the peace. I never heard what were the details, but he was the last of the wandering artists, and the emoluments derived from portraits in the streets and suburbs of London are now, in all likelihood, appropriated by the travelling photographer.

Beating the bounds was a not uncommon custom in the comparatively distant days which I am now recalling. It was a curious practice, having all the sanction of historic usage. The parish beadle assembled a number of boys armed with long canes, and at their head marched round the parish and

beat the bounds thereof, which they did by beating the walls along the route. Sometimes a boy or two was bumped against a particular wall or post, the notion being that this boundary in especial would remain impressed upon his memory through the medium of the *a posteriori* argument thus employed.

I have mentioned Chalk Farm before as the rendezvous of clubs, but it was also resorted to by the volunteers after Waterloo, and at the accession of George IV. In my very early days I remember seeing the volunteers shooting at an iron target at the foot of Primrose Hill, or close to the "Chalk Farm" tavern, which stood in the middle of fields. This was a favourite place for settling a dispute by duel. The last duel in England was fought in the field between two officers of the Life Guards, then stationed in Albany Street Barracks. One of the combatants was killed. I remember his body being carried down the present Camden Road, for I lived at that time close by. The ground of "Chalk Farm" tavern was also frequently patronised for pigeon-shooting, and many a match was held there, and much betting took place.

My recollection of this suburb of London dates from the time my nurse took me to gather buttercups there. A few pollard stumps of oak-trees were then on the hill, but they disappeared one by one. Between Chalk Farm and Belsize Park there were

many fine ancient oaks. We are led to believe that at Belsize Park, in the time of the first King George, amusements of various kinds took place, that it was in fact a kind of Ranelagh Gardens, which it was considered dangerous to attend without an escort.

Sir Richard Steele's cottage was on the road to London, and stood there not so very many years ago. Not very far from it was the roadside inn or public-house called "The Load of Hay," which in my young days was a picturesque, country-looking old inn, half-way between London and Hampstead. It was a fashionable place of resort, for the water was supposed to have mineral properties, and had a reputation for healing certain complaints. During the Plague of London, tradition says that the Courts of Justice moved from London to Hampstead, and the place wherein they found temporary lodging is pointed out to this day as the Judges' Walk.

Regent's Park had been recently planted, but the public were not admitted until some years afterwards, when the trees were fully established. I remember often seeing hares and rabbits there, and there the nightingale has warbled often, making the woods echo. When the park was opened to the public I recollect reading in the papers that a Frenchman was brought up before the magistrate for cutting the roots of dandelions. It appeared that this man

of simple tastes used them for a salad. The buttercups flourished at that time too, but few dandelions or buttercups are seen there nowadays. The fact is the children plucked every flower as soon as it appeared in bloom, whether daisies, buttercups, or dandelions, and I imagine the plants must have been killed by the process. Do they not allege that, in these prosaic days, the cult of the primrose, to commemorate the services of Lord Beaconsfield, is likely to stamp out the first flower of spring?

Then at the time of very hard frost, the artificial water in the park was gay with skaters and onlookers. The skating-club was a great attraction. The principal and best performer was an artist, a miniature-painter of the name of Newton, an American by birth, who was knighted I believe by William IV. for the excellence of his miniatures. He was very fashionably patronised. But his works would bear no comparison with those of Sir William Ross. Mrs. E. M. Ward has a most charming miniature of her two children by the accomplished Ross.

There was a great loss of life one Sunday between thirty and forty years ago, when the ice gave way. Immediately the Commissioner of Woods and Forests caused the lake to be made more shallow by filling up deep places with concrete. It must have been effectually done, for there has been no loss of life on the lake since.

The Colosseum in Regent's Park was considered an attractive and interesting place of entertainment with its hall of mirrors. The Swiss cottage was very artistically made, so also was the cascade; and the panorama of London as seen from St. Paul's Cathedral, a bird's-eye view, was most cleverly painted by E. T. Parris.

And not far from there, but still in Regent's Park, was a marvellously-painted diorama with changing lights from morning, evening, and moonlight. This was once one of the sights of London, and of its kind has never been surpassed.

The Zoological Gardens had not been long established before I was taken there to see the living beasts I had only read of. Afterwards I went there for the beginning of my artistic education, or, as my father said, "to teach me to draw objects in motion." The advantage of this I feel at the present day.

Another place, the Regent's Park Barracks, had a great attraction for me, more particularly so when my nurse, a good-looking woman, took me; for then I had a good deal of attention paid me by a particular sergeant, who most kindly took me round the stables. I remember I did not receive the same attention when my nurse was not with me.

When I was a few years older, I was taken to see the Foot Guards with their bear-skins, and heard the exhilarating sound of the drums and fifes for

the first time. This was a real and tremendous treat. There was a negro in the band who played the cymbals, and shook a number of small bells at the top of a pot.

Feeding the ducks in St. James's Park was another entertainment that I appreciated, for the wild fowl in Regent's Park were not exhibited.

It was a truly exhilarating sight to see the Foot Guards march through the avenue of the Mall, with its magnificent old elm-trees, which must have been planted when Charles II. used to come after church to feed the wild fowl. Pepys says somewhere in his diary that on one such occasion after church "the Dutch guns were distinctly heard in the Medway." That, I hope, is a thing of the past, never to return.

Milk could be had directly from the cows tethered in the park, a custom, I believe, still kept up.

A General Election was always a great occasion in the parish of St. Pancras, for the Radical element was very pronounced there in those days. Strong language was freely indulged in, and feeling ran high. Cockney wit found vent in the name of one aspirant after Parliamentary honours. Richard Murphy was the man in question, but the populace had him nicknamed "Dick Tater" (Dictator) in no time. Cobden then was not spoken of as a distinguished orator, but he had afterwards a statue erected to his memory in Camden Town by his many friends who resided there.

Lights and Lighting

Before oil-lamps were discarded in favour of gas, I can call to mind the very dimly-lighted thoroughfares of my early life. The Argand lamp was no doubt a great advance upon candle-sticks and snuffers for table-lighting. Then there were the French Emperor lamps that were wound up with a key and filled with colza oil. Besides these were candle-lamps, which were also wound up: sometimes a spring would get wrong and shoot the candle up to the ceiling.

But even the electric light will go wrong, when it is particularly wanted to go right. It is beyond dispute that electric-lighting will supersede all other means of illumination, notwithstanding the incandescent burner and mantle, which to my mind affords a more agreeable light than even the electric. I have used it for painting all my pictures in the short days of winter, and when fogs prevail.

Our ancestors used nothing but oil, and for journeying to dinner-parties or balls, torches were carried in front of the carriages. There are still many houses that have the old extinguisher fastened to the iron railings leading to the front-door. I can remember when almost all the houses in Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, were thus provided.

The lamp-lighter had plenty of work connected with the street oil-lamps, cleaning and trimming them and feeding them with oil and wicks. He earned his wages. From my little bedroom in the

front of Grove Cottage, it was a constant amusement to keep wide-awake to watch the lamp-lighter come with his ladder and put it up against the lamp-post and turn it out, to observe the setting moon sink below the lath-bars of the Venetian blinds one by one, and to listen to the watchman as he told the state of the weather, and what o'clock it was.

Probably time was when the flint, steel, and tinder-box were regarded as immutable; but these went entirely out of use when the lucifer-match was invented. The first kind of match was rather an expensive affair. It consisted of a small thin bit of wood, dipped in sulphur at one end, and then into a bottle of phosphorus. Then came the well-known lucifers, which have been improved upon from time to time, but are never likely to be wholly abolished.

I must say that the sound of the muffin-boy's bell on a cold foggy night was a welcome sound, suggesting a cosy tea-party, whilst the toasting of the muffins shed a pleasant aroma in the room that nothing but muffins can give. How many pleasant tea-parties I can remember when muffins were made part of the entertainment in winter-time, and strawberries in summer-time!

Many people, and even old folks, leave London to spend Christmas Day away from home, a day that I used to look forward to with boundless joy, for the family re-union. I can remember one

Christmas Day that gave the whole family at my father's house the greatest delight. David Roberts, the painter, and his daughter joined us on that occasion. It was one of the old-fashioned Christmas Days when there was no stinting of the snow, and skating and sliding went on in front of the house, where there was at that time a small pond. Roberts was always genial and full of fun, and we were all in love with his beautiful daughter, who, some years afterwards, became the wife of Mr. Henry Bicknell, the son of the great collector of pictures, Lelannan Bicknell, who owned many of Turner's finest works, which were sold at his death, and fetched the highest prices then known. Since then, however, Sir John Pender's three Turners brought under the hammer £10,000 apiece. I know for certain that these very pictures were originally bought from Turner for from £200 to £250 each.

The Corporation of London have manifested a laudable interest in art, and promoted a taste and love for it, never dreamed of before my time, in the centre of the greatest commercial city of the world. This has been mostly effected under the personal direction of Mr. A. G. Temple, who has always shown himself indefatigable in carrying out, with great judgment, the many very fine exhibitions of ancient and modern masters at the Guildhall.

The new buildings for offices and banks recently erected in the City have added much grandeur to

the heart of the metropolis. This enterprise may be held to date from the erection of the viaduct over the Holborn Valley, and the magnificent Embankment of the river. The pedestals of Blackfriars Bridge are still waiting, however, for the sculptors' handiwork. The new street from the Strand to Holborn will give the architects another chance for beautifying London.

The suburban theatres are quite a novel feature, and have proved a boon to those who find it difficult or inconvenient to travel to the older houses in the Strand, and around the Haymarket. Householders in Suburbia now have their entertainments, one may say, at their door, usually with a first-rate company from one of the London theatres.

CHAPTER XIX.

GREAT SOLDIERS I HAVE KNOWN.

Colonel Batty—Breastplates no protection—Scenes on the battle-field—The First Consul—Batty at Waterloo—Sir John McNeill—My brother in the Crimea—Taken for a spy—Looting a Museum—Sketching experiences under fire—Story of a stolen lens—Crimean crocuses—Russian thistles—Surgeon Flower—Edward Armitage and the charge of the Scots Greys—The white arrow—Miss Thompson's "Roll-Call"—The Indian Mutiny—My portrait of Sir Henry Havelock—Havelock's "Ironsides"—"The Bayard of India"—Havelock's first address to his troops—His first tussle with the sepoys—His fate.

Between the years 1839 and 1846, Colonel Batty had seen considerable service in the Peninsula. He was a constant visitor to my studio, for he was very fond of art. Excepting when I asked him questions as to the war, he never spoke about it. When I inquired whether a Lifeguardsman's breastplate—one of my studio properties—offered protection against the sword-cuts, his answer was, "No more protection than a bit of brown paper." This drew him out a bit, and he then said that the French cuirassier's breastplate was much heavier and thicker than the one used in the British army.

After one of the battles he was ordered to go over the field and make a list of the wounded and dead. He came upon a cuirassier who had been shot through his breastplate, the bullet lodging in his lungs. The poor fellow called out in his agony, "For the love of the Holy Virgin give me a drink of water!" Colonel Batty had his brandy-flask with him, and put it to the soldier's lips. The man pressed his hand to his mouth and kissed it. I asked if he thought there was any likelihood of a recovery. "Not the smallest," he answered. "He would be dead before the morning."

I was making a chalk drawing from a model, and by chance made it, as he said, exactly like Napoleon when he was First Consul at the time of the Peace of Amiens. As a boy the colonel had gone to France with his father, a well-known London physician, and sat in the box at the Opera next to the one in which Napoleon was sitting, so that he had a very good view of his face. He struck him as looking exceedingly thin and haggard.

I myself had just returned from the Pyrenees, and I asked him whether he did not find it very cold crossing into Spain. "Ah! it was," he said, "but an old sergeant took care that I did not fall asleep on the mule I was riding." He would never have awakened if he had fallen asleep, for the cold was most intense. He was terribly wounded

at Waterloo, and while lying on the field saw a British orderly ride past with a sabre-cut across his mouth, and his lower jaw hanging down; he was sitting bolt upright on his horse, as if nothing had happened.

Colonel Batty's father accompanied his son to Brussels, and knowing that he would be in the thick of the fight—for he was aide-de-camp to the Duke—had a search-party ready after the battle to look for his son. They found him so seriously wounded that they carried him off the field in a sheet. He told me that he quite recovered in six months, and then entered the Grenadier Guards. When he said "quite recovered," he did not calculate upon the tic-doloreux from which he occasionally suffered terribly till his death. He was ill in bed at the time of the Chartist scare. He fully expected that the troops would come into contact with the people, and that there would be bloodshed. Like an old war-horse, he fancied he heard the sound of volley-firing, and raised himself up in the bed, saying in the most excited manner, "They are at it now."

Sir John McNeill was another soldier whom I knew well. He was one of the Commission sent out to the Crimea to rectify certain matters connected with the Commissariat Department, the stores, and other things. His face had always a great charm for me, it was so noble in character. I was truly delighted

to carry out the commission given me to paint his portrait, before he went away, by Mr. John Paget—the police magistrate—his great friend and my friend. After he returned, his conversation connected with the war was most interesting.

When I was painting his portrait the late Duchess of Argyll came to see it, and remained the whole sitting, suggesting slight alterations, and offering a few criticisms, which in my opinion were perfectly just and improved the likeness. They assisted in bringing out a certain pathos and poetry which were noticeable in Sir John's face, and which I at last succeeded in fixing.

While on the subject of the Crimea, he spoke of my brother Edward who had gone out as artist for the *Illustrated London News*, and who must have seen much fighting, for he was attached to the Naval Brigade, who looked after him when the Russian guns got his range. The Brigade called Edward their "special artist," and they avowed they "could not think of allowing him to be knocked over by a Russian bullet." My brother went through all the bitter winter, and had to send sketches to England every week. He told me afterwards that the water-colours froze on the paper as soon as he put them on. He had to wrap himself up in all the warm clothing he could get—furs and felt.

As he was sketching one day, a British officer

came up to him, thinking he was a Russian spy, and took him prisoner. He was conveying him to headquarters, when it accidentally turned out that this young officer, Captain Gregory, was a particular friend of mine, and his father my next-door neighbour. When he found he was taking a brother of mine prisoner, he said, "I cannot help myself now, and must accompany you to headquarters. But," he added, "I will procure you a pass for sketching from headquarters."

My brother went with the expedition to Kertch, and when he arrived there found the Zouaves ransacking and destroying the valuable collection of curiosities in the Museum. The old curator was in tears about it. My brother made a slight remonstrance, but he saw it was a dangerous game to play, as he was in civilian dress, and they looked at him in amazement when he asked them to desist. The curator showed him the various specimens of ancient Greek art, and, rather than let them fall into the hands of the Zouaves, he allowed Edward to take as much as ever he could carry to the boat. He made hasty sketches after the battle of Tchernaya, showing the dreadful effects on the Russian soldiers of the bursting of the shells.

In the depth of winter the valley of Inkerman was entirely covered with snow, and in the spring, when it melted, there were exposed to view many a Russian soldier who had been lying there un-

buried all through the winter months. In the spring the whole valley blossomed with purple crocuses. My brother strolled down into the valley and came upon two Russian soldiers, who had been left there after the battle, lying face upwards, with arms and hands stretched out, and between the fingers crocuses were growing. Of this subject he made a sketch.

Edward saw, from behind the Sandbag battery, the last attack on the Redan. He was accompanied by an old sailor, who warned him occasionally by saying, "Sir, there's some grape a-coming," or, "It's only a round shot, sir."

He went with the first party into Sebastopol, passing through the Redan with sketch-book in hand, dotting down as he walked along the various positions the men had fallen into—and wonderful the positions were. This party consisted of blue-jackets and a few doctors, bent upon making the hospital their first point. Here they found several British soldiers who had been taken prisoners; these were, of course, the first to be attended to. Some Russians in the hospital had crawled out of bed in search of water, and many of these were found dead on the floor.

After this Edward was constantly in Sebastopol, making sketches after the Russians had retired to the northern forts. He sketched from the balcony of a house, and he got so accustomed to the flight

of shells that after a time he knew pretty well about where they were going to fall. There was a puff of smoke from a gun which was pointed in his direction. He said to himself, "The Russians have got my range," and noticed a shell coming in his direction, and had only just time enough to jump down from the balcony and get behind a wall before it burst, removing the corner of the house he had been sketching from. Two of our men of the Naval Brigade were working in the dockyard, and seeing that my brother had disappeared from the balcony—for they knew him well—came up to see if he were hurt. They found him dusting off the lime and other débris, bits of stone and bricks, with which he was covered; but he was uninjured.

On his way back to the camp, he met two Highlanders in the Redan, who had, as they said, "found something belonging to a Russian doctor." They showed him a magnificent lens, and offered it to him for a sovereign. My brother knew at a glance it was worth fifty guineas. The lens belonged to a camera, and there was also a roll of photographs, with a portrait of Sir Edward Inglefield among many others. Edward thought it very curious at first, and surmised that probably Inglefield had fallen in with some Russians on an Arctic voyage, and that, honestly or otherwise, lens and photographs had found their way into Muscovite keeping. However, a short time after my brother

had congratulated himself on the acquisition of this splendid lens, a hue and cry was raised that Sir Edward had had his lens stolen. My brother, of course, at once announced that he had the lens, having bought it of the Highlanders. He was only too delighted to think that it was not destroyed, and handed it to Sir Edward with great pleasure. I often met Inglefield at dinner-parties long after this, and he invariably alluded to the singular coincidence of the losing and finding of the lens.

Edward remained in the Crimea until the close of the war, bringing with him many relics of the campaign. I have now one that he gave me, a flintlock musket converted into a percussion one; these were found in great quantities after a battle.

Knowing how fond I was of gardening and flowers, he sent me over a box of Crimean crocuses and seeds of a gigantic thistle, which he said was a wonderful sight when in bloom with its great purple flowers. I had it flowering in my front garden near London. When it was in bloom, it attracted the attention of all passers-by, for it was a grand-looking plant. But, alas! I allowed it to go to seed, and next year the whole neighbourhood was literally covered with Russian thistles.

When I was in Egypt in 1858 and 1859, the rebellion in India was just brought to a close, and the last of the British troops passed through Egypt

for India under the supervision of my friend John Malcolm.

Strange to say, the huts that sheltered them in the Overland Route were the same that sheltered the British soldiers in the Crimea. Very comfortable I found them in the climate of Egypt, which, however, is very different from that of the Crimea, although tolerably cold at night. I do not know if they had any arrangements for warming them in the Crimea; I have a sort of recollection that they were lined with felt.

My friend Dr., afterwards Sir William, Flower was in the Crimea as army surgeon, and he got so badly frostbitten that he had to return to England, and hundreds of troops were in hospital from the same cause.

Edward Armitage, R.A., was in the Crimea also, from the early part of winter till the middle of winter, and witnessed the charge of the Scots Greys. He described it as a white arrow going through the Russian cavalry, and wheeling round again, charging through them on their way back. He had a considerable amount of military education as a painter, and was a long time in Paris under Delaroche and Horace Vernet. After he returned to England he painted "The Battle of Inkerman," at the time when the Guards were almost defeated, the Zouaves coming up at the double, and just in the nick of time to save them

from utter annihilation, their ammunition having failed. I was told that in self-defence they used the butt-ends of their muskets against the enemy.

Miss Thompson, afterwards Lady Butler, painted a most touching picture of the Battle of Inkerman called "The Roll-Call," the only battle-picture that I can call to mind with a true sense of poetry in it. Miss Thompson's work was always good, but this one was considered by every one to be her *chef d'œuvre*.

I was in Venice when I first heard of the Indian Mutiny from *Galignani's Messenger*. A Frenchman drinking iced coffee, seeing the excited state I was in while reading the news, said in an exulting tone, "Ah, monsieur, les Indes sont perdu."

The first accounts that reached us were most heartrending, and all the time I read the Austrian band was playing light music from the operas. Two families I knew had been massacred at Cawnpore; they were two doctors (brothers), with their wives and families—the Bollings of Hampshire.

It was from *Galignani's Messenger* that we first heard of the heroic deeds of Havelock. Before he went out to India, I used to see him often at the house of some friends—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Williams, of Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park. Mrs. Williams had the utmost love and admiration for the great soldier. She was Scottish, and a Baptist, which may account in some measure for

the strong friendship between Havelock and herself. There was nothing in existence worthy to be called a portrait of Havelock, and she asked me, as a great favour, if I would do one. I said that I would try. As has just been mentioned, I used to meet him at her house, so I had my memory of him to help me, and some very bad photographs.

When the news came of his appointment to the command of an army, she told me that it was the great desire of his life that he should live long enough to accept such a position. He wrote and told her how proud he was of the honour that had been conferred upon him.

The only photographs that had ever been taken of him she had in her possession, but they were very different from what are now being produced in photograph portraiture, which are admirable. However, I had my own strong recollection of him, which was perhaps better than any photograph, and at the end of the fortnight I completed a portrait that gave Mrs. Howard Williams real pleasure.

About twelve months afterwards, when Lady Havelock had recovered from the first shock of her husband's death, she called upon me at Camden Square, to thank me personally for having painted the portrait. "It is," she said, "the only likeness of him in existence." She had to content herself with a photograph of it, as Mrs. Howard

Williams could not be persuaded to part with it for any money. When Behnes, the sculptor, received the commission to execute the statue for Trafalgar Square, Lady Havelock begged him to use my portrait for the likeness.

After the Mutiny was suppressed I became acquainted with many of the Generals who had served in the campaign—Sir Thomas Seton, Sir Hope Grant, the brother of Sir Francis Grant our President, and many others. They told me details about the Mutiny which I had not learned from the newspapers.

Havelock was not at all a strong-looking man, and before he died my friends had the reading of a letter sent on by Lady Havelock, then in London. I remember its recital of his sufferings, and the complaint of want of proper food. "The bullock-beef was killing him," he said, meaning that it was so tough and indigestible. He might have lived many years longer had he had proper nourishment. There is no question that Havelock suffered severely from hardships and privations during his march to Lucknow, fighting his way almost inch by inch.

Through the press I followed Havelock's movements with the greatest interest and admiration, my heart beating with joy when I heard of his wonderful exploits.

He was a veteran of war when he was appointed to his first command. In Burma he had been in

the field from Rangoon to Pagan, and had taken part in field warfare in the passes of the Khoord-Cabul and Jugdulluk. He had graduated in sortie-leading and defence work as a member of the heroic garrison of Jellalabad. The dust of his Persian campaign was still in the crevices of his sword-hilt when he was suddenly summoned to cope with the full fury of the Mutiny.

Archibald Forbes, in his masterly memoir of the fine Christian soldier, writes:—

"The brigade orders for July 7th announced that the main column would march on the afternoon of that day.

"The baggage, cut down to the lowest limits, was placed in position; and as fast as the transport came in, which it continued to do until half-past three, all hands were on fatigue duty distributing it on the various conveyances. At length all preparations were complete, and at four o'clock Dick Pearson, of the Ross-shire Buffs, the General's field-bugler, sounded the 'General parade.' The regimental buglers took up the sound, and the component parts of the little army fell in. Numerically it was the reverse of a mighty host that stood in line on this Indian parade-ground in the sudden splash of hot rain that hissed again as it fell. All told, there were barely a thousand British soldiers on parade; of natives the muster consisted of one hundred and fifty true men of Brasyer's Sikhs, and some thirty of Palliser's Irregular Horsemen, by no means true men. The full strength of 'Havelock's Ironsides,' as the brigade came to be called, never amounted on any parade or in any battle to fifteen hundred men all told. I annex [I have not reproduced

it.—F. G.] the 'field-state' on the morning of the action of Futtehpore, its first fight, fought on July 12th, after Renaud's force had joined the main column. Excluding headquarters staff, there were present for duty nineteen hundred and sixty-five men, of whom fourteen hundred and four were Britons, five hundred and sixty-one natives.

"But the fighting value of this little array was not to be reckoned by counting the files. Better soldiers have never trod this earth. They fought right on, against enormous odds, through the fierce cruel heat of the Indian summer, falling by the bullet or in the *mêlée*, struck down by sunstroke, slain by cholera and fevers, worn by hardship, till when Havelock and Outram crossed the Ganges in September on their conquering advance upon Lucknow, not above two hundred and fifty of the 'Ironsides' remained in fit condition to participate in the victorious expedition. Such havoc had been wrought among them in the short space of twelve weeks! And still the gallant remnant were to earn fresh laurels and die as freely as ever on the bloody path to the Bailey Guard Gate of the Lucknow Residency.

"The Christian name of half the Grenadier Company was Donald. In some of the companies Gaelic was the tongue most in common use. The regiment as a whole had the characteristics of the race which manned its ranks. It could glow with the Highland fervour; it could be sullen with the Highland dourness; it was disciplined yet opinionative; it was proud with that grand regimental self-respect which people who prefer to use a foreign language call *esprit de corps*.

"On the left of the Seventy-eighth was a small detachment of the Eighty-fourth, a regiment which could boast of service under Wellington in the Peninsula and the

south of France. No regiment participated more than the Eighty-fourth in both the glory and the tragedy of the Mutiny. Brought from Rangoon when disturbance first began, it was sent up country in May by instalments, and parcelled out where the need was most urgent. Fifty of its men were of Wheeler's garrison in the Cawnpore entrenchment, and shared the fate which befell it. Fifty more were of the besieged in the Residency of Lucknow. Two companies were of 'Havelock's Ironsides' throughout those twelve weeks' hard fighting; and the regiment formed part of the force which, under Havelock and Outram, effected the 'first relief' of Lucknow.

"The parade duly set, there rode on to the ground, with his scanty staff behind him, the chief who was to lead the little force to deathless renown. For Havelock the long dreary night of stagnation and suppression was done; the dearest wish of his longing heart was gratified —the dream of his early life, the ambition of his maturity. Hoping against hope through the years, his hair had whitened, his fine regular features had sharpened, and the small spare figure had lost the suppleness, though not the erectness, of its prime; but his eye had not waxed dim, neither, at sixty-two, and after forty-two years of soldiering, thirty-four of which were Indian service, was his natural force abated. He was the man of greatest military culture then in India. Nor was he a mere theorist.

"In the independence of man that his new position had given him he rested all the more humbly on the arm of the God of Battles. 'May God give me wisdom!' he had written to his wife the day after his appointment, 'to fulfil the expectations of Government, and to restore tranquillity in the disturbed districts.'"

May I recall to my younger readers that fine instance of self-abnegation on the part of Sir James Outram which earned him the *sobriquet* of the "Bayard of India"?

"'The important duty of relieving the garrison of Lucknow,' ran General Outram's Order of the Day, 'had been first entrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock; and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to that distinguished officer, and to the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which Brigadier-General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and gloriously fought, will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished. The Major-General, therefore, in gratitude for and admiration of the brilliant deed of arms achieved by Brigadier-General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank in favour of that officer on this occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oude, tendering his military services to Brigadier-General Havelock as a volunteer. On the relief of [illegible] the Major-General will resume his position at th[illegible] the forces.'

"Havelock thus made his grateful an[illegible] acknowledgments:—'Brigadier-General Havel[illegible]king known to the column the kind and generc[illegible]ina-tion of Major-General Outram to leave to [illegible]k of relieving Lucknow and of rescuing its [illegible] and enduring garrison, has only to express his [illegible] the troops will strive, by their exemplary and g[illegible] duct

in the field, to justify the confidence thus reposed in them.'

"The little army which Havelock commanded and in which Outram rode as volunteer numbered three thousand one hundred and seventy-nine soldiers all told."

Havelock's first address to his troops was characteristic of the man. I think I might reproduce it here from Archibald Forbes's book :—

"The staff that rode with him on to the parade-ground consisted of officers of well-approved merit. A north-country man himself, Havelock had gone yet farther north for his staff officers; save his son Henry, a subaltern of the Tenth Foot, who was his aide-de-camp, they were all Scotsmen. Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser Tytler was his quartermaster-general; Captain Stuart Beatson was his adjutant-general; Captain McBean was his commissary.

"The bright sparkle of tardily gratified desire was in his eye, as the noble old Christian soldier rode forward when the 'Present arms!' was over. 'Soldiers!' said he, his voice ringing loud and clear along the line, and into the throng of scowling natives gazing on the scene from the distance, 'soldiers, there is work before us. We are bound on an expedition whose object is to restore the supremacy of British rule and avenge the fate of British men and women. Some of you I know, others are yet strangers to me; but we have a common aspiration which knits us together as one man. Seventy-eighth and Sixty-fourth, I have commanded you in Persia, and I know the stuff you are made of; I know you will give me no cause to waver in the implicit confidence I have in you.'"

And then came his first tussle with the murder-stained sepoys, which I must be allowed to describe in Archibald Forbes's brisk and brilliant words :—

"The chief was questioning two spies sent in by Tytler, when suddenly a round shot came bowling along the road, struck the ground within half-a-dozen yards of where he sat, whitened him with its dust, and trundling on smashed one of the camp-kettles of the Sixty-fourth. In the instant the cooks left their kettles where they hung; the weary sprang briskly up, the barefooted men pulled their high-lows on over the chafes and blisters, and in two minutes' time the whole force was getting under arms. There was no need, now that an enemy was assuredly in the front, for the bugles to sound the 'Assembly.' They did sound as Havelock, rising to his feet, sent Moreland to the front, through the cannon-balls now ricochetting pretty freely down the road, to bid Tytler fall leisurely back. Presently that officer and his escort were visible in the distance returning at a canter; behind them a great horde of native horse, brandishing their tulwars and filling the air with insolent shouts. All of a sudden every sowar drew rein as with one impulse, the yells ceased, the tulwars flashed no longer in the sun. They had seen the serried lines of bayonets crowning the long ridge. They had expected to find only Renaud's little column in their front, and lo! before them was an array whose strength was greatly more formidable.

"It seemed the enemy did mean business. Their horsemen moving aside, uncovered infantry in formation; they brought cannon into action, and threatened a flanking

movement. Havelock was not going to stand this sort of thing. To use his own words, 'It would have injured the *morale* of my troops to permit them to be bearded; so I determined at once to bring on an action.'

"He lost no time in giving effect to this resolution. Maude was bidden to hurry his battery forward on the Trunk Road to the edge of the copse held by the Enfield riflemen of the Sixty-fourth, silence the sepoy guns in his direct front, and then, diverging through the swamp on his left, gain a flanking position and push up to point-blank range. This he accomplished in the most dashing fashion, running his pieces up to within two hundred yards of the hostile infantry. The infantry pressed forward in support through the swamps and inundation, their advance covered by Enfield skirmishers. Renaud, on the right, carried a commanding knoll, whence the fire of his Enfields swept back the enemy's left. The sepoy guns on the road had been re-manned, and confronted the advancing Seventy-eighth. 'At the double—forward!' was Hamilton's word of command; his men obeyed him with a ringing slogan. The sepoy gunners and their supports did not wait for the onslaught, but abandoned their guns and fled, when as yet their assailants were not within a hundred and fifty yards of the battery. Leaving the guns where they stood, the Highlanders, who by this rush had thrown themselves forward out of the alignment, advanced more leisurely through swamp and copse, till at length they were within fire of the garden enclosures outside the town of Futtehpore. Here the enemy appeared inclined to make a stand under cover of the walls, but their hearts failed them when the Enfield bullets began to patter, and they hurried off in retreat. And now the entrance of the town was within sight, blocked, however, by a barricade formed of carts,

tumbrils, and logs. The Sixty-fourth had caught up with the Seventy-eighth, and the right flank of the one and the left flank of the other were on the road together, with a straight run in. The barricade was carried with a rush, the 'honours easy' between the light company of the Highlanders and the grenadiers of the Sixty-fourth.

"The town of Futtehpore, because of its evil deeds, was given over to plunder and the firebrand. The 13th was a halt for a much-needed rest."

This was Havelock's first battle in his new command, and in view of my personal interest in the man, I have ventured to transcribe it in these Reminiscences. Havelock's sad fate, after having achieved the partial relief of Lucknow, is matter of history. The one death which the soldier is prepared to face, I might almost say covet, was denied him. But his sense of duty was paramount, and his faith so abounding, that he was ready at any moment to accept with resignation every expression of Almighty will.

CHAPTER XX.

LIST OF MY PICTURES AND DRAWINGS.

1836.—"Willesden Church," in water-colours; "Lambeth Palace," awarded the Isis medal at the Society of Arts. Both purchased by Mr. Horsman Solly, for two guineas each.

1837.—Six water-colour drawings of "Working State of Thames Tunnel," commissioned by Sir Benjamin Horsley, for which he gave me two guineas each. Four of them exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1838.—Oil-colour picture, "Finding the Dead Body of a Miner in the Thames Tunnel" (at the time of an irruption of water). It secured a large silver medal at the Society of Arts, and was purchased by Mr. Thomas Page, then acting-engineer of the Tunnel, who gave me ten guineas for it.

1839.—"A Frosty Morning in London," exhibited in the beginning of the year at the British Institution; purchased by Mr. Gritten, picture-dealer, for thirty guineas. The same year I exhibited at the Royal Academy a picture of "French Soldiers in a Cabaret." Spent three weeks at Caen, in Normandy, making sketches for next pictures.

1840.—"Entering Church," from sketch made at Dieppe; exhibited in the beginning of the year at the British Institution, purchased by Mr. W. Wells, of Redleaf, for thirty-five guineas. At the same time a picture entitled "The Soldier Defeated: Playing at

Draughts," was purchased by Sir Walter James for sixty guineas.

1841.—"Return from the Christening," purchased by Mr. W. Wells, of Redleaf, for thirty-five guineas. "Baptism," which Mr. Wells purchased for 100 guineas, also received a prize of fifty guineas from the British Institution. Picture of "A Soldier of the Old Guard describing the Battle of Austerlitz," exhibited at the Royal Academy, purchased by Sir Walter James for eighty guineas. "A Tired Soldier at the Well," purchased by Mr. Vernon for 100 guineas.

1842.—"Rustic Music," commissioned by Mr. Wells for 150 guineas. "The Fair of Fougères," bought by Alexander Glendinning, Esq., for 200 guineas; exhibited at the British Institution. "Passing the Cross," sold to Mr. Wells.

1843.—"La Fête de Mariage" in Brittany, purchased by Sir Charles Coote at the British Institution for 400 guineas. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, "A Wounded Soldier returning to his Family visited by a Sister of Charity"; this picture was purchased by Lord Lansdowne.

1844.—"The Widow's Benefit Ball," exhibited at the British Institution in the early part of 1845, purchased by Vice-Chancellor Wigram for 300 guineas. "The Soldier's Dream," at the British Institution, from Campbell's poem. "Connemara Girls," at the Royal Academy.

1845.—"Conscript leaving Home," exhibited at the British Institution.

1846.—"Irish Courtship" and "The Fairy-struck Child," exhibited at the British Institution. "Spanish Peasants retreating before the French Army," exhibited at the Royal Academy. Visited Mr. F. R. Lee in Devonshire, and made studies for my picture, "The Village Holiday."

1847.—"The Village Holiday," exhibited at the Royal Academy, purchased by Mr. Vernon for 500 guineas; now at the Tate Gallery. "The Angel's Whisper," purchased by Messrs. Moon, Boys & Graves, for 200 guineas. This picture was engraved by my father.

1848.—"Watching the Departure of the Emigrant Ship," from studies made in Ireland in 1844; exhibited at the Royal Academy, and purchased by Lord Overstone.

1849.—"The Post-office," exhibited at the British Institution. "Hunt the Slipper," exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1850.—"The Watchman's Return," exhibited at the Royal Academy. I exhibited several small pictures at the British Institution. Made many studies of oak-trees in early spring, for my intended picture of "Raising the May-pole," at Sir Edwin Stanhope's place, Holme Lacy, Herefordshire; also of old houses at Ludlow, Stokesay Castle, Clun, and Shrewsbury; studies of heads from nature at Clun, and horses for same picture.

1851.—"Raising the May-pole." Made many studies in Warwickshire for intended picture of "The Last Load," and other pictures.

1852.—"The Last Load," at the Royal Academy. Elected Associate of the Royal Academy. Spent several months in a house-boat on the Thames, making studies for "The Happier Days of Charles I."; made several studies of swans for the same picture. Also several weeks at Windsor Castle, making studies from the Vandyck picture of "Charles, Henrietta Maria, and the Children."

1853.—"The Happier Days of Charles I.," exhibited at the Royal Academy, and purchased by Mr. Gambart for 600 guineas; engraved by my father.

1854.—"The Swing," exhibited at the Royal Academy, and purchased by Mr. Gambart; engraved by my father. Had sketching-tour in Brittany, making studies for several

pictures, but particularly for "The Arrest of a Peasant Royalist."

1855.—"The Arrest of a Peasant Royalist," exhibited at the Royal Academy, and at Gambart's French Gallery in Pall Mall. I also exhibited several small pictures at the French Gallery. Made many studies of the Tower of London for my intended picture of "Cranmer at the Traitors' Gate."

1856.—"Cranmer at the Traitors' Gate," exhibited at the Royal Academy, and purchased by Mr. Gambart.

1857.—"A Brittany Dance" and "Breton Courtship," both purchased by Mr. Gambart. Went to Venice for studies for my picture of "Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the People of Chioggia."

1858.—Finished my picture of "Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the People of Chioggia," but not in time for the Royal Academy. Painted also small picture, "Hymn to the Virgin," and another of "Alms on the Lagunes" for Gambart's Gallery in Pall Mall. Made numerous sketches in Egypt.

1859.—Made careful drawings for every figure in next year's picture.

1860.—"An Arab Encampment at the Wells of Moses," exhibited at the Royal Academy, and purchased by Mr. Duncan Dunbar. Exhibited in the autumn several small pictures of Egyptian sketches at Mr. Gambart's Gallery in Pall Mall.

1861.—"The Copt Mother and her First-born," and several small pictures.

1862.—"The Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca," exhibited at the Royal Academy. Several small pictures of Egypt.

1863.—"The Palm Offering," exhibited at the Royal Academy, and several small pictures. Was elected a full member of the Royal Academy.

1864.—"The Arab Messenger at the Well," also known as "A Cup of Water at the Well"; my diploma work, "The Nubian Harper," "Chanson d'Été," all at the Royal Academy. Mr. Arthur Burnand purchased from Mr. Gambart "The Arab Messenger at the Well."

1865.—"The Rising of the Nile," purchased by Sir John Pender. A small picture of the same subject was also painted, with Sir John's permission, for Mr. Theophilus Burnand.

1866.—"Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert," exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1867.—"Rebekah and Abraham's Servant at the Well," "Rachel with the Pitcher on her Shoulder." Both at the Royal Academy, and both purchased by Mr. Bolckow of Middlesbrough.

1868.—"Mater Purissima," "Mater Dolorosa." Both at Royal Academy.

1869.—The Academy moved from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House in Piccadilly, where the Council requested me to send fifty of my Egyptian studies, which were all hung together.

1870.—"Jochebed," exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1871.—Sketching in Egypt.

1872.—"The Head of the House at Prayer," exhibited at the Royal Academy (purchased by Mr. Gambart, by whom it was sold to Mr. Schwabe), along with my portraits of my wife and of Sir John McNeill. During summer I made innumerable studies of cloud forms. Began my large picture of "Subsiding of the Nile," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1873; this was the largest picture I had painted up to that time, being twelve feet in length; purchased by Mr. Gambart for twelve hundred guineas.

1873.—"The Subsiding of the Nile." I used my

Egyptian sheep for this picture and all the studies I had made for it in the immediate locality, especially the ancient coastway supposed to have been built for transporting the stones of which the Pyramids are built. The enormous quarries are on the other side of the Nile, some eight miles away. The most beautiful time of the whole year is when the Nile overflows almost to the foot of the Pyramids. As it subsides, there almost immediately springs up on the higher portions of the land the vegetation which affords without any cultivation an immense quantity of food for the Bedouin flocks. "The Subsiding of the Nile" was purchased by Mr. Gambart, afterwards passed into the hands of Sir William Agnew, and is now in the possession of Mr. Orr, of Glasgow. It was exhibited in 1873.

1874.—"Rachel and her Flock." This picture I commenced in 1873, and did not finish it until 1875. Here again my Egyptian sheep were used for Rachel's flock. I had great difficulty in obtaining a suitable model for the figure of Rachel. I had also some trouble in getting the natural pose and movement, for she is carrying a crook upon her shoulder. The time is evening, with the warm rosy light upon the distant mountains and clouds. This picture was exhibited in 1875.

1875.—In this year I began my picture of "The Holy Mother," for which Mary Kenney sat to me for the face.

1876.—"The Time of Roses," a portrait of my daughter in the arms of Mrs. Goodall plucking the flowers from a standard rose-tree. "The Water-Carriers of Egypt" (not finished till 1877).

1877.—"The Water-Carriers of Egypt," exhibited at the Royal Academy. Purchased by the late Mr. Thomas

Blackwell, now owned by his son, Mr. Samuel J. Blackwell, and still hanging in the position it originally occupied when his father acquired it.

1878.—"Palm Sunday." Mrs. Goodall is represented in this picture seated in a bay-window at Graeme's Dyke, holding in her hand a sprig of the willow-blossom, which is always connected with Palm Sunday. My daughter is also seated in the window, on a cushion. Exhibited at the Royal Academy the same year. This was the picture which was almost consumed by fire, the figure of my daughter—then a child between three and four years of age—being the only part that was saved.

1879.—"Hagar and Ishmael," and "Sarah and Isaac." Both these pictures were commenced in 1878, and finished and exhibited in 1879. They were sold to Mr. Vokins.

1880.—"Moving to Fresh Pastures," purchased by Sir Thomas Lucas, the principal figure a Bedouin upon his camel, with a flock of sheep and herd of goats in the rear. "The Way from the Village at the time of the Overflow." When there is a high Nile, some of the villages get inundated, and the inhabitants have to leave for the higher ground; this is the subject of the picture.

1881.—"The Artist and Model," my daughter being the artist and the model a very fine pug. She is offering the dog a piece of cake or biscuit to induce him to keep still. This picture is in my daughter's possession now. "The Road to Mecca," representing a man kneeling upon his carpet at prayer in the desert on his way to Mecca; his camel is by his side. There are also figures of pilgrims in the distance. It is in the possession of Mr. Thomas Blackwell's eldest son. "The Return from Mecca," the companion picture, was bought by Major Shuttleworth. "Arriving at the Well," also purchased by Major Shuttleworth.

1882.—"Memphis," a large picture ten feet long,

from very careful studies made on the spot. Memphis is said by historians to have occupied many square miles of ground, of which there is now nothing visible. Of course there have been many excavations, and many interesting objects have been discovered, which are now in the Boulak Museum. This museum has, I believe, since been moved to Cairo. This picture is in the possession of Mr. Samuel J. Blackwell, of Brookshill, Harrow Weald. He purchased it some years afterwards, but at this time he added to his collection the "Dwellers in Tents" and the "Time of the Overflow." The latter represents a group of four figures, a mother with her child upon her shoulder leading a little fellow by the hand through the water, and a boy with a kid in his arms.

1883.—"The Coffee Shop," the first picture I painted after leaving Graeme's Dyke. Purchased by Mr. Vokins.

1884.—"The New Light in the Harem," the new light being an infant lying on a rug on his back, and amused by his negro nurse with a live pigeon which she is holding in her hand, the lady of the harem lying on a couch embedded with the softest pillows covered with beautiful Persian embroideries. In this picture there is the gazelle that Sir William Flower so kindly procured for me from the Zoological Gardens to paint from, which I had in my studio for several days. The lattice of the *Musharabea* was an elaborate piece of work. The whole picture is full of detail. It was purchased by the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool.

"The Flight into Egypt," twelve feet in length. It represents the Virgin and the infant Jesus, for whom I was fortunate enough to find a very fine head to paint from. The Pyramids are in the background and are reflected in the water. This picture I consider to be my finest work.

"The Sword of the Faithful," a Bedouin sheikh on a camel in the desert at Suez. He is testing on his thumb the quality of a blade he is about to purchase from a dealer in arms. The studies for this picture were made at Suez, where I saw the incident. The accessories show a man cutting tobacco, and in the next shop a dealer having his accounts made up by a professional accountant. This picture was bought by and, I believe, is still in the possession of Mr. Heriot, the banker. They were all exhibited the same year at the Royal Academy.

1885.—"The Spirit of the Dove," and "Gordon's Last Messenger." The "Spirit of the Dove" is from Dean Farrar's *Life of Christ*, where the dove is described. This picture at the present time belongs to Mrs. Frederick Gordon, of Bentley Priory, Stanmore. "Gordon's Last Messenger," a boy riding through the desert on a camel. He got through with it to Wady Halfa. This picture was purchased by Mr. Samuel J. Blackwell. "The Finding of Moses," begun in 1884 and exhibited in 1885; purchased by the proprietors of the Doré Gallery.

1886.—"Old Maid," two young girls playing at the game of cards called "Old Maid," one my daughter Rica, and the other Linley Sambourne's daughter. "Puritan and Cavalier," a girl hiding in the folds of a screen, dressed in the Puritan dress, a very little boy coming round the corner of a screen with a sprig of mistletoe in his hand intent upon finding her, and a beautiful spaniel of the King Charles breed finding out the hider. The same year I had "Susanna" at the Academy; purchased by Mr. Knox d'Arcy, of Stanmore Hall.

1887.—"Misery and Mercy," which was fortunately saved from fire at 62 Avenue Road by Mrs. Goodall's exertions. The background took me a long time. I

made several oil-colour sketches of the subject with different backgrounds, until I got one that I thought would suit. These sketches are all hanging up in my house, and one day they will be looked upon with considerable interest; then some may perhaps say that I did not choose the best background.

1888.—"David and Bathsheba," and "By the Sea of Galilee." The latter picture is fourteen feet in length, and contains twenty-two life-size figures. The figure of Christ is robed in white, and He is represented as touching the hand of a blind girl to give her sight; that is the principal incident of the picture. I introduced the blind Bartimeus; the centurion who asks Christ to heal his son, who is lying sick unto death; a father bringing in his arms a sick boy to be healed; a woman bowed down with grief; a negro slave being released from his chains, and other incidents. This picture was purchased by a very dear friend, and presented to the People's Palace at Mile End. The same year I had a portrait of Lady Grantley, a full-length, seated. These three pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1889.—"Harrow on the Hill," a picture eight feet long, painted on the spot, in the possession of Mr. Thomas F. Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald, son of my principal patron, the late Thomas Blackwell. "The Old Home," the house in Soho Square where Thomas Blackwell—the founder of the great business—was born. "Leading the Flock," exhibited at the Royal Academy, purchased by Mr. Samuel J. Blackwell, of Brookshill, Harrow Weald. "Pets of the Harem," exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, purchased by May Duchess of Sutherland. These were exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1890.—"View from the North Terrace, Windsor."

Queen Victoria had in her possession the original study made for this picture. Portraits of Mrs. Goodall, Sir Oscar Clayton, Mr. Randell of Evesham, Mrs. Phipps Eyre, and Sir Moses Montefiore. All exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1891.—"The Isles of Loch Lomond," painted from the hill just above Luss, from a painting-room built by my kind friend Sir John Aird; it is in the possession of Mr. Cory-Wright. The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, and Mrs. Oates, exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1892.—"Spinners and Weavers." The scene is just outside a Bedouin tent; the women are spinning wool, and the weaver is an old man at his loom. This picture was purchased by my dear friend, Mr. Knox d'Arcy of Stanmore Hall. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy. "Sheep Shearing in Egypt," also at the Royal Academy; purchased by Mr. Thomas F. Blackwell. Two full-length portraits, the Honourable Mrs. Devereux and Miss Beatrice Shaw (afterwards Lady Garnock), sisters, and the portrait of Robert Blackwell; also at the Royal Academy.

1893.—"The Water of the Nile," purchased by Mr. Smallman, and presented to the Corporation Art Gallery at Manchester; portrait of Lady Dorothy Nevill; both exhibited at the Royal Academy. Original study of "The Isles of Loch Lomond." Small picture of "Jochebed," in the possession of Mr. Alec Crossman.

1894.—Portrait of my daughter Rica, standing figure; "Palm Grove"; both exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1895.—"Laban's Pasture." Rachel tending her flock of sheep, and Jacob coming to meet her. This was purchased by Mr. Cory-Wright, and is hung most beautifully in his drawing-room at Northwood, Highgate.

The colour of the whole room is in perfect harmony with the picture, and sets it off to the best possible advantage. A single figure of "Rachel" and one of "Ruth," companion pictures; also in Mr. Cory-Wright's possession.

1896.—"Beachy Head," painted on the spot; in the possession of Mr. Thomas F. Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald; exhibited at the Royal Academy. Small picture of "Waiting for the Boat on the Banks of the Nile." "A Young Arab Boy with his Goats," in the possession of the Misses Crossman. "The Shepherdess," a picture of twilight, where the sheep are going down to a pool of water, purchased by Mr. Derenberg; exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1896. "Outside the Gates of Cairo." "The Village," a picture eight feet long, purchased by Mr. Wightman, and now hanging in his house in Portland Place.

1897.—"The Ploughman and Shepherdess," purchased and presented to the Tate Gallery. My dear friend Sir James Blyth asked me one day whether I had sold this picture. When I replied that I only wished I had disposed of it, he most kindly said, "I will provide the sum and present the picture to the nation." It now hangs in the Tate Gallery. He took immense trouble about it, and with Mrs. Goodall's help brought his enterprise to a happy result. It was the greatest honour I had ever received. I believe my brother Academicians thought the picture the best I had done up to that time. I feel delighted to know that I am in the company of Millais, Lord Leighton, Sir L. Alma Tadema, Orchardson, Petty, Napier Hemy, Dicksee, Sargent, Abbey, Waterhouse, Peter Graham, and a host of others. The coveted honour was won at last.

The memorandum, which was originally circulated amongst the kind subscribers, is reproduced here:—

Pictures and Drawings

"THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE SHEPHERDESS."

Painted by Frederick Goodall, R.A.

This work held the position of honour in the last Royal Academy Exhibition, and now holds a similar place at the Liverpool Exhibition.

It has been acquired by the following ladies and gentlemen with the object of presenting it to the National Gallery of British Art, and so carrying out the suggestion made by the Prince of Wales and the leaders of the two great Parties in the State at the opening of the Gallery, that Mr. Tate's munificent example might be followed by the gift to the nation of other important works by British artists.

The painting has been purchased from the artist by subscription for two thousand guineas—the following being the list of the donors:—

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London.
Messrs. N. M. Rothschild *per* Lord Rothschild.

Lord and Lady Amherst.
Lord Ashton.
Sir William Agnew.
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"Eton from the North Terrace," in the possession of Mr. Thomas F. Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald; exhibited at the Royal Academy. Portrait of The Duchess of Sutherland; exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1898.—"The Gilded Cage," in the possession of Mr. Cory-Wright, Northwood, Highgate; exhibited at the Royal Academy. A Nubian attendant is bringing in coffee for the lady of the harem, and a negro boy is lighting her tchibouk. "The Ancient Causeway"; "Driving Home the Geese"; portrait of Rica, seated, dressed in white satin and chiffon; Henry Blyth, Esq.; and Sir Anderson Critchett. All exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1899.—"On the Road to Mandalay." Sir Richard Temple's son, Colonel Temple, helped me considerably with my picture from Kipling's poem. He had lived long in Burma. He and his wife came often to see the picture in progress. Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer kindly sent me plants from Kew Gardens to paint from—several kinds of gigantic reeds and branches of a well-known tree with large fleshy leaves, white on one side and dark green on the other. These made a striking feature in the background of my picture. Mrs. Ernest Hart most kindly assisted me by the loan of numerous coloured dresses, and also a very fine Buddha of bronze and a peculiar kind of harp—a small harp—made in the form of a bat, which added very much to the interest of the picture. She also gave me the names of the flowers with which the women

adorn themselves. Some of Mrs. Hart's sketches of the country she also lent. I had no idea she was so good an artist till I saw these; many of them were beautiful. I was painting the picture while Kipling was lying ill in New York, or I am sure he would have helped me with his advice about Burma. This picture is in the possession of Mr. Thomas F. Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald. Portraits of Sir James Blyth and Mr. Juler. "Sowing the Dhurra" and "Cutting Fodder for the Camp," both purchased by Mr. Julius Wernher. I feel very proud that they have gone into his beautiful collection at Bath House, Piccadilly. All exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1900.—"The Market Cart," a commission from Mr. Allcroft, of Stokesay Court, Shropshire; "Wool for Cargo Boat," in the possession of Mr. Gray; "After the Heat of the Day," in the possession of Mr. Thomas F. Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald; portraits of Miss Logan and Mr. Deverell. All exhibited at the Royal Academy.

1901.—"The Mystery of the Past," purchased by Colonel Twyford; exhibited at the Royal Academy. "The Snake-Charmer," exhibited at the Royal Academy. Just before it was sent to Burlington House, his Majesty commanded Messrs. Agnew to send it to Marlborough House for his inspection. The picture represents a woman snake-charmer in the streets of Cairo, with a number of spectators watching her performance with a deadly cobra, which she holds in her left hand, the right one placed upon her hip. Her mass of black hair is tangled, and adorned with strings of small golden coins. Three musicians accompany the performance with a certain kind of weird music, the principal performer being a black man from Assouan—not exactly of the negro type—playing upon his six-stringed harp, the framework for holding the strings adorned with bunches of brown

ostrich feathers. The next musicians are an Arab playing upon his double-reed flute, and an Arab woman with a tambourine inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Two women who are water-carriers stand at the side riveted with the performance. But the principal spectator is seated outside a coffee café, a bearded and turbaned old man, smoking his tchibouk, watching the performance with a certain expression of distrust and fanaticism; while a negro boy with an awed look in his face turns round towards the mysterious performance, holding in his hand a tray with cups of coffee on it. Four other men with very long pipes sit outside the coffee-shop. The buildings forming the background are principally the mosque and beautiful minaret, and these abound in every part of Cairo. The schoolhouse adjoins the mosque, and on the other side of the street is the coffee-shop, with its ornamental frontage and doorway; projecting windows, with the lattice-work called *Musharabea*, add picturesqueness to the background. The negress carrying on her shoulder her little black child and two other figures complete the composition. The old mats and canvas overhead have most likely been hanging for years, catching all the dust, which is never disturbed. Eleven years elapsed between my first visit to Egypt and my second, and on my second visit I found the same pieces of canvas and mat still hanging where I left them, and in the folds the dust had accumulated to such an extent as to exclude not only the heat of the sun but even light.

THE END.

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